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THE

# Repository

OF

# ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,

*Manufactures, &c.*

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. XI. JANUARY 1, 1821. No. LXI.

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L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.

## TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

*Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our* Selections, *will be acceptable.*

*We have again been under the necessity of extending our Number this month beyond its usual quantity of pages. The press of temporary matter has been so great, that we have been obliged to postpone many favours which we had intended to insert.*

*The offer of a Series of Articles on the* Pastimes and Amusements of our Ancestors *is accepted, but we hope they will not be too much extended.*

*A continuation of the Articles on* Spanish Literature, *and especially on the subject of the Spanish Drama, so little known and understood in this country, is particularly requested.*

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Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

A PICTURESQUE DAIRY

THE

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## HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

(Continued from vol. X. page 312.)

PLATE 1.—A PICTURESQUE DAIRY.

THIS building is designed in imitation of the ruins of a church or chapel formerly belonging to a small sequestrated religious establishment, and intended to be placed, as those houses generally were, by the side of a piece of still water; as if formed for the purpose of being a stew for the preservation of fish, and to which it might be appropriated; or built by the side of a river, as if to partake of the benefit that would accrue from a succession of fresh-water fish, that would be caught in the different wears placed within the stream.

The spot on which the building is supposed to be erected, is in a retired part of a gentleman's estate, who farms part of his own land, and has an extensive dairy-farm under his own direction, and who would build it to be at one and the same time an object of attraction to his visitors, as well as a place of residence for the person entrusted with the superintendence of those engaged in the business of the dairy.

Though the outside of that part of the building which constitutes the supposed chapel, is meant to bear the appearance of the dilapidations of time, the inside is intended to be handsomely finished with the decorations of the Gothic of the twelfth century (as if in perfect preservation), which is so gratifying to the eye, with mullion windows at the two ends, and tracery arched ceiling, but not overcharged with embellishments. At some little distance, if the opportunity offers, it is proposed to lead a clear stream from a spring rising by the side of a grove, so to conduct it in a small channel round the pavement of the chapel, and from thence into the river; bringing, by that means, a constant

current of air, that will prevent atmospheric stagnation, and render the building at all times wholesome and of even temperature.

The lower building, extending on the side of the chapel, is to be constructed for a scalding-apartment, and for preserving all the dairy implements in that state of cleanliness and purity which is so necessary for the welfare of such a delicate establishment, and on which so much depends.

This picturesque dairy being placed at the end of the pleasure-grounds, the door of communication approached by devious walks, from the perspective delineation of the plan, is hidden from sight, and must be imagined, as well as the residence for those intrusted with the management of the farm; while that part of the erection which has been stated as the boiling-room apparently communicates with the meadows, where the kine may be supposed to be grazing.

The bell is placed upon the principal roof, not merely to have a picturesque and appropriate appearance, but for the useful purpose of summoning the herdsmen to drive the cattle to the stalls, as well as to call the milkmaids to their duties.

Surrounded by well-grown plantation, the appearance in consequence would become far more interesting backed by foliage of many-tinted green, occasionally hidden, and then bursting on the sight, which would enrich the home-grounds, and enliven the neighbourhood.

The inside of the building, proposed to afford accommodation on marble shelves for a considerable number of pans, in simple arrangement, with the introduction of stained glass at each window, would give a pleasing sensation, and would embrace the gratifying consideration, that the edifice was built for profit as well as pleasure. The charm of the whole is meant to be heightened by the cheerfulness and neatness of the lighter coloured material with which the interior would be cased, in pleasing contrast to the more sober grey hue of the stone with which the outer walls should be put together.

Woodbines, jessamines, ivy, and other aspirants, might be trained up the blank wall next the pleasure-ground; while the part appropriated for business, would merely require spaces, and the charms of regularity and cleanliness.

# MISCELLANIES.

## THE SPANISH THEATRE.

The great difference between the Italian and the Spanish stage consists in the one having always chosen the subject of the drama from antiquity, and the other being essentially national. The greater part of the Spanish pieces are taken from their own history, and all of them, with very few exceptions, depict in the most fascina-

ting colours the manners and customs of the country. The Spanish poets have found resources sufficient in their own dominions; the Italians have resorted to foreign lands to supply the vacancy. The Spaniards, whilst listening to the productions of Lope, of Calderon, or of Cervantes, were constantly hearing the flattering accounts of their own victories; and a military spirit predominates throughout the whole productions. The Italians were destined to please the literati; the Spaniards, the people: the first, by their close imitation of the ancients, frequently indulged in a pedantic turn; they obeyed with servility the laws of classic poetry: the latter knew no other rule, than that of conforming to the national taste; their plays are written with more ease, more harmony, and more nature, than those of the Italians; but they neglected wholly the ancient school, and their dramatic art in this respect is as inferior to the Grecian, as the people of Madrid or Seville are inferior in knowledge or education to those of Athens, where the lower classes being reduced to slavery, had no influence over dramatic representations. For this negligence perhaps no sufficient excuse can be made. The best defence perhaps of the Spanish stage is to be found in Lord Holland's Life of Lope de Vega, where he observes, "There are many excellencies to which all dramatic authors of every age must aspire, and their success in these form the just points of comparison: but to censure a modern author for not following the plans of Sophocles, is as absurd as to object to a fresco that is not painted in oil colours; or as Tiraboschi in his parallel of Ariosto and Tasso happily observes, to blame Livy for not writing a poem instead of a history." Lope de Vega has, more than any other Spanish writer, been blamed for composing his plays not adjusted to the rules of art; and Cervantes (although perhaps in one point of view he should be the last to speak upon such a subject) was one of his strongest censurers. Lope endeavoured to excuse himself by imputing many of his faults and negligences to his being forced to humour the people; and he hesitated not to affirm, that the new circumstances of the times required a new species of comedy. The Poetical Academy at Madrid compelled him to defend himself against his numerous accusers; and for this purpose, he wrote his "*Arte de hacer Comedias.*" He thus wittily disputes the point:

"Who writes by rule must please himself alone,
Be damn'd without remorse, and die unknown:
Such force has habit; for the untaught fools,
Trusting their own, despise the ancient rules.
Yet true it is, I too have written plays,
The wiser few, who judge with skill, might praise:
But when I see how show and nonsense draw
The crowd's, and more than all, the fair's applause,
Who still are forward with indulgent rage
To sanction every monster of the stage;
I, doom'd to write the public taste to hit,
Resume the barbarous dress 'twas vain to quit."

He subsequently adds:

"To vulgar standards then I square my play,
Writing at ease; for since the public pay,
'Tis just, methinks, we by their compass steer,
And write the nonsense that they love to hear."

The French critics have analized with great minuteness the beauties, sentiments, language, and developement of character displayed on their stage; but in performing this grateful task, they seem to have forgotten how much was due to the Spanish nation for a great portion of the spirit of their dramatic productions. Whilst these critics are expressing the greatest horror of the Spanish writers for the stage, they have forgotten that Moliere, Corneille, Scarron, and other celebrated French dramatists, have borrowed largely from Roxas, Moneto, De Castro, Solis, and Calderon. To enumerate the various translations and imitations would indeed be an endless task. That Pierre Corneille borrowed his *Cid* from that of Guillen de Castro is too well known to be disputed; but the gross blunders which that justly celebrated French writer has committed, have entirely been overlooked. Besides the omission of many of the beauties of the original, he has been guilty of an unaccountable anachronism in placing Seville in the hands of the Spaniards upwards of one hundred years before it was in their possession, and making the scene of action in that city, instead of at Burgos. The whole of the pieces of the younger Corneille have all been taken from the Spanish mine. Moliere, in his "*Ecole des Femmes*," has copied Moreto's "*No puede Ser*," and the hint of his "*Femmes Savantes*" was taken from Fernando Zarate's "*La Presumida y la Hermosura.*" The "*Don Japhet d'Armenia*" of Scarron is literally translated from "*El Marques del Cigarral*" of Moreto. The "*Jodelet*" is "*El amo Criado*," and "*Le Chatiment de l'Avarice*" is a verbatim translation of "*El Castigo de la Miseria.*" A great variety of other celebrated French authors owe much to this inexhaustible source of wealth. The Spanish plays are all so full of plots, and the intrigues follow one another in such quick succession, that it has frequently happened, that three long French plays have been extracted from one Spanish comedy.

The Spaniards, however, are not the only nation which has had the misfortune to fall under the lash of French criticism. The Germans and the English have also endured the scourge; and these three nations, who, combined, perhaps have produced the greatest dramatic geniuses, are alike subject to this sarcastic criticism, and their noblest writers are termed monsters in the dramatic art. The adherence to the unities among the French dramatists has become a faith; they consider it to be the highest and most arbitrary criterion of good writing. Unity in the classic system is in effect the harmony and essence of the art; but in the romantic system, which is in truth the foundation of the Spanish drama, it is viewed in a very different light. In Spain, therefore, it is not the classic, but the romantic unity which has been observed. In the latter, it is essential that there should be, 1st. *unity of manner*, without any mixture of dramatic and epic styles; 2dly, *unity of interest;* and, 3dly, *unity of event*, without any junction of ancient and modern actions. These are the unities observed not in all the Spanish plays, but in the

*chefs d'œuvres* of the Spanish theatre. It would indeed be ridiculous to deny that the classic unities had been violated by the greatest Spanish writers, and most of them have candidly admitted it; but Lope de Vega and Calderon had the satisfaction of knowing that Shakspeare was also a violator of these rigorous laws. Dr. Johnson, in his preface, in ridiculing the "slender criticisms" of Voltaire, has remarked, that "nothing is essential to the fable but unity of action; and as the unity of time and place arises evidently from false assumptions, and by circumscribing the extent of the drama lessens its variety, I cannot think it much to be lamented that they were either not known by him (Shakspeare), or not observed." He afterwards adds, that the unity of time and place, "although they may sometimes conduce to pleasure, are always to be sacrificed to the nobler beauties of variety and instruction." Like Shakspeare, the Spanish dramatists have taken the subjects of their productions from the chronicles and ballads of their own time, and have been eminently successful in securing the first purpose of a writer—the excitement of restless and unquenchable curiosity:

"Invention, interest, sprightly turns in plays,
Say what they will, are Spain's peculiar praise;
Hers are the plots which strict attention seize,
Full of intrigue, and yet disclos'd with ease:
Hence scenes and acts her fertile stage affords,
Unknown, unrivall'd on the foreign boards."

Lord Holland remarks, that the Inquisition and the stage are nearly coeval, and refers to the representation of a piece, the first regular play ever acted, at the celebration of the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella in 1474. According to Pulgar, the Inquisition was established in 1489: but in the south of France institutions of a similar nature had been formed long before that period; and in Arragon, St. Dominic had introduced that tribunal for the punishment of the Albigeois perhaps two centuries before. The play so represented before Ferdinand and Isabella was written by Juan de la Encina, and he may be considered as the first Spanish dramatic author. Upon this point some doubts, however, have been entertained, and some have maintained that it was not until the reign of Charles V. that regular plays were performed. Don Augustin de Montiano, in his Dissertation upon the Spanish Theatre, fixes the origin of Spanish tragedy in the commencement of the 16th century, when Vasco Diaz Tanco de Fregenal wrote his "*Absolon*," and two other tragedies. Thus he concludes the Spanish tragedy is enabled to dispute its antiquity with the Italians, who have no tragedy of a more ancient date than the "*Sofronisba*" of Trissino, and another on the same subject, composed in 1502, by Galeoto Marquis de Carreto. Fontenelle fixes the infancy of the French theatre in the 12th century, and mentions Anselme Faydit as being the author of a comedy entitled "*La Heregia dels Preynes*;" but he afterwards adds, that in the 15th century, properly speaking, the history of the French theatre commences. The Portuguese, although most deficient in dramatic

poetry of any celebrity, were the first to set an example to Spaniards in this peculiar art. Saa de Miranda composed at the commencement of the 16th century two comedies; but, like most of the Portuguese dramatic compositions, they wear a pastoral mask, and are wholly devoid of interest: they are a complete contrast to the Spanish plays, the majority of which are full of life, spirit, and animation. Gil Vicente is the only popular dramatic poet, and all his plays are of that insipid pastoral cast; but they were conformable to the public taste, and met with approbation, at the time when he wrote them. The loss of independence, and the sixty years' slavery under the Spanish yoke, added to the taste for pastoral poetry which influenced every literary production, all had their effect in reducing the literature of Portugal to the lowest ebb.

Without entering into a detailed inquiry of the origin of the Spanish drama, for I fear the investigation would be amusing to very few of my readers; without enumerating the various pieces composed by the Marquis of Villena at a very early period, it may be remarked, that the four most ancient regular comedies composed in the Spanish language, are, "*La Celestina*," "*La Salvagia*," "*La Florinea*," and "*La Enfronna*." The first was composed by Juan de Mena, or Rodrigo de Cota, and finished by Fernando de Roxas; the second by Juan Romero de Zepeta; the third by Juan Rodriguez; and the fourth is unknown. The first who formed the taste of the Spanish nation, however, for theatrical representations, was undoubtedly Lope de Rueda, who was both an author and an actor. He is confessed greatly to have improved the art, and with a native grace composed four comedies. Cervantes speaks of him as being an excellent pastoral poet; and the author of the Dissertation upon Spanish Poetry* observes, that "*deleyta y no se descubre facilmente*." Rueda's works were published in 1567, by Juan de Timoneda. The best and most amusing description of the infancy of the Spanish stage is given by Cervantes in his preface to his plays, and with it I shall conclude this article:

"In the time of this celebrated Spaniard (Lope de Rueda) all the furniture and utensils of the actors were contained in one sack or large bag, and wholly consisted of four shepherd's jerkins, made of sheep-skins with the wool on, and adorned with gilt leather trimming; four beards and perriwigs, and four pastoral crooks, little more or less. The plays were certain discourses, like eclogues, between two or three shepherds and some shepherdesses. These plays, such as they were, they would now and then improve, and lengthen out with two or three interludes of a *negre*, that is, black man or woman, a ruffian, a fool, and a Biscayner; and Lope acted all these four parts, and many more, with all the propriety and advantage that could possibly be imagined. There were not in those days any machines for show, to bring down angels in clouds or the like, nor any challengings or combatings between Moors and Christians, either on

* Nasarre, the editor of the eight plays of Cervantes.

foot or on horseback. There were no openings or trap-doors under the stage for ghosts or devils to arise from the centre of the earth. The stage itself was composed of four long benches or forms, placed in a square; and upon these they laid four or six planks or boards, and so it was about three feet from the ground. The furniture of the stage was an old blanket or horse-cloth, drawn with two ropes from one side to the other, which made what they called the attiring-room; behind which there were some musicans singing, without a guitar, some old ballads."

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## CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

GREATNESS is after all a troublesome thing, and truly, had I been aware of the fatigues which I have undergone in the office of Adviser General of the United Kingdom, I doubt very much whether I should have undertaken it. Here am I assailed by letters from correspondents in all quarters, some reproaching me with want of sympathy in not immediately attending to their grievances; others, in a more civil tone, inquiring why I have not had the goodness to favour them with my advice; and a third class informing me, very unceremoniously, that as I did not choose to give it, they have decided without it.

But this is not all; besides rudeness and complaints, I am threatened into the bargain. A mad Irishman, who wanted to carry off an heiress, and had applied to me for advice how to procure the cash, is so much incensed at not receiving a reply, that he swears he will be the death of me, the very moment he can ascertain I am alive. A votary of the Muses, who is persuaded that nothing has appeared since the days of Homer equal to an epic poem which he has just finished, wants me to advise a bookseller to buy it; and finding that his letter remained two months unanswered, he has written another, in which he modestly hints, that my silence may be the cause of my being "damned to endless fame," by inducing him to hand down my name to posterity in a satire a hundred times more bitter than Pope's Dunciad. But what alarms me most of all, is the threat of a pretty little widow, who, having received a proposal of marriage on the day that she buried her third husband, wrote to ask me whether, as the gentleman seemed very impatient, I would advise her to have him at the end of a month; or whether, for delicacy's sake, it would not be better to wait six weeks. It appears that her intended, disgusted, as she says, at not receiving an immediate answer from her, has since married another lady, and the widow threatens to sue me for damages. She informs me, that her lawyer, Mr. Latitat, has clearly convinced her, that in undertaking the office of Adviser General, I made myself responsible for all consequences that may follow from the delay of my advice. The consequence here is the loss of a husband, which, as the widow observes, is a very serious one, and she considers it will entitle her to high dama-

ges. To be sure, there is a flattering hint in the postscript of her letter, that if I am not absolutely devoted to single blessedness, matters may be accommodated without going to law. But, with all due gratitude for her condescension, I must decline availing myself of it, for if things do come to the worst, I would rather, of the two, enter a court of justice than the temple of Hymen.

Let me now turn to those correspondents whose patient civility claims my best advice; and first upon the list is the youthful wife, who details to me, with much simplicity, her first quarrel with her husband: if she will follow my counsel, it shall be her last also. She says, her husband's temper is rather violent, and her own, she acknowledges, is a little hasty. The remedy for matrimonial squabbles in this case is plain: the wife has only to be silent while her husband is in a passion, and when his anger subsides, to speak to him, not in the language of complaint, but of conciliation. If her husband is not a fool or a brute, this conduct will have a thousand times more effect in amending his temper, than the most sensible remonstrances that ever were made. There is in the breasts of most men, or rather perhaps I should say of most Englishmen, a mingled feeling, compounded of pride and generosity, which, while it makes them indignantly resist every attempt on the part of a wife to encroach by violent means upon their sovereign prerogative, renders them ready enough to yield even material points where they are sued for as matters of favour, and not demanded as rights. I think, from the account which she gives me of their quarrel, that my correspondent's husband is pretty strongly tinctured with this feeling, and I will venture to predict, that she may, by gentle means, mould him to all her wishes.

Lysander appears to me to claim an undue share of praise for his prudence in not offering his hand immediately to Celelia. I am afraid, that if we sift the matter closely, we shall find selfishness, not prudence, is at the bottom of his determination. I am no friend to the over-cautious foresight that would keep a fine young woman wasting her best years in expectations, which the vicissitudes of life may prevent from being realized at last. So far from advising Lysander how to break to his mistress his prudent determination of postponing their union till he has obtained more of the gifts of Fortune, I counsel him to marry her immediately. Our ancestors, who knew nothing of the cold prudence practised in the present day, always considered that early marriages, provided the circumstances of the parties did not render the measure absolutely a desperate one, were the happiest; and experience has convinced me that their opinion was just. The married man has a thousand incentives to industry and application, which the bachelor cannot have; and a wife, such as Lysander describes Celelia, whose good sense and affection would render her an economical mistress of a family, is not, after all, such a terrible incumbrance as the heartless tribe of bachelors, who can't afford to marry, because

they have too many selfish gratifications, would persuade us.

To the plain sensible mother, who desires my opinion on the propriety of giving her daughter a few years polishing at a fashionable boarding-school, I must reply decidedly in the negative. The plan that she has hitherto pursued for her daughter's education is excellent, and if steadily persevered in, will make her a valuable member of the middle station of life, which, to all appearance, it will be her lot to fill. The consequences of a deviation from it, may prove more serious than my correspondent supposes. I have not leisure now to enter into them all, but one I must point out; that is, the chance, nay almost certainty, that some years spent in society so different to what she has been accustomed to, will rob her native home of all its charms. Let the fond mother ask herself, what she would feel at seeing her daughter languid and dissatisfied with every thing around her, incapable of entering into such amusements as are within her reach, scorning the household cares befitting her station, and contrasting, in bitterness of spirit, the inmates of the paternal mansion with the society she has quitted. This is no fancy picture; unfortunately, every day's experience proves the truth of it. There are other and powerful objections to my correspondent's wish, but of them I say nothing; I will only ask her, is the gratification of her maternal pride worth the risk of her daughter's happiness? If it is not, she will renounce her plan. S. SAGEPHIZ.

## CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

AMONG the numbers who solicit your counsel, Mr. Adviser, there is not one who wants it more than the unhappy person who now addresses you. I am the orphan of an officer; I lost both my parents in my early infancy, but their place was well supplied by a maiden aunt, one of the best of women, who took me under her protection. I lived with her till I had attained my seventeenth year, when it was my misfortune to attract the notice of a gentleman whom I shall call Horatio: his circumstances were very affluent, and my aunt found upon inquiry, that there was nothing which could with justice alarm her for my happiness in his character; his manners were pleasing, and though he was considerably older than I was, she did not think that objection ought to weigh against the advantages of the union.

As to myself, my heart was disengaged, and though I could not be said to feel any violent predilection for Horatio, yet I gave him my hand without reluctance, and with a determination to do all I could to render him happy.

I shall not detail to you, Mr. Adviser, the gradual change which has taken place in his behaviour during the twelve months that we have been married; suffice it to say, that from a fond and attentive, he has become a cold and negligent husband: that, however, is not the subject of my complaint; I have borne in silence and without re-

proach the slights which he offers me, but for some months past he has incessantly endeavoured, for what reason I know not, to deprive me of that sense of religion which is the only comfort that remains to me. I was brought up in the strict observance of the divine precepts of Christianity, but controversial studies formed no part of my education; I am consequently unable to reply to the objections, or to answer the arguments, with which my husband continually assails me.

When he first began his attack upon my principles, I used to listen, and turn with disgust and indignation from the detestable sophistry by which he endeavoured not merely to palliate crime, but even to prove that it was in many instances a virtue: but in spite of myself, I have latterly listened with less and less abhorrence to these discussions; for, alas! Mr. Adviser, while my husband is doing all he can to sap the foundations of my faith, and to remove all religious restraint from my mind, my heart is powerfully assailed by a gentleman, an intimate friend of Horatio's, who, though he has as yet never ventured to speak to me of his passion, has shewn a thousand times, by means too intelligible to me, that his heart is mine. I dare not realize my own feelings; I am not yet so far lost as to indulge without remorse in the pleasure which his presence and his attentions give me; but, alas! how long can I answer for myself, thus doubly exposed as I am, daily hearing all that I have been accustomed to hold sacred, ridiculed and decried, and even virtue itself treated as a chimera by him who ought to be the guardian of mine; while his cold indifference to me, and open preference of others, are contrasted with the assiduous attention, the watchful devotion of one, who, while he seems to live in my looks, studies incessantly how to lighten the miseries with which he sees me overwhelmed? Oh! Mr. Adviser, what ought I, what can I do? My dear maternal aunt is dead; I have no friend to whom I can apply for counsel: for Heaven's sake, then, pity and advise the unhappy

SOPHIA.

---

Pity thee! Heaven knows I do from my heart, poor forlorn victim of a depravity the most diabolical! and advise thee I will, with the same tenderness that I would shew to my own child!

This exclamation sprang involuntarily to my lips as I finished the letter of the unfortunate Sophia: in truth, my heart bleeds for her situation; but let her take courage, she has but to be true to herself, and though tried, she will not be abandoned by him whose mercy has hitherto preserved her from the dangers by which she is surrounded. The means of escape are open before her: let her instantly and unhesitatingly banish from her sight that lover, a thousand times more dangerous from the pretended respect with which he veils the grossness of his criminal passion. Let her also positively decline all conversation with her husband on the subject of religion: controversy neither suits her years nor sex; her husband is probably but too well versed in those sophisms which create doubt, though they cannot bring conviction, and

which, in exchange for our best hopes, present us with nothing but misery and uncertainty. Let her beware, then, how she risks her happiness here and hereafter by harkening to the voice of the tempter. There are a few plain tracts, the perusal of which may at this moment be of essential service in fixing her faith upon the rock of ages: if she will favour me with her address, I will send them, and also such further observations as her situation calls for, and which want of time will not at this moment allow me to make.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

## AN ECONOMICAL PROJECT.

I WAS the other evening in a grand company, where the new lamp of Messrs. Quinquet and Lange was introduced, and much admired for its splendour; but a general inquiry was made, whether the oil it consumed was not in proportion to the light it afforded: in which case, there would be no saving in the use of it. No one present could satisfy us in that point, which all agreed ought to be known, it being a very desirable thing to lessen, if possible, the expense of lighting our apartments, when every other article of family expense was so much augmented.

I was exceedingly pleased to see this general concern for economy; for I love economy exceedingly.

I went home, and to bed three or four hours after midnight, with my head full of the subject. An accidental sudden noise waked me about six in the morning, when I was surprised to find my room filled with light; and I imagined at first, that a number of those lamps had been brought into it; but rubbing my eyes, I perceived the light came in at the windows. I got up and looked out to see what might be the occasion of it, when I saw the sun just rising above the horizon, from whence he poured his rays plentifully into my chamber, my domestic having negligently omitted the preceding evening to close the shutters.

I looked at my watch, which goes very well, and found that it was six o'clock; and still thinking it something extraordinary that the sun should rise so early, I looked into the almanac, where I found it to be the hour given for his rising on that day. I looked forward too, and found he was to rise still earlier every day till towards the end of June; and that at no time in the year he retarded his rising so long as till eight o'clock. Your readers who, with me, have never seen any signs of sunshine before noon, and seldom regard the astronomical part of the almanac, will be as much astonished as I was, when they hear of his rising so early; and especially when I assure them, *that he gives light as soon as he rises.* I am convinced of this. I am certain of my fact. One cannot be more certain of any fact. I saw it with my own eyes. And having repeated this observation the three following mornings, I found always precisely the same result.

Yet so it happens, that when I speak of this discovery to others, I can easily perceive by their countenances, though they forbear expressing it in words, that they do not quite believe me. One indeed, who is a learned natural philosopher, has assured me, that I must certainly be mistaken as to the circumstance of the light coming into my room; for it being well known, as he says, that there could be no light abroad at that hour, it follows that none could enter from without; and that, of consequence, my windows being accidentally left open, instead of letting in the light, had only served to let out the darkness; and he used many ingenious arguments how I might by that means have been deceived. I own that he puzzled me a little, but he did not satisfy me; and the subsequent observations I made as above-mentioned, confirmed me in my first opinion.

This event has given rise in my mind to several serious and important reflections. I considered, that if I had not been awakened so early in the morning, I should have slept six hours longer by the light of the sun, and in exchange have lived six hours the following night by candlelight; and the latter being a much more expensive light than the former, my love of economy induced me to muster up what little arithmetic I was master of, and to make some calculations, which I shall give you, after observing, that utility is in my opinion the test of value in matters of invention, and that a discovery which can be applied to no use, or is not good for something, is good for nothing.

I took for the basis of my calculation, the supposition that there are 100,000 families in Paris, and that these families consume in the night, half a pound of bougies or candles per hour. I think this is a moderate allowance, taking one family with another; for though I believe some consume less, I know that many consume a great deal more. Then estimating seven hours per day as the medium quantity between the time of the sun's rising and ours, he rising, during the six following months, from six to eight hours before noon, and there being seven hours of course per night in which we burn candles, the account will stand thus:

In the six months between the 20th of March and the 20th of September, there are,

| | |
|---|---|
| Nights . . . . . | 183 |
| Hours of each night in which we burn candles . . . . | 7 |
| Multiplication gives for the total number of hours . . . | 1281 |
| These 1281 hours multiplied by 100,000, the number of inhabitants, give . . . . . | 128,100,000 |
| 128,100,000 hours spent at Paris by candlelight, which, at half a pound of wax and tallow per hour, gives the weight of . . . . . | 64,050,000 |
| 64,050,000 of pounds, which, estimating the whole at the medium price of thirty sols the pound, makes the sum of | |
| 96,075,000 livres Tournois . | 96,075,000 |

An immense sum! that the city of Paris might save every year, by the economy of using sunshine instead of candles.

If it should be said, that people are apt to be obstinately attached to old customs, and that it will be difficult to persuade them to rise before noon, consequently my dis-

covery can be of little use; I answer, *Nil desperandum.* I believe, all who have common sense, as soon as they have learned from this paper, that it is daylight when the sun rises, will contrive to rise with him; and to compel the rest, I would propose the following resolutions:

First, let a tax be laid, of a louis per window, on every window that is provided with shutters to keep out the light of the sun.

Second, let the same salutary operation of police be made use of, to prevent our burning candles, that inclined us last winter to be more economical in burning wood; that is, let guards be placed in the shops of the wax and tallow chandlers, and no family be permitted to be supplied with more than one pound of candles per week.

Third, let guards also be posted to stop all the coaches, &c. that would pass the streets after sunset, except those of physicians, surgeons, and midwives.

Fourth, every morning, as soon as the sun rises, let all the bells in every church be set ringing; and if that is not sufficient, let cannon be fired in every street, to wake the sluggards effectually, and make them open their eyes to see their true interest.

All the difficulty will be in the first two or three days, after which the reformation will be as natural and easy as the present irregularity; for *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.* Oblige a man to rise at four in the morning, and it is more than probable he shall go willingly to bed at eight in the evening; and having had eight hours sleep, he will rise more willingly at four the morning following. But this sum of 96,075,000 livres is not the whole of what may be saved by my economical project. You may observe, that I have calculated upon only one half of the year; and much may be saved in the other, though the days are shorter. Besides, the immense stock of wax and tallow left unconsumed during the summer, will probably make candles much cheaper for the ensuing winter, and continue cheaper as long as the proposed reformation shall be supported.

For the great benefit of this discovery, thus freely communicated, and bestowed by me on the public, I demand neither place, pension, exclusive privilege, nor any other reward whatever. I expect only to have the honour of it. And yet I know there are little envious minds who will as usual deny me this, and say that my invention was known to the ancients, and perhaps they may bring passages out of the old books in proof of it. I will not dispute with these people, that the ancients knew that the sun would rise at certain hours; they possibly had, as we have, almanacs that predicted it; but it does not follow from thence, that they knew *he gave light as soon as he rose.* This is what I claim as my discovery. If the ancients knew it, it must have been long since forgotten, for it certainly was unknown to the moderns, at least to the Parisians; which to prove, I need use but one plain, simple argument. They are as well instructed, judicious, and prudent people, as exist any where in the world; all professing, like

myself, to be lovers of economy; and from the many heavy taxes required from them by the necessities of the state, have surely reason to be economical. I say it is impossible, that so sensible a people, under such circumstances, should have lived so long by the smoky, unwholesome, and enormously expensive light of candles, if they had really known that they might have had as much pure light of the sun for nothing.

DR. FRANKLIN.

PARIS.

## THE APPARITION.

FOLMAR returned slightly wounded from the bloody battle of Wagram. He had fought for his country; many of his friends had fallen near him; and he had beheld death in its most terrific shape. His hopes were blasted; his wound, though not of consequence, had rendered him incapable for the moment of farther service, and the present, as well as the future, filled him with anxiety. He had been sent to P*** to be taken care of. The hospital was too full to receive him, and he was quartered upon a private house, the owner of which he found weeping over the corpse of a young and tenderly beloved wife*.

The disconsolate widower provided a lodging for his new guest at an inn, that he might not be disturbed by him in his sorrow. Folmar was glad of the change, for the sight of the deceased in her coffin had given him a powerful shock. She was the very image of his sister Marianne, who, exactly a year before to the very day, had been removed for ever from the circle of her weeping family. Just so had she lain a year before in her coffin, with her hands folded on her heart, which had ceased to beat, and a fresh nosegay on her inanimate breast. To her brother Joseph she had been particularly attached. When inexorable death was clasping her in his cold embrace, the expiring enthusiast had promised to appear to him once in his life. How terribly had she kept her word, in thus surprising him, on the very anniversary of her death, by the spectacle of her image in the coffin of the stranger!

A room in the rear of the inn was allotted to Folmar; close under the window ran the stream by which P*** is intersected. On the opposite side was a nunnery. The evening was gloomy as his soul, but the half-moon peeped occasionally through the rent veil of the clouds. The pious sisters on the other side of the river sang the *horas:* his heart was filled with anguish, and tears of fraternal love and regret trickled down his cheeks.

About eleven o'clock he retired to rest. According to custom, he fastened his watch to a chair by his

* For the information of the mere English reader, it may be necessary here to remark, that in most parts of the Continent it is customary to place a corpse when deposited in the coffin, in the hall or other most public part of the house, where persons of all classes are admitted to see it. This exhibition continues from one to three days, according to the rank of the deceased.

bed; for a long time he heard its solitary ticking, but at length he fell asleep. In about an hour, being between sleeping and waking, he felt something softly touch his cheek, and heard a whisper of —"Joseph, is it you?"

He awoke, and beheld two large black eyes close to his face. He uttered an involuntary exclamation, when a female figure in white, which had been bending over him, flew back to the door, where she stood still, and raised, in seeming agony, her clasped hands towards heaven.

"Who's there?" cried he, by this time completely awake. He was sure that it must be Marianne who stood at the door. He sprang from his bed, and overthrew the chair with the watch. He endeavoured to save it from falling, and at this moment the figure disappeared: the whole house rang with a tremendous crash; an ice-cold current of air poured through the chamber. The watch, which was not injured, pointed to the hour of twelve.

Folmar shook in every joint. He had twice assisted in the storming of batteries, but had not trembled to such a degree on those occasions. He was now perfectly collected, yet was unable to solve the mystery of this apparition. It was, nevertheless, his solemn conviction that it could be no other than Marianne. It was her elegant figure, her jet black hair, her large dark eye, her swelling bosom. All this he had seen with his own eyes, for the light of the moon had afforded him a distinct view of the supernatural visitant. He had seen her stop at the door; he attempted to follow, but the door was locked, and he recoiled in the deep feeling of his mortality. How could he any longer doubt that it was a spirit? —He—he, who had faced death in a thousand shapes, was now afraid to cross the threshold of the door: —his blood was chilled with horror.

It was some hours before he could perfectly recover his presence of mind. His beloved sister, his Marianne, with her clasped hands, was still present to his view. It was not till past three o'clock that he again lay down, and light slumbers at length closed his eyes.

When he awoke, it was broad daylight. The whole affair seemed to him like a dream. He was now more composed. Marianne had fulfilled her promise to appear to him. He prayed devoutly for the repose of her soul, and the solemn toll of the nunnery-bell wafted his orisons to heaven.

The bandage had, unperceived by him, been removed from his wound during the night. He now began to feel pain from it, and sent for a surgeon. The latter inquired why he was not quartered in a private house, when he informed him, that it was owing to the death of the mistress of that inwhich he had been billeted. It happened to be this very surgeon who attended the young woman; he had known her intimately, and related many traits proving the excellence of her character. Thus in the qualities of her heart, as well as in person, she had resembled Marianne.

"But are you sure that she is really dead?" asked Folmar, with some hesitation, and half frightened at the question when it had escaped his lips.—"What makes you ask such an extraordinary question?" rejoined the astonished

surgeon.—" I saw her in the coffin," replied Folmar; " and she had no appearance of a corpse, she looked so fresh-coloured and so natural."—" Alas! no; she is dead enough; she was not long ill, and this is the reason why her look is not changed." Folmar scarcely knew himself what he meant by his question: it excited, however, the attention of the surgeon, who took his leave in a state of evident uneasiness.

The landlady, a merry soul, entertained Folmar all the forenoon. The lively interest she took in his accounts of the military operations of the late bloody days, prepossessed him in her favour. He would have begun to talk to her concerning the extraordinary adventure of the preceding night, but she, all life and levity, would only have laughed at him: he therefore held his tongue.

In the afternoon he sauntered about in the pleasant environs of the town, which moreover were quite new to him. As evening approached, his heart again became oppressed. Perhaps Marianne might pay him another visit. He left his door unlocked, extinguished his candle, and resolved to lie awake, and watch for the coming of his Marianne.

The dreaded hour—the hour in which spirits usually make their appearance, was past. The clock in the convent tower struck one; he had neither heard nor seen any thing. Nature proved too strong for his will; he fell asleep, but soon awoke again: he thought he heard his own name pronounced. The chamber was quite dark. He raised himself in bed—his heart beat audibly, the blood rushed boiling to his brain, when the voice repeated the call of " Joseph!"

It was the voice of Marianne—that he was perfectly sure of. After a short pause, a gentle sigh succeeded. " Jesus Maria!" at length ejaculated the invisible being. Silence again followed—such a deathlike silence, that he could distinctly hear the pulsations of his arteries. " Marianne!" cried he, after an interval of a fearful minute, " where are you?" He received no answer. " Marianne, my dear sister, I am not afraid of you. Come, I am waiting for you." —Still no reply. " Marianne, my beloved Marianne, is there any thing in the world that I can do for you? or does something disturb your repose in the grave?"—Not a syllable. " My dearest Marianne, speak to me—speak but a single word. Appear in whatever form you are permitted to assume—I am prepared for every thing." The same awful silence as before ensued.

Finding it impossible to remain any longer in bed, Folmar rose in an agony of suspense. He hurried to the window. By the feeble light of the moon, he beheld a boat containing a coffin, gliding down the stream. He shuddered. One man only was seated at the stern to steer the boat. So solitary a funeral he had never yet witnessed. This singular spectacle he followed with his eyes till it disappeared in the distance; he then returned weary to his bed, and composed himself to sleep.

Next morning he received another visit from the surgeon. The young female in her coffin again

came into his mind, and the idea that she might perhaps be the cause of his nocturnal alarms, forced itself anew upon him. "Is she alive then?" cried he, and anxiously awaited the reply.

"How, sir," said the surgeon, "could you come by such an idea? I must confess that yesterday you roused my whole attention. I hurried away, and employed all the processes recommended in cases of suspended animation, but in vain. She is really dead: yet her husband, to whom I indiscreetly communicated your remark, was struck by its truth, and has therefore deferred the funeral, which should have taken place to-day, till to-morrow. He watches by her side in momentary expectation that she will open her eyes; but, alas! they are closed for ever."

Folmar's imagination was heated. "No, sir," cried he joyfully—"she is, she must be alive. What is the christian name of her husband?"—"Joseph," replied the surgeon, who at these words could scarcely believe his ears:—"Joseph? Gracious God! Joseph? By all that is sacred I conjure you let not the lady be buried to-day, nor to-morrow, nor the next day. She lives! by heavens, she lives!"

The surgeon with a smile felt his patient's pulse. "Are you in your right senses, sir?" said he.—"What was the wife's christian name?"—"Theresa."—"Theresa! Ah! that was the reason why she did not answer me when I called Marianne. It was not my sister, then—and yet it was her voice—and the first night her very figure! This is most extraordinary!"—"My dear sir," rejoined the surgeon, "you must certainly be delirious."

Folmar's brain was on fire. He had at least half explained the mystery, and related to the surgeon, under a promise of secrecy, the history of his two dreadful nights. "Nonsense!" cried the surgeon; "you are feverish, I think. The boat you saw last night came from the hospital. The people that die in the daytime we send off at night down the river, to avoid observation, and bury them in the sand-hill. That is all you have actually seen and heard—the rest is merely imaginary. It is lucky that you have not mentioned the matter to any other person; or the house might have acquired such a character, that no traveller would henceforward have put up at it. Let my good Mrs. Lenz and your own dear sister repose in quiet. They are both dead, and will never return."

Folmar significantly shook his head. "I am not a child," said he with emphasis. "I never believed in spirits or apparitions, or any such ridiculous stuff. A superior being is here concerned. I will swear, kneeling, upon the sacred crucifix, that I was broad awake when I saw and heard what I have told you. But don't remove the corpse: the mystery will be cleared up. It must be either she or my sister."

"What your eyes and ears can perceive, surely mine can also. Will you permit me to pass the night with you? I court adventures of this kind. Either I shall make a convert of you, or you of me. Should there be any trick or im-

position in the matter, depend upon it my pistols will bring it to light."

Folmar gave rather an unwilling assent. He would have preferred being alone, at least for this one night; but he was thrilled with horror when he only thought of the evening. He allowed the exorcist to bring with him sword and pistols, but only under a solemn promise not to use them except in case of necessity: for, to pursue the shade of his Marianne, or that of Mrs. Lenz, who now deeply interested him, with mortal weapons, was an idea that he could not possibly entertain.

The surgeon then took Folmar with him into a social circle. The handsome young soldier received a cordial welcome. The paleness of his face, and the warm enthusiasm expressed in his look and manner, won him the sympathy and attention of all the fairer portion of the company. He seemed to have forgotten the two nights of terror, and indeed to be desirous himself to banish them from his memory. He was at length in high spirits, and drank copiously, but not immoderately, of the wine, with which the surgeon hoped to remove his depression.

Night came on. The clock struck ten. Folmar gave a signal to the surgeon, and they retired. In the look which accompanied this signal there was something so extraordinary, that the surgeon began to feel an alarm, which he strove in vain to subdue. The more he struggled against it, the stronger it grew, and he would much rather have staid at home, could he but have found a plausible pretext for remaining behind.

They first went to the surgeon's lodgings to fetch his sword and pistols. Folmar observed that his companion's hand trembled while loading the latter; and this circumstance contributed not a little to depress his courage. Neither of them spoke. They then proceeded in silence to the inn; Folmar called for a light, and they soon entered the haunted chamber. Folmar retained the most composure. "I will now fetch a couple of bottles of wine," said he; "for we shall have some hours to watch yet." He retired, leaving the candle with the surgeon. The latter was now alone. His heart sunk within him, and he paced the room with hasty steps, by way of gaining some relief.

Meanwhile Folmar ascended the stairs on his return. In turning from the landing-place into the long passage which led to his apartment, he perceived a female figure in white close to a window at the farther end of it. His blood was chilled; but he had sufficient presence of mind to set the two bottles of wine gently down, and to advance a few steps toward the window. The moon shone brightly. The figure stood in such a position that he saw her profile. Her folded hands hung down before her, and her head was somewhat inclined. He approached a few steps nearer. It was Marianne. He was petrified with terror. She slowly raised her folded hands higher, and placed them upon her breast. Folmar, scarcely conscious of what he did, again advanced a few pa-

ces. He was now almost close to her. The figure never stirred. His hair stood erect—it was Marianne! He recognised every one of her features—she was pale as death.

"Marianne!" said he, softly. No answer was returned. "Marianne, don't you know me?" The pale aërial figure silently shook her head. "Marianne, have you forgotten me? I am Joseph—*your* Joseph!"—"Joseph! *My* Joseph!" cried the figure, extending her arms. Folmar sunk senseless on her bosom. His pulses ceased to beat—but her heart throbbed with new life. At this moment the surgeon rushed out of the room with the candle and his pistols. On beholding the group, he exclaimed aloud, "God in heaven! Theresa Lenz!" At this moment, a stranger, in a morning gown, came out of another room. He removed Folmar from the arms of the pallid maiden, whom he took with him into his apartment, which was contiguous to Folmar's chamber, and locked his door. Folmar and the surgeon were deeply agitated, and passed the night together.

The following morning they sent the waiter to request an interview with the stranger, who came to them immediately. Folmar begged pardon for what had happened the preceding night, and related his whole story, which made a strong impression upon his visitor. "I have it in my power," said he, with a voice tremulous with emotion, "to solve the melancholy mystery. The unfortunate girl whom you saw last night, whom you heard the night before, and who stood the first night beside your bed, was neither your sister, nor Mrs. Lenz: it was my daughter. She is deranged. I come from L***, and she is my only child. Fortune crowned my mercantile speculations with success; I was considered as the wealthiest man in our town, and what is more, I was the happiest, for I had an excellent child. Marianne was betrothed to the son of a neighbouring farmer: she was most tenderly attached to her Joseph. The disastrous war broke out. The French burned our town, and committed the most atrocious excesses. It was found impossible to raise the contribution which they demanded. Joseph was informed of the perilous situation of the town, and came to the heroic resolution to rescue us from the enemy. At the head of a troop of peasants, whom he had collected, he succeeded in forcing the gate. The enemy was posted in the street. The combatants met before my house. Marianne, quite beside herself, ran down stairs, opened the house-door, which had been securely fastened, and at that very moment, Joseph, struck by a ball in the head, fell from his horse at her feet. The reeking brains of her lover bespattered the wretched girl from head to foot. Since that moment of horror her intellects have been disordered. Joseph's troop was overpowered, and the town had to suffer severely for his attempt. Gladly would I have given all I possessed could I have recovered my child. I have now brought her to this distant place, to avail myself of the advice of Dr. S***, who has acquired great reputation for skill in the treatment of this species of disorder, and he has given me some hopes."

Folmar begged to be permitted

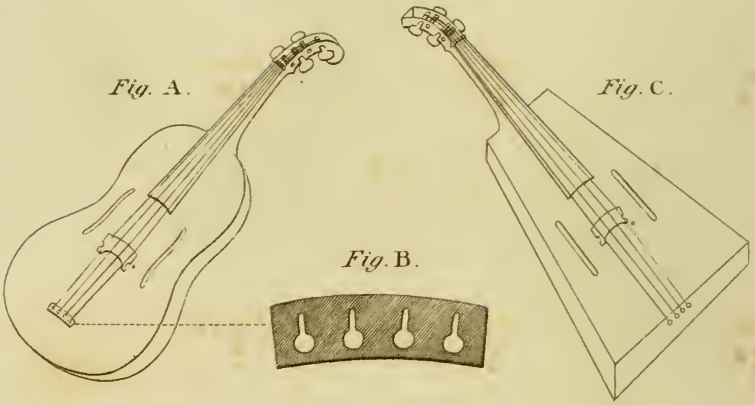
to see Marianne, and her father cheerfully complied with his wish. Dr. S. had previously recommended that the patient should be gradually accustomed to society, and especially to that of young persons of the other sex. The surgeon accompanied them. The one was struck with her uncommon resemblance to his sister, the other with her likeness to Mrs. Lenz. Marianne seemed quite unconscious of what had happened in the three preceding nights. She never opened her lips. She bowed to the strangers at their entrance, then placed herself in the window-seat, and fixed her eyes stedfastly on the floor. Once only did she raise them to take a long look at Folmar. He was extremely cheerful, but purposely abstained from any notice of Marianne. Her father was pleased with this delicate attention, as well as with Folmar's social temper; and he requested him to come often to see him, and to enliven his seclusion.

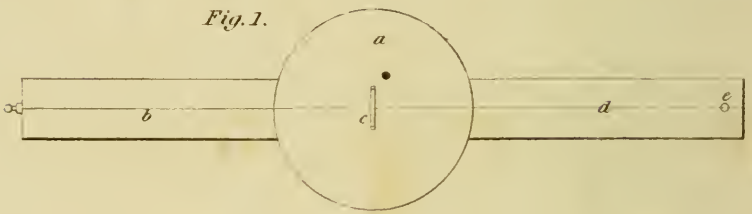
When Folmar returned to his chamber, he found himself a good deal puzzled to account for one circumstance, and that was, how his fair neighbour could have gone out the first night at the door, since he had found it locked. Whether he had locked it or not before he went to bed, he could not positively tell, but he had some confused recollection that he had not. He examined the lock, which was an old one, and the spring very bad. Marianne had probably, in hurrying out, shut the door with a violence which had not only caused the bolt to fly out of the lock, but also produced the chilling current of air which he remembered to have felt.

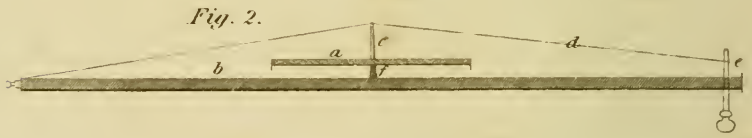
At his next visit the following morning, the father was in better spirits. The doctor had expressed a more favourable opinion than ever of the state of Marianne. The stranger had related to him Folmar's adventure; and the physician had recommended to him to try what effect it would have to call him Joseph before his daughter. Folmar, to whom he privately communicated this direction, had brought with him a nosegay of extraordinary beauty. She would not touch it, but shook her head, without looking at Folmar, and took her former place in the window-seat. Folmar laid the flowers under the looking-glass.

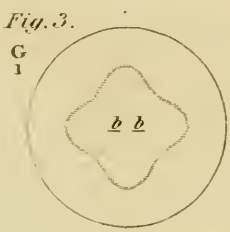
"Where did you get these beautiful flowers, Joseph?" asked the father. At the word "Joseph," Marianne's looks were directed to Folmar; a tear started into her large black eye; she rose, took up the nosegay, and turning her back to them, pressed the flowers in silence to her lips. Neither of them seemed to notice this movement, but the father raised his eyes in gratitude to heaven. It was the first token of returning reason that Marianne had given.

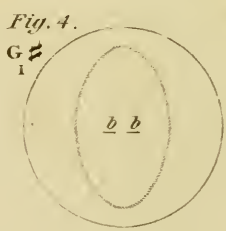
Folmar would gladly have passed the whole day with his neighbour: he was spell-bound as it were by the charms of his daughter. A fairer female he had never beheld. His eye often dwelt for minutes together on her lovely figure. Had not her face been overspread with such a deathlike paleness, had not her heavenly eye been so fixed on vacancy, a more fascinating

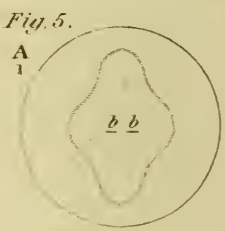


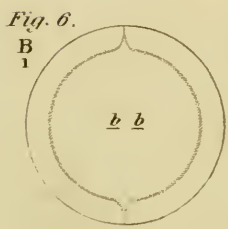



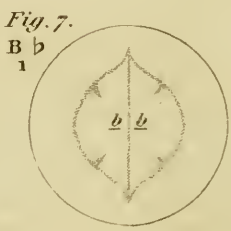



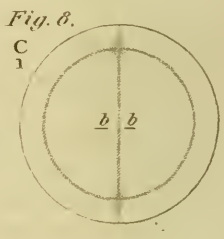

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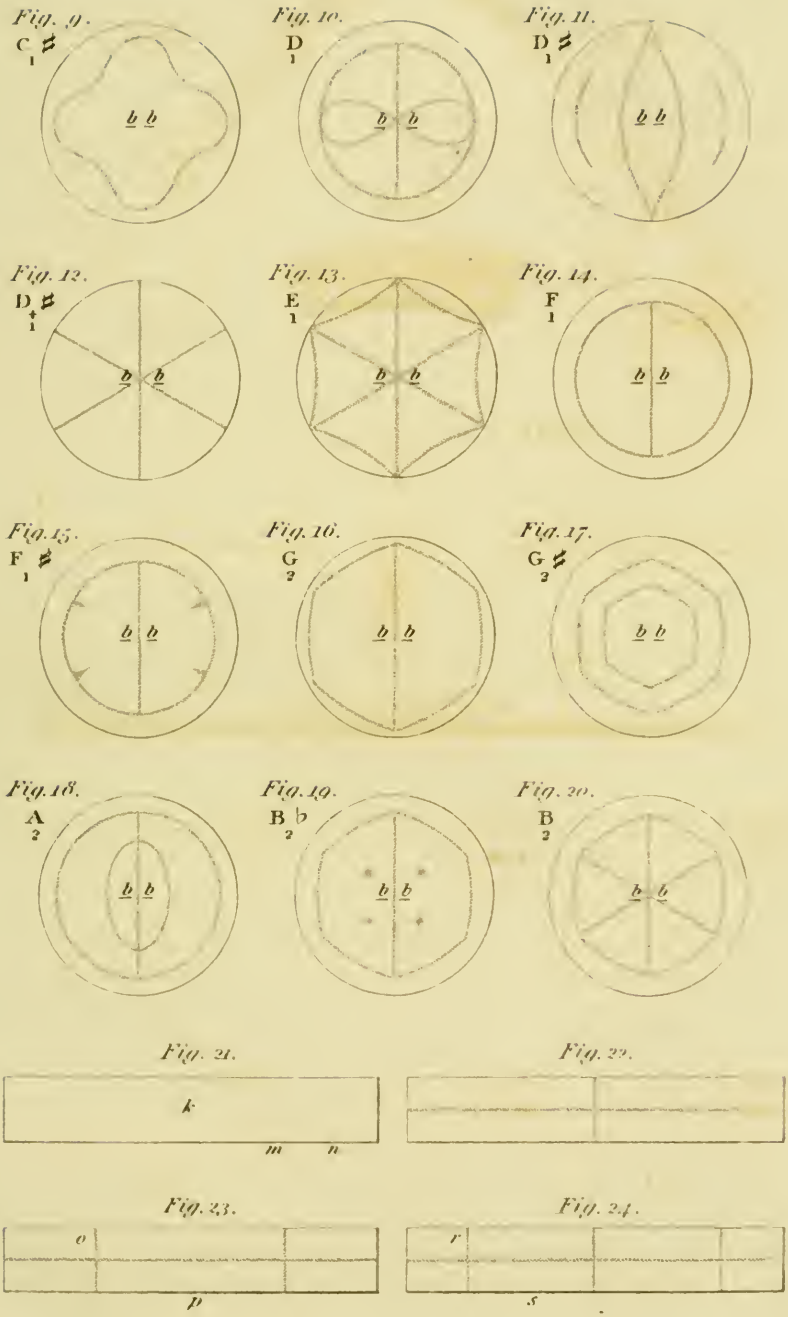


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R. Ackermann's 101 Strand.

creature would not have existed on the face of the earth.

Folmar repeated his visits every day. He had learned from Marianne's father, that she was fond of music. Without intimating his intention, he hired an excellent piano-forte, and ordered it to be carried to Marianne's apartment. Being a masterly performer on the instrument, he sat down, and struck a few wild chords. All at once he stopped. A gentle sigh heaved by Marianne filled the pause. Folmar then played a tender adagio, the sweet harmony of which seemed to soften the heart of Marianne. Tears trickled on her bosom. Folmar rose; Marianne silently took his place at the instrument, and, to the rapturous astonishment of her father and lover, played an adagio by Paer. When she had finished, a momentary smile illumined her face, and she returned to her seat.

One afternoon Folmar found Marianne alone. Her father had been invited to a party of pleasure, and her nurse had gone out upon different errands. Folmar was toying with the girl, and forgetting himself, he threw his arm about her beauteous neck, and imprinted an ardent kiss upon her lips. A delicate flush tinged for the first time the lily paleness of her cheeks. The wildness of her large eye gave way to languishing softness. She sunk into Folmar's nervous arms, and hid her crimsoned face in his palpitating bosom. She seemed as if awakened from a long slumber. Unconscious what Folmar had done to her, the tears coursing down her cheeks, she called him her friend, her deliverer.

From this moment her language was perfectly rational. She had no recollection of any of the occurrences of her past life, and felt as though she had just come into the world. Her understanding, her childlike confidence, and her delicate sensibility, rendered her inexpressibly amiable.

Her father returned. He was astonished at the miracle, but being put upon his guard by a hint from Folmar, he did not betray his surprise to Marianne. As they were alone, Folmar availed himself of the opportunity to solicit the hand of the angelic creature. Marianne conceived an affection for the young and handsome soldier, and an intercourse of several months strengthened their mutual attachment. Her father disposed of his property at L***, and purchased a fine estate in the vicinity of P***. Marianne confessed her passion to the enraptured Folmar; her father blessed their union; and they still enjoy happy days amidst a large circle of lovely children.

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AN ACCOUNT *of the recent Endeavours in* FRANCE *to improve the Construction of the* VIOLIN, *and of some extraordinary* PHENOMENA *in* ACOUSTICS *discovered in the Course of the Experiments made with a View to those Improvements.*—(PLATE 6.)

*Mr.* EDITOR,

THE violin is admitted to be the most perfect of all musical instruments. Its excellence consists in its great simplicity, in its capability of yielding every pos-

sible musical sound, within upwards of three octaves, in the utmost purity of its intonation, unshackled by the trammels of temperament, and in its power to modulate its notes, so as to convey the whole range of impressions which music has at its command. The effervescence of the wildest passions, the accents of deep melancholy, as well as of sportive mirth; the tender sighs of love, the ebullitions of comic humour, in short, every feeling of the human frame, is within the scope of this wonderful instrument. Hence the violin is the soul and essence of the dramatic orchestra, as well as of the humbler band of ball-virtuosos.

Such has been the rank and estimation of this instrument for many centuries; and yet its origin is involved in obscurity. Dr. Burney's idea, that it was used by the Hebrews, is untenable; and the Greeks and Romans knew it not, for none of their writings or monuments of art afford a trace of its existence among them, although the ancient *lyra* may have led to the invention of the violin. It became known in Europe soon after the Crusades, and may probably have been derived from the Saracens, a people at that time far superior to the Europeans in the arts and sciences, as well as in general civilization, and from whom we have derived various other inventions, together with a considerable portion of our present knowledge. This opinion, as to the origin of the violin, is strengthened by the circumstance of the Spanish historians being the earliest writers that make mention of such an instrument, which they quaintly describe as follows: "We have bethought ourselves to string a *lyra*, guitar, or, as it is now termed, a violin, with the entrails of sheep, and to draw enchanting sounds with a pitched horse-tail." The Spaniards, in all probability, had the instrument from their invaders, the Saracens; but they tuned the four strings, like the guitar, A, D, F ♯, A, a method at this day to be found in Spain. It is to an Italian monk, according to Muratori and Martini, that we owe our present mode of tuning by fifths, the excellence of which no doubt has raised the violin to the high rank it has ever since maintained.

But this improvement excepted, and some ameliorations in the shape of the bow—neither of which can be considered as improvements to the instrument itself—the violin has not undergone the slightest alteration since its first introduction in Europe. The earliest prints represent Apollo fiddling to the Muses on precisely the same instrument with which Mr. Ireland at this very day electrifies the toes of Milanie and the nymphs of the ballet into problematical attitudes. In executive skill on the violin, every succeeding generation has made regular strides towards perfection, but the form and construction always remained unchanged; while almost every other instrument received from time to time material and valuable ameliorations. What improvements have not been made in the keyed instruments, particularly the piano-forte; in the harp, the flute, and even the French horn! The simplicity of the violin alone seems to have set every attempt at defiance; nay, instead of improv-

ing upon the labour of our ancestors, we obviously have fallen short of their excellence. We cannot make fiddles equal to theirs; the manufacture of the Amati, of Guarnerio, of Stradivario, and Stainer, baffles all modern imitation.

The excellence of the violins produced by these men does not solely arise from the age of their instruments. Time no doubt has improved them, but time will never make a good fiddle out of a bad one; for there are many indifferent instruments to be found of a date anterior to Stainer and Stradivario. While speaking of the effect of time, it may be remarked, as a peculiarity attending the violin, that of all instruments, this one alone derives any benefit from age. None other get better, most become worse, after the first six months of their being made. We sometimes, it is true, hear of violins being "played out," but the case, I imagine, is of rare occurrence.

When it is considered, that, with some shades of comparative difference, every genuine Amati, Stradivario, or Stainer, is more or less an instrument of very superior quality, we are warranted in concluding that these men of the Cremona school (for Stainer, the German, was a pupil of Amati,) were in possession of a secret, or at least a mode of fabrication, founded on principle or experience, which is no longer known. While an Amati sells for 50 guineas and more, the best new fiddle of modern manufacture may be bought for ten or twelve, and for less on the Continent; and of two violins made by the same maker, with the same care, one may not be worth half the price of the other. In fact, the eventual value of the instrument in hand is, in a great measure, a matter of hazard, like the sailing powers of a ship on the stocks. This circumstance evidently proves an ignorance as to the true principle of fabrication; some insulated rules of inferior moment may be known, but the main principle is lost.

The recent endeavours to recover this lost principle, or rather to supply, by a new mode of construction, the defects felt by that loss, and the experiments instituted with that view, will form the object of this paper. The results of these experiments, if confirmed in all their extent, appear to be of very great importance in a scientific point of view; and an account of the structure of the new instruments may be the means of producing further efforts in England, a country which, in addition to its own inventions, claims the merit of having brought to perfection many of the first attempts of other nations.

The merit of having made these first attempts belongs to our neighbours the French. "The French," observed a friend who accompanied me in Paris when collecting information on this subject, "no longer occupied in the arduous and unsuccessful task of effecting a revolution in governments, have determined on a revolution in fiddles: thus corroborating the remark made by their ex-emperor, when alighting from the sledge on his flight from Moscow: '*Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas.*'" A smile of pity was all I could find in my heart to bestow on my sple-

netic antigallican companion. He had walked his feet sore in a tedious perambulation after these new inventions, which offered no manner of interest to his unmusical organization. As I trust this is not the case with my readers, I shall, with becoming gravity, forthwith enter upon the subject.

Mr. Chanot, an officer of naval engineers, having been mentioned to me as the person who not only had first ventured upon some alterations in the construction of violins, but had actually established a manufactory of instruments upon his new principles, and opened a depôt of them at Paris, I set about tracing his establishment. In London this would have been accomplished in an hour's time at most; but the case was otherwise in Paris: several music-shops knew nothing of the name or of the invention, or affected ignorance; some, more kind, furnished us with wrong directions, which drove us half over Paris; and when at last we had got to the right street, the long rue St. Honoré, the number given to us contained a trifling clerical error, the correcting of which, although considered as *une affaire de rien*, could only be effected by a further exertion of our legs, than which none had ever been more tired by fiddles. My friend, much out of humour, at every step made less account of an invention buried in such absolute obscurity, that within half a dozen yards of the house (as we afterwards found), nothing was known of its existence. Successful, however, at last, we mounted up stairs into a large empty back room, and had the unspeakable satisfaction of beholding a goodly assemblage of fiddles and tenors, reposing in heaps on a sofa, and a respectable quorum of violoncellos leaning against the corners of the apartment.

Mons. Chanot was not in Paris, but a young lady presented herself as the guardian and spokeswoman *(l'organe)* of the cat-gut community. All the professional knowledge of this fair representative appeared to be confined to the various prices of the instruments under her keeping, and to fluent encomiums on their fine tone; so that the information I am enabled to present to the reader could only be derived from personal examination and trial, without the benefit of any explanation as to the leading features of internal construction and improvement.

To save time, and render this account more intelligible, I annex a drawing of one of Mr. Chanot's violins *(see plate, fig. A.)*. From this, the reader will perceive the following exterior peculiarities:

1. There is no moveable tail-piece to hold the strings, as in common fiddles; but in the body itself of the sounding-board, or upper shell, a piece of ebony, with four holes, is let in flush with the surface; and immediately below it, that is, on the inner and invisible surface of the board, a similar piece is inserted, for the sake of greater strength, the wood of the sounding-board running without interruption between these two bits, except where the four holes perforate it. The respective centres of these four holes are at greater distances from each other than the four points on the bridge upon which the strings rest, so that

the latter, when viewed from above, appear to run from the tail-piece in a straight line, converging towards the pegs. The distance between this fixed kind of tail-piece and the bridge is nearly double the length of the distance between the bridge and the nearest end of the finger-board. *Fig. B* represents a separate drawing of this tail-piece.

2. The *f* holes, as they are called, are without any circular turnings at the extremities; they have but slight curvatures inwards and outwards—*(see the drawing)*. By this means, fewer of the fibres of the wood of the sounding-board are cut through, and consequently a greater quantum of vibration is obtained.

3. There are no sharp corners, nor projecting edges; the indentures OC, introduced in the common violins to make more room for the bow, are omitted, a slight inward curve being all that is allowed for this purpose. By this expedient, a further interruption of the fibres of the wood is obviated.

4. The scroll in the wood where the pegs are fixed, instead of turning upwards, turns downwards. This contrivance, of course, has no effect upon the sound, but it affords great facility in passing the strings through the A and D pegs, which, in our common violins, are of difficult access.

5. In the violoncellos, the pegs are screwed up and down with a key, in a very easy manner, and by means of so nice an interior mechanism that several whole turns of the key are required to produce the difference of but one tone. Thus the most minute change of pitch may be effected with facility and certainty.

6. The sound-post, which, in the common violins, stands a little *behind* the right foot of the bridge, is placed in Mr. Chanot's a little *before*, as has been indicated by a dot in the drawing.

7. Mr. Chanot has also made an alteration in the bar, which, in the common violins, runs under the sounding-board, along its whole extent, passing below the left foot of the bridge, and is of great importance to the sound. Mr. Chanot's bar is not straight, but a little curved; its two extremities fall in with the longitudinal axis of the sounding-board, while its curve enables it to pass under the left foot of the bridge.

I am not sufficiently skilled in the construction of this instrument, to venture a decisive opinion on the effects and merits of all these alterations. As far as I can judge, the insertion of the tail-piece in the body of the sounding-board is calculated to interrupt the vibration of the longest and most essential fibres in the wood, which in the common violins are undisturbed; and there is cause to apprehend that the great strain produced by the tension of the four strings, and which is computed to exceed the force of eighty pounds weight, will in a short time prove injurious to the sounding-board.

In assigning this place to the tail-piece, Mr. Chanot is supposed to have had a particular object in view, which I will endeavour to explain in a few words. There is a considerable inequality in the notes of the violin: those yielded

by the open strings are of the greatest force; of course, the others, which are produced by the play of the fingers, are not so strong: yet of these latter, some are louder than others, by reason of their producing a sympathetic co-vibration on one or the other of the open strings, to which they stand in harmonic relation. The dullest notes are those which are least capable of eliciting this co-vibration; the F on the D string, for instance. It is supposed, that to these dull notes Mr. Chanot has endeavoured to impart force by that portion of the four strings which lies between the tail-piece and the bridge, and with which the bow does not interfere. By giving to these portions of the string such dimensions as will bring them in harmonic relation with the duller sounds on the active part of the string, the inactive portions, he conceived, would be brought into co-vibration, and aid the sound. This effect is more than probable, but the additional vibrating powers thus gained are likely to lead to certain mis-vibrations, if I may be allowed the expression, the nature and principle of which I forbear entering upon at present, as I shall have to speak of them hereafter.

I shall conclude these remarks on Mr. Chanot's invention by giving, first, the opinion pronounced upon it by the musical section of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, in a report dated 3d April, 1819, to whom he submitted several complete sets of his instruments; viz. violin, tenor, violoncello, and double-bass; and, in the next place, I shall venture to add my own sentiments, with that degree of diffidence which a consciousness of the inferiority of my judgment in these matters imposes on me.

The report in question is signed by Messrs. Cherubini, Boieldieu, Catel, Gossec, Lesueur, and Berton, all composers of first-rate eminence. After expatiating upon the nature and merits of Mr. Chanot's alterations, it proceeds to the practical test, to which his instruments were subjected. The violins and tenors were tried in the presence of the committee, by Messrs. Kreutzer, Lafond, and Boucher; the violoncellos, by Messrs. Baudiot and Norbelin; and the double-bass, by Messrs. Gelinek and Hoffelmayer, artists of acknowledged celebrity on those instruments. The best instruments of Amati, Guarnerio, and Stradivario, that could be found in Paris, were played in competition with those of Mr. Chanot, and their comparative tone was scrupulously weighed. "But," adds the report, "in spite of the bias in favour of the former, arising from their age, the new instruments *struggled with advantage* in regard to all those qualities which constitute the excellence of the old instruments, viz. freedom of sound, striking effect (*éclat*), roundness and sweetness of vibration." An exception is, however, made by the committee as to Mr. Chanot's double-bass, one specimen of which kind had only then been constructed. This was found inferior to its rivals.

The above verdict obviously appears guardedly worded on the face of it. It certainly does not award the palm of superiority; and we may doubt whether it admits Mr. Chanot's instruments to be equal to the best old violins. I

feel, therefore, the less hesitation in stating my own opinion. Among the number of violins on the sofa, I tried about half a dozen, taken at random. They all appeared to me to deserve the appellation of good instruments, and I will go so far as to say that I thought them superior to any new violin I ever met with, and of a quality for which the price of about 10 or 12 guineas would readily be given in the market. The tone was round, equal, and sweet, and particularly good at the shifts, there being then less vibration. The quantum of vibration appeared to me to be too great, especially in the G string, which I thought very hollow, and altogether the most unsatisfactory; the others, likewise, had something nasal, resembling the tone of a tenor, and I missed that bell-like silvery clearness, that pointed brilliancy, which characterize the violins of the good Italian masters. Mr. Chanot's violoncellos, however, appeared to me to be very fine instruments, and, in the general run, equal, if not superior, to Forster's basses. Mr. Chanot's prices are as follows: violin 300 francs (12*l.*); tenor, the same; violoncello 500 francs (20*l.*). These will probably be deemed rather high, particularly for France, where labour is much cheaper than in England.

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I now proceed to the more interesting labours of Mr. Savart in the same department, and to the important scientific investigations on the nature of sounds, undertaken by him with a view to discover the principles upon which violins ought to be constructed; a field hitherto almost entirely neglected, or left to chance. Mr. Savart is a doctor of medicine; he plays the violin as amateur, and the object of his musical researches is not gain: his sole aim being the advancement of the art, the result of his inquiries has been laid before the public in a book lately printed at Paris, under the title of "*Memoire sur la Construction des Instrumens à cordes et à archet.*" I took the liberty of introducing myself to his acquaintance, and I deem it a duty to acknowledge his affable reception of a person entirely a stranger to him, and his readiness to explain every thing which could contribute to give me a clear idea of his proceedings. His conversation exhibited a man of talent, deep reflection, and unassuming modesty.

Mr. Savart's first object was to ascertain the principle according to which the sound of a string, which is extremely feeble when unassisted by accessory means, can be rendered stronger. It appeared evident that in all stringed instruments, this reinforcement of sound is produced by putting the string or vibrating body into direct or indirect contact with other bodies capable of vibration. A tuning-fork, for instance, put in vibration, and merely held in the air, emits a sound scarcely audible, but the moment the end is rested on a board we hear the pitch plainly. The tuning-fork represents the strings; the board on which it rests represents the wooden body of the stringed instrument: in the harp, the contact of the string with the sounding-board is direct; in the violin, the contact is indirectly produced by the intervention of the bridge.

Setting out from this principle, Mr. Savart instituted a series of experiments, the substance of which I deem it material to state in a literal translation from his own words; as I conceive it probable, and indeed could wish, that some of my readers may feel desirous of repeating the experiments: in which case the slightest deviation from his directions or expressions might create disappointment, especially as the process requires some nicety.

"Take a thin plate of copper or glass, round, and very equal in thickness, or a plate of lead carefully smoothened; because this metal possessing but a small degree of rigidity, yields easily to every motion communicated to it, and has the additional advantage of being flattened more equally. Place this plate on a narrow piece of board, by putting between both, to prevent their touching, a little piece of wood, or, what is better, of cork, because the latter substance yields to the motions of the plate, and presents no obstacle to the regularity of the figures. Fix at one end of the board a violin-string, and stretch it at the other end by means of a peg; place a violin-bridge on the plate, which is to be strewed with a layer of fine sand. The string being placed across the middle of the bridge, let it be stretched tight, and draw a sound by means of a bow. At that instant the sand will be seen to unite on certain points, and to fly from others, which will form a figure the more regular in proportion as the plate is in every part quite of the same thickness, and that the feet of the bridge are placed at an equal distance from the centre of the plate, on one of its diameters. If the string be wound up tighter, so as to render the sound one or more tones higher, another figure will be obtained; the same result will ensue if the string is slackened by a tone, half a tone, or by even a less interval."

The apparatus for these experiments is represented by figs. 1 and 2 *(see plate)*: *a* represents the plate of metal or glass, *b* the board, *c* the bridge, *d* the string, *e* the peg to stretch it, *f* the small piece of wood or cork which prevents the plate from touching the board.

"Although it is rather a difficult matter to execute this experiment properly, it may easily be perceived, even if success is not complete, that the motion of the string, communicated by means of the bridge, is shared by the plate; and the various figures, assumed by the sand at every different sound drawn by the bow, will indicate, that these sounds are reinforced by a particular mode of vibration on the part of the plate, corresponding, as to time, with the vibration of the string itself.

"It may be observed, by the way, that almost all the figures obtained in this manner, are composed of nodal concentric lines, and of other lines which form stars composed of a more or less number of points; figures which are the most difficult to be produced, if the bow is applied to the circumference of the plate itself, which, in such case, gives sounds much more beautiful than under any other circumstance.

"If, in making this experiment, a plate of glass is used, instead of one of copper or lead, the quality of the sound will be changed, which

proves that the plate and the string give their sounds simultaneously.

"Figs. 3, 4, &c. as far as 15 *(see plate)*, represent the modes of vibration," which Mr. Savart states "to have obtained in a single octave, proceeding by semi-tones; viz.

Fig. 3 — G
4 — G sharp
5 — A
6 — B
7 — B flat
8 — C
9 — C sh.
10 — D
11 — D sh.
12 — D sh. (*)
13 — E
14 — F
15 — F sh.

"Figs. 16, 17, 18, 19, and 20, represent the modes of vibration of some other higher sounds, following the preceding octave; viz.

Fig. 16 — G
17 — G sh.
18 — A
19 — B fl.
20 — B

"The experiments might be carried further, but it would require thinner strings than those of a violin. There is, however, a term at which it would be found impossible to produce any further figures at all; because the vibrating parts becoming less and less, in proportion as the sounds grow more acute, the nodes of vibration would approach each other so closely, that the figures could no longer be distinguished: on the other hand, if the sounds are very low or deep, the vibrations of the plate will be so slow, that the sand will be but feebly agitated, and equally cease to form figures."

The limits prescribed to this article do not admit of my following Mr. S. step by step in his various interesting observations; for the present, therefore, it may be sufficient to add what I consider to be extremely important: that, according to his statement, the same figures will at all times be produced by the same sound; for he says, "In case the experiments be repeated several times in the same octave, by designing" (upon paper of course) "every one of the figures obtained, if, at every trial, care be not taken to set out from precisely the same sound, the result will be, that entirely different modes of vibration will be obtained; and the multitude of figures which may thus be produced in a single octave will be surprising."

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

* Mr. Savart does not explain this second D sharp. It is also doubtful whether B has not been put before B flat through mistake.

## METHOD OF PRESERVING FLOUR IN THE SAXON MAGAZINES.

*TO THE EDITOR.*

SIR,

IT is highly pleasing to the reflecting mind and the cultivator of science, to remark the intimate connection that subsists between its different branches. Thus a discovery is rarely made in one department, without extending its benefits to some other with which it would seem at first to have no

relation. Thus too in a work on a particular subject, we frequently meet with information, or at least hints tending to illustrate others of a totally different nature.

Your readers will doubtless recollect the "Narrative of the Battle of Leipzig," which exhibited so lively a picture of that gigantic conflict, and was published soon after its occurrence. A passage in that work intimated, that in Saxony a method is practised by which flour and meal may be preserved without injury for twenty or thirty years. Four thousand casks which had been thus laid up at Leipzig for many years, were consumed by the French in 1813. The precise length of time which it had been deposited in the magazine is not mentioned; but we are told that it had been purchased by the magistrates of Leipzig as a store against famine; that it had been left untouched even in the disastrous year 1806; and that it would have kept twenty years longer without spoiling.

This practical illustration of the utility of such a method of preserving the produce of plentiful seasons was not overlooked by our Board of Agriculture. The attention of Lord Carrington, the then president, and of the late venerable secretary, Arthur Young, was strongly called by the passage in question to this subject; and the latter, by his lordship's direction, caused inquiry to be made at Leipzig, to ascertain the process by which so desirable an object was accomplished. I am not aware that the result of this inquiry was ever made public: the general interest attached to it will therefore no doubt obtain insertion in your pages for a translation of the directions transmitted from Germany in reply. This document is as follows:

METHOD OF PRESERVING FLOUR IN THE ROYAL SAXON MAGAZINES.

When the flour is destined to be kept a long time in casks, the corn must be perfectly dry when ground. It must be left for a year after it is ground upon the floor of a well ventilated place, and turned over twice a week during the first half year, and once a week in the second. At the expiration of twelve months, it may be packed, having been previously sifted, and it must be pressed down as close as possible; which operation is performed by men provided with clean leather stockings, who trample upon it in the cask, and use stampers to assist them. The magazine casks in Saxony contain each 4cwt. 10lbs. neat weight; and the flour is trodden so close, that on opening the cask, it is found to form a mass which seems to be as hard as stone.

I am, &c. AGRICOLA.

SURREY, Dec. 9, 1820.

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## MEMOIR OF BENJAMIN HENRY LA TROBE.

IT is with real regret we announce the death of a very amiable man and clever artist, a native of this country, who has successfully exemplified his talent as an architect and engineer in the United States of America; and whose reputation has deservedly obtained an elevated rank abroad, and a corresponding respect at home.

The New-Orleans papers, to the 4th of September, describe the ravages of the disease by which that city is afflicted, as being awful and increasing; and announces, that, amongst the victims to its violence, is " Benjamin Henry La Trobe, the distinguished artist, who is well known from his works by nearly all the Atlantic States: he died on the 3d of September, 1820.

" Two or three years ago, his eldest son fell a victim to the climate of the same place."

In 1795, Mr. La Trobe, at the age of 33, visited America, with the purpose of proceeding to Philadelphia, and to the seat of his maternal uncle, Colonel Antes, on the Susquehannah; but from severe stress of weather, in which the ship was in much danger for ten weeks, it ran into Norfolk in Virginia. Here, unknown to every one, he accidentally accosted a gentleman, who proved to be a commissioner of the customs, and who, interested by his amiable manners, invited him to his house, and shortly introduced him to Col. Bulstrode Washington: this gentleman, interested by the superior accomplishments of the young stranger, took a speedy opportunity to present him to his relation, the President, with whom he remained some days at Mount Vernon, and was encouraged to enter upon his profession as architect and engineer.

In this little history of events how much is obviously the work of a kind Providence, who, from the very elements of human anxiety, disappointment, and danger, elicits the fulfilment of our most arduous enterprises, and, as it were in a moment, effects an event, whose distance is beyond the command of man, even by an exercise of the greatest skill and the most laborious exertions.

Mr. La Trobe was early consulted on the practicability of making the James river navigable, which he accomplished, and was appointed engineer to the state of Virginia. He resided some time at Richmond, and after a few years at Philadelphia, his reputation having preceded him: here he executed important works for supplying the city with water, and built the Bank; he also repaired and improved the works of defence and lighthouses on the coast, and thus obtained the appointment of engineer to the city of Philadelphia. About this time, being a widower, he married an amiable and accomplished lady, the daughter of Isaac Harkhurst, Esq.

On being appointed surveyor of the public works to the United States, he removed to Washington: he there executed some of his principal buildings, among which is the Hall of Representatives. It is a circumstance worthy of remark, that but one month prior to the moment of his decease, Mr. La Trobe addressed a letter to Mr. Ackermann, in which he enumerates some of his chief works, and consults him on the publication of his designs, copies of which he intended to transmit to London for the purpose.—He mentions the Cathedral of Baltimore as a building of granite, vaulted throughout, and the largest church in North America; the dome 70 feet internal diameter, and 100 feet internal height. The Exchange of Baltimore, 256 by 140 feet, as his

boldest work; the dome 115 feet high.

The Hall of Representatives at Washington, a room 100 feet long by 80 feet wide, 50 feet high, and embellished by twenty-four highly sculptured Corinthian columns, 28 feet high, and with a suitable entablature, all in stone, and the whole vaulted in that material and brick.

The Bank of Pensylvania, a building entirely of white marble, some of the covering blocks of which are 25 feet long, 5 feet wide, and 1 foot thick: this he considers his best work.

The Engine-House of Philadelphia, in the centre of the principal square, for the supply of water to that city, he states is of marble, and decorated with columns 16 feet high, in single blocks.

The north wing of the Capitol of the United States, he mentions as having been begun when he became surveyor of the public works; and that he succeeded a French architect, and our intelligent countryman Mr. Hadfield, the architect, in that building. As part of this edifice was of a temporary nature, he reformed the interior and simplified the exterior, designed the centre, and erected the south wing in correspondence with the north: the interior, however, he regrets as not to his mind; and concludes by stating, that *la difficulté vaincue* is yet too conspicuous in its arrangements. Mr. La Trobe adds, that the Bank of the United States, now building by one of his pupils, Mr. Strickland, is his design, but that the principal room is a deviation from it.

Mr. La Trobe's occupation towards the close of his life became of a very anxious nature, and, as a portion of his letter to Mr. Ackermann, not only explains it, but supplies a just encomium on his eldest son, whose death was noticed in the commencement of this narrative, we shall take leave to extract it.

"In the year 1811, I sent my eldest son, then only seventeen years old, to New-Orleans, to attend to the execution of the works necessary to supply the city with water; for which object I had obtained an exclusive privilege. I was then surveyor of all the public buildings of the United States, an office of great and honourable trust; and my son, with very uncommon talents, and particularly for the objects of my own profession, with the assistance of good mechanics, was able to attend to this great work. The war, and a variety of other causes, delayed the execution of the work; and in 1817, I had the irreparable misfortune to lose him, leaving the concern, and 50,000 dollars involved in it, in the most precarious state: it was therefore necessary for me either to submit to a total loss of so large a property, or prepare to come to New-Orleans. I resigned therefore my public offices, and in 1818 came hither; and on April 20th, brought my whole family, where we shall probably reside for a year or two." On the 4th of August Mr. La Trobe wrote the above letter, and on the 3d of September following he was no more.

As the biography of men of genius is at all times interesting, we add some facts relative to the

early years of our much-lamented friend.

Benjamin Henry La Trobe was the second son of the late Rev. Benjamin La Trobe, a descendant of a noble Protestant family from Languedoc, and superintendent of all the establishments in England belonging to the church known by the name of *Unitas Fratrum*. He was born in 1762, and educated at Fulnec, near Leeds, and at fifteen years of age commenced his college studies at Nisky in Saxony, where he distinguished himself as a scholar of much genius, having every facility for the attainment of all kinds of useful knowledge, besides the learned languages, mathematics, and philosophy. Here he manifested a great delight for drawing, and particularly of architecture.

Returning to England in 1785, he obtained an appointment in the Stamp-Office, presented to him by the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, in consideration of the great esteem in which his father was held by the existing government. But this employment not suiting his feeling and active mind, he entered the office of an eminent architect in the city, and afterwards that of another professional gentleman; with whom, however, he remained but a short time.

Whilst pursuing his studies at home, he was visited by a friend, Mr. Sperling, who, finding him disengaged, and admiring his growing talents, commissioned him to design and build for him a mansion near East Grinstead, to be called Hammerwood Lodge: it is now in the possession of Dorrien Magens, Esq. This building obtained for him the further patronage of Mr. Trayton Fuller, for whom he designed a house at Ashdown Park; and being further established in his profession, he about this time married the daughter of the late Rev. Mr. Sellon, rector of St. James's, Clerkenwell, with whom he lived in the enjoyment of true domestic felicity. She brought him a son and daughter; but the birth of a third child proved fatal to the mother; and this sudden bereavement threw Mr. La Trobe into a nervous disorder, that led to much derangement of his affairs; which having reinstated, he formed the resolution of quitting England for America, with the intention of visiting his uncle, and establishing himself in that country.

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF A WOULD-BE AUTHOR.

### Chap. XIV.

### NOTHING TO THE PURPOSE—ACCOMMODATING PORTRAITURE—AND OTHER MATTERS.

To amuse the idle, inform the intelligent, or to excite the risible faculties of the joyous, is such an enviable task, that it is no wonder hundreds lay this flattering unction to the soul, however slow those who are condemned to read their pages of inanity are in awarding a share of merit. Even to fail in this is to fail nobly, since the wish alone of affording pleasure ought to be some excuse, should the attempt form the only part of the execution. To know that the tear of

beauty has fallen over your pages, that the pangs of agony have been stifled, that the slow-dragging hours of disease have passed the quicker through your means, is no small pleasure: what then must be the feelings of those who, dying, feel assured that they die leaving a valuable legacy behind them, which having informed others, may yet enlighten thousands! or what is more delightful, the sensations of that man who has reason to believe, that many have left this world on a righteous death-bed which he has strewn with roses!

I love not Lord Byron, great as he is: when I read, I want some pleasurable visions to lie under my pillow; some pleasures of memory to waft me to repose: to breakfast, dine, drink tea, and sup on horrors with his lordship, is too much for my weak nerves. I have read enough of the works of him who is fit only by his talents to be poet laureate to the Devil. Laud we the name of George IV.; he has not only made a baronet of a man of the first talents, but he was the first baronet which his royal signature created: read me such lays as his, to stem the torrent of each violent passion. For my laughing hours, give me the Second Tour of the modern Hudibras in Search of the Sublime, the true Simon Pure, the veritable Dr. Syntax, of whom it is no mean praise to say, that his merits have attracted a herd of imitators, or rather libellers—but, alas! without a shred of his mantle. By the way, Mr. Editor, if the said author of the Doctor's Tours were to write his own tour through life, I'll engage it would pay the printing—his adventures in the country where lived Sir Roger de Coverley, and his pranks at the Johnsonian clubs.

As joint proprietor of the *Imperial*, I was, or meant to be, to the artists employed, extremely liberal, for indeed I had always a hankering after this kind of folk; and now my breakfast-table was crowded with minor portrait-painters and designers, the latter of whom had many an incident ready drawn to my hands, thus furnishing ideas for my pen to work upon. I had, however, with a true Grangerian spirit, reserved to myself a conscientious display of authentic portraits, and I would as soon have told a deliberate lie, as have sent one head into the world which did not represent the person intended; but the difficulty of procuring these was not small, without infringing on a copyright, or taking those of no interest. The manufacturers of true effigies were pressing me to employ them: one offered me a Coleridge in a cocked hat at half price, changing the writing underneath, "the illustrious Wellington;" another suggested that Pasqual Paoli would make an excellent Bonaparte; and by the same magic he had converted the lovely Marie-Antoinette into an illustrious actress. Besides these tempting offers, I could have had those characters who had died long since, without leaving a resemblance behind them, and whose faces were now to appear with every feature but their own. Plates illustrative of any particular circumstance Perriwinkle insisted should be adopted: thus the murder of the Innocents, with a little alteration, became the death of Rizzio; Jeph-

tha's rash vow was turned to a tale of the tenth century; and Adam and Eve, having transparent drapery thrown over them, became "Mutual Love, or the Memoirs of Hortensia and Lindamore."

"It is no unusual thing," said the late excellent Cromek the engraver, "to illustrate the Holy Scriptures by plates originally engraved for the History of England;" and I have actually seen subjects designed by our celebrated artist Stothard for Clarissa Harlowe and the Novelist's Magazine, converted with incredible dexterity by the bookselling Breslaws into *scriptural* embellishments. One of these venders of family Bibles lately called on me to consult me professionally about a folio engraving he brought with him: it represented M. Buffon, seated, contemplating various groups of animals that surrounded him. He merely wished, he said, to be informed whether, by unclothing the naturalist, and giving him a *rather more* resolute look, the plate could not, at a trifling expense, be made to pass for Daniel in the lions' den. Perriwinkle was often seriously angry that I did not employ these manufacturers of portraits, and we incurred much loss (indeed *I* did) from a bargain which he had bought at an auction of a parcel of old copper, on which was engraved certain, as he said, very *alterable* physiognomies, and which he informed me was the common custom with the proprietors of a Magazine of which some thousands were sold every month: but I was firm.

At length, however, I began to be a little suspicious of my worthy colleague: many bills for which he had received the money were still unliquidated, and I was exposed to the dunning of those who should have been paid long ago. One artist, now no more, wrote me a very severe letter, expressing his surprise that a gentleman who, in his writings, seemed so full of the milk of human kindness, should act so contrary to what he wrote; as if my actions as a man were to be judged by my assertions as an author, or as if I were not to be allowed to preach one thing, and practise another. A drawn battle had taken place between my worthy colleague and a writing-engraver, and many unpleasant whisperings came to me, not on the wings of the wind, but from importunate artists and more hungry pamphlet-stitchers. But of a sudden he became punctual, and again our vessel ran smoothly.

My editorial task became more and more difficult every day: although I did the biographical department *con amore*, it was not always a pleasing task: some persons were so excessively modest, "that there was nothing in their lives which could interest the public; their merit was not sufficient for publicity; the world could care but little about them; therefore they must decline the honour: they had only one picture of themselves, and that was so little flattered, it would disgrace the book," &c. But the excuse was generally set up by those who, despairing lest I should not give them credit for every cardinal virtue and high talent, resolved to be painted as deities, or not at all. Others I had unlimited

power to colour highly, but I was strictly charged to be silent as to their origin. Nay, once I was indebted for a very entertaining memoir by merely hinting that I knew the father of —— kept an à-la-mode beef-shop; and the first literary effort of the son, and which unfortunately bears his name, was neither creditable to his head nor his heart: but he gave me many interesting particulars, on condition that I should keep the à-la-mode beef-shop in the back-ground. I was deprived of all the advantages of biography, for being obliged to make my hero begin life respectably, consequently the merit which he possessed, and which drew him from obscurity, was untouched. Prior, who sprang from a low origin, is said to have designated his father as a Turkey merchant, when in fact he was a poulterer; and he who might have shewn himself the ennobler of his family, was prevented by his pride from pointing a moral, or adorning a tale, of which he might have been the hero.

I remember well receiving a delicious piece of biography from the hands of an architect, who rose, by his own exertions, from the situation of a retail tradesman to the top of his profession. During the time in which he handed me the detail of his eventful life and its printing, he married the daughter of a soap-boiler of some property; and at the very moment when I was about to communicate to the world the success of his merit, he came to me one morning in breathless haste, and demanded the paper which contained his birth, parentage, and education, declaring that his Amy would never forgive him, if he suffered his low origin to be known to the world, and piteously implored me to give up the MS. At length I did so, and was obliged, in the room of it, to give to the public his Memoirs indeed, but without a moral, or a single interesting disclosure.

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## REMONSTRANCE OF IF.

A CONSIDERABLE time ago, Mr. Editor, you inserted in the *Repository* the petition of a brother of mine, who contrived, with more plausibility than truth, to represent himself as very ill treated by all classes of people: though, in reality, the usage of which he complains, is, in the opinion of most sensible persons, not a bit worse than he deserves; because, whatever gloss he may put upon the matter, there is something rude, repelling, and ungracious about him. Though we are so nearly related, Mr. Editor, the same cannot be said of me: in general, sir, I am neither abrupt nor uncivil; there are indeed a few instances in which I appear so, and these, I must observe, are principally when I am forced into the company of my brother. Yet, sir, I am ten times worse used than he is, and so infamously calumniated, that the most candid will not speak well of me. People delight in laying their disappointments and vexations to my charge, and I am seldom spoken of but in terms of ridicule, contempt, or abhorrence.

All this, sir, is very bad, but

what is still worse is, that I am not only abused, but most shamefully execrated every hour of my life, and that too by those who wish to pass for well-bred people, many of whom vent their anger in curses and imprecations upon my poor innocent self, for faults of which I am not in the least guilty. Thus, for instance, at the moment Sir Charles Chouse thought himself sure of carrying off the widow Rupee, she suddenly blasted his hopes and those of his creditors, by declaring she could not marry so soon after the death of Governor Rupee; if she did, people would think it very indelicate.

Had you heard, sir, how the baronet swore at me, you would have blessed yourself. "Curse that infernal *if*," cried he, to a confidential friend; "whatever I could say, she always interrupted me with that diabolical monosyllable." And then, sir, he burst into a volley of execrations against poor me, which I won't attempt to repeat. Now, as Mrs. Rupee married Captain Gorget in less than a week afterwards, I leave you to judge how far I had been inimical to the baronet's hopes.

Mr. Supple has for a long time solicited a place at court: somebody asked him the other day, how he was getting on. "Oh!" cried he, "I have very little hope; my patron is a dealer in *ifs*."—"Then," replied his friend, "I pity you; the moment I hear that ominous word, I know one has nothing to trust to."—"Confound the word," said Supple, "I am sure I often wish it at the devil; for just at the moment a ray of hope breaks in upon me, it is sure to be dashed by an *if*." The fact is, Mr. Editor, the place which he solicited had been long promised by his patron to another, and as the noble lord did not choose entirely to deprive his dependent of hope, he made use of me to keep him in suspense. Now pray, sir, is it not very hard that I am to be sent to the devil because I am forced to be a great man's instrument?

I shall not imitate the egotism of *But*, by detailing all the instances in which I have done good; in fact, sir, to speak without vanity, I could not. I may, however, venture to appeal, Mr. Editor, to the testimony of your own conscience, and that of your readers, whether I have not many times acted a friendly part in inducing you, by my sudden appearance, to pause before you formed plans or decisions which you would afterwards have been sorry for. It cannot be denied, even by my bitterest enemies, that I have prevented innumerable marriages which would probably have turned out very unhappily. I have also been the cause that several separations did not take place between married people, who, had I not interfered, would have parted long ago. I touch briefly, sir, as you may perceive, upon my own good qualities, because I scorn to egotize; nor will I meanly try to bribe you with compliments to procure me better usage. I am not without a hope, however, that this plain statement of facts will induce you to think I deserve it; and, in that case, you will, by inserting my letter in the *Repository*, expose my wrongs to the world, and confer a real favour on, sir, your very ill-used and humble servant, IF.

## NEW ANNOTATIONS UPON SHAKSPEARE.

*Mr.* Editor,

All those who love and admire Shakspeare will have seen with terror the dreadful threat held out in the newspapers of a new edition of his works, with *many hundred new annotations.* Have not Hanmer, Pope, Theobald, Warburton, Johnson, Steevens, Farmer, Tyrwhit, Upton, and a hundred more, succeeded in making him sufficiently obscure? Is not the text of Shakspeare yet sufficiently overwhelmed with notes, when for one page of original we have at least ten of commentary; so that six and thirty plays have been swelled into one and twenty large octavo volumes? To such an extent are these criticisms carried, that any person who wishes to enjoy Shakspeare, would never think of reading one of them. Our great dramatist is like a venerable Gothic structure, under whose shelter so many have built their little penthouses, that the dignity and richness of the ancient fabric are almost smothered by the excrescences; the walls are nearly covered by these vulgar sheds; and the holy niches, where once stood the figures of sainted beauties, have been filled by deformities of the clumsy workmanship of these unhallowed intruders. Shall we then permit the yet remaining glimpses of the original to be covered; or shall we not rather sweep down all these impudent eyesores, and restore, as far as possible, the sacred fabric of its early excellence? It has been well and strongly said by a living poet and critic, that if all the annotations upon Shakspeare were burnt, and the text alone retained, the world would be an equal gainer by what was destroyed, and by what was preserved.

I have never seen any of those many hundred new annotations, and I hope I never shall see them; but in order to give your readers an idea how far human absurdity will go, I will transcribe two MS. notes in a copy of Shakspeare that came into my possession, and which was advertised by the auctioneer, who sold it as "peculiarly valuable, on account of the remarks in the hand-writing of a celebrated critic." The first passage upon which this notable commentary is made, is in the first act of Hamlet. The queen is blaming Hamlet for mourning so long the death of his father.

Thou know'st'tis common: all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
*Hamlet.* Aye, madam, it is common.
*Queen* If it be,
Why *seems* it so particular with thee?
*Hamlet. Seems*, madam! Nay, it is; I know not *seems.*

Upon which the valuable MS. note of this celebrated critic is as follows:

"Shakspeare was a notorious punster: all his plays shew it; and they are often most absurdly introduced. I am not at all clear that he did not mean to make *a pun* in this case, and to put it into the mouth of the hero Hamlet. It is known that the actor who played this part in the time of Shakspeare was named *Taylor:* the author wrote it for him, and his name was doubtless a source of many jokes among the wits of that day. I cannot help thinking therefore that our author had some allusion to him, and the trade that his name implied he be-

longed to, when he makes Hamlet (*i. e.* Taylor) indignantly reply to the queen, ' *Seams*, madam! Nay, it is; I know not *seams*.' I am the more strengthened in this opinion by what is certainly a personal allusion to Taylor afterwards, who is stated by contemporaries to have been a fat man: to this circumstance Shakspeare refers when he makes Hamlet soon afterwards exclaim,

" Oh! that this too, too solid flesh would melt, &c."

This is a very exquisite piece of absurdity, but what follows is *still better* by being *still worse*. The text on which the note is made is the following:

*Hamlet.* I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

" I cannot account," says the critic, " for the difficulties some persons have had in understanding this passage: it seems to me quite clear. The queen has been reproving her son for wearing mourning for his father. ' Good Hamlet,' says she, ' cast thy nighted colour off.' At last she brings him to reason, or fancies she induces him to comply; and when she afterwards asks him to stay at the court of Denmark, ceasing to wear black, it appears to me quite natural that Hamlet should answer, ' I shall *in all my best* obey you, madam;' meaning, that he would remain at court, and, according to the queen's wishes, would wear *his best court suit*."

Such notes as these are the only commentaries I can read; and, if the many hundred advertised be like them, I can only lament, that they are not *many thousand*. Your's,

J. B.

## A CHARACTER.

*Mr.* Editor,

If you can spare a corner for the insertion of the following sketch, it will oblige your very humble servant, E.

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Somebody says, that to be good and disagreeable is high treason against virtue. I am afraid that if we look around us, we shall find that this is a species of treason which is very often committed. I have this moment parted with a person who is a very striking instance of it: this lady, whom I shall call Melissa, possesses one of the best hearts in the world; her understanding is also excellent; and yet, merely from a certain bluntness of manner, a careless habit of saying disagreeable things to her acquaintance, and a want of consideration for their feelings in trifles, she has acquired the character of being harsh, avaricious, and uncharitable. How far these assertions are true, the reader may judge from the following circumstances, which I know to be facts.

I paid her a visit one morning last summer, and found her at breakfast with her niece, a blooming girl of nineteen, whom she was gravely lecturing for the unpardonable extravagance of crumbling some bread, and throwing it out of the window to the birds. Maria endeavoured to defend herself by pleading that she could not bear to see the poor things flutter about without giving them something; and that, besides, she was always in the habit of doing so at home.

" If you choose to practise a bad

habit at home," replied Melissa, in a most austere tone, "that is no reason you should do it here. I have no idea of encouraging idleness: the birds can get their living very well at this time of the year; let them fly about, and pick it up where they can. It is a sin and a shame in these hard times to waste any thing, and it is absolute waste to feed those who can provide for themselves." Maria made no reply, but I could see plainly that she thought her aunt's frugality was downright avarice.

The lecture was scarcely ended when Melissa was told that her washerwoman desired to see her. "The poor woman seems in great trouble, madam," said the servant. —"Well, send her up," cried Melissa. "There is another plague," said she to me: "that woman is so abominably careless, she lost a new pocket-handkerchief of mine only last week, and I dare say it is something of the same kind now; but if it is, I protest she shall pay for it: it will teach her to be more careful in future. Will you excuse me for one moment, while I just speak to her?" continued she. I bowed, and she went into a little room, which was only separated from the one in which we were by a partition, so that we could hear all that passed.

She began to interrogate the woman in a very cross tone, but when she found that the accident was occasioned by her husband's falling down in a fit, and overturning the clothes-horse in his fall, she seemed to entirely forget the loss of her things in her solicitude for the poor man. Finding that he had not had any medical advice, she gave the woman a note to her own surgeon, and money at the same time to get some necessaries. "God knows, madam," cried the poor weeping creature, "when I shall be able to pay for your beautiful caps and your muslin dresses; but if you will have patience——."

"To be sure I will," cried Melissa, interrupting her: "don't think about them now, but go home and take care of your husband." The poor woman went away blessing her. The value of the things lost was very considerable; I am certain that she has never taken a farthing from the woman for them; and as her fortune is very moderate, I suspect that she is now endeavouring to replace some of them by personal deprivations, which expose her to the charge of dressing meanly out of stinginess.

A short time since, Melissa had engaged to chaprone Miss Lydia Latelove, who, at the age of forty, is still a candidate for matrimony, to a ball; but on seeing the manner in which she was dressed, Melissa indignantly refused to appear with her; and she read her such a lecture upon the indecency of displaying her person so scantily clothed, as well as the folly of it at her years, that Miss Latelove has heartily detested her ever since, and tells every body who will listen to her, that she is the most prudish, malicious, and uncharitable of women. Yet, notwithstanding this, Melissa never listens to a tale of slander: if any thing is said in her presence against the absent, she either flatly contradicts it, if circumstances enable her to do so, or if she cannot do that, she

bluntly reminds the person who introduces it of the sin of detraction; and if she finds it impossible to change the conversation, she always retires.

Melissa never perhaps in her life used a caressing expression, yet her heart and her purse are constantly open to all who are in trouble or distress. With all her virtues, however, she has few friends, tho' if she were but a tenth part as agreeable as she is good, she would be universally beloved. I have reason to think that this little sketch will fall into her own hands; and if it should, she may perhaps be induced to reflect upon the folly of suffering a little asperity of temper to deprive her of much of that pleasure which must result to a mind like hers, from the consciousness that we render those around us happy.

## THE WORLD IN MINIATURE.

Though pressed for room in our present Number, we cannot refrain from making one or two amusing extracts from a small work, the general title of which forms the head of our article. It is to be continued periodically, and the two first volumes, giving an account of the manners, customs, dress, and other particulars of the singular inhabitants of Illyria and Dalmatia, have just appeared: they are illustrated by a number of spirited and characteristic plates, executed with great skill and elegance; and when the undertaking is complete, it will form a very interesting and authentic body of information regarding the less known nations of the world. The size and elegance of these volumes make them peculiarly fit for presents at this joyous and bountiful season of the year. We shall not extend our introduction, in order that we may not abridge our quotations beyond what is necessary. In our next Number the subject shall be continued.

It is in the winter evenings (in Carniola) that the young people of both sexes form those acquaintances with each other which lead to matrimony. The cottages in which neighbours assemble are lighted at a very small expense, perhaps merely with a splinter of fir, or a single candle serves for ten or a dozen spinners. Each of these, while turning her wheel, converses with her sweetheart, who is seated beside her, and the evening is enlivened by the relation of merry stories. The women spin thread not only from hemp and flax, but also from the fibres of the nettle. The latter they prepare in the same manner as the Baschkirs, the Ostiaks, and other Siberian tribes.

When a young man wishes to marry, he usually sends a messenger, called *sunbazhi*, to his mistress. If the proposal is approved, another mediator, denominated *sheneu*, undertakes the negociations relative to the dowry: when the whole is settled, little presents are mutually made by the parties. After the betrothal, the guests are invited by the *drug* and *drushiza*, or conductor and conductress of the bride. On the wedding-day, an old man, *starashina*, repairs to

the house of the bridegroom, and then proceeds to fetch the bride, at the head of a numerous assemblage, playing on different instruments, and firing pistols by the way. The bride is dressed in all her finery: flowers of rosemary, and ribbons of every colour, are entwined in her hair. After the nuptial ceremony, the company sit down to an entertainment, which the *starashina* has taken care to provide. Next to him are placed the bridegroom, the bride, the *teta* or bride's mother, and then the conductor and conductress of the bride. It is the *starashina* who directs every thing, who carves for the guests, and in short takes upon himself all the honours of the feast.

At many weddings, during the first repast they have dancing, fiddling, and grotesque performances to divert the company. Sometimes, towards the conclusion of the entertainment, an enormous cake, called *pogazha*, is brought in; but it is now more common to have a large dish covered with buttered rolls *(strukli)*. These rolls are placed before a man who represents the cook: a great noise is made about him with pots, pans, and other culinary utensils, as if to prevent him from distributing the rolls among the guests. The supposed cook, however, performs his office with great composure; he places his rolls upon a table, to which each person goes and takes a portion on his plate, not forgetting to drop into a dish near them some money for the cook. Next appears a musician bringing a waiter, on which is a glass of wine adorned with rosemary. He goes round the table, and helps all the company. While each is drinking, the musician plays a tune on his violin, and he is rewarded for his trouble with a piece of money, which is laid upon his waiter.

When all the guests have taken as much as they please, the bride is led to the house of the bridegroom, with music, and escorted by the whole party, who keep up the festivities all night, repairing to the house of the bride's mother and other places, dancing wherever they stop, and making copious libations to Bacchus. When the new-married couple are not in absolutely indigent circumstances, the wedding lasts three days, and even longer. If one of them, and especially the woman, has been previously married, at the moment when the party sets out for the church, the populace pour forth all sorts of abuse, and keep up by the way a continual din with frying-pans, tongs, shovels, and other instruments of iron.

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The Morlachians are implacable in their revenge. They say proverbially—He who does not revenge himself, does not purify himself. Like the Tcherkasses of the Caucasus, they carefully preserve the bloody garments of a murdered man, till his descendants have taken satisfaction for the outrage, or till one of the members of the murderer's family comes to beg pardon with a cord about his neck: but this last circumstance is of very rare occurrence.

They are not addicted to drunkenness, or any other kind of debauchery. Though young females are allowed a free intercourse with the other sex, yet purity of morals is held in high estimation. When they come out of church, it is quite

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a common thing for the men to kiss all the females, married or single, whom they meet by the way; but they very rarely proceed farther than these innocent liberties. If a girl were to lose her character, she would forfeit her right to wear the distinction of a virgin; that is, a red cap, to which is frequently attached a long veil. It is commonly the priest who strips her of this mark of honour; one of her relatives cuts off her hair, and the unfortunate creature is soon obliged to quit the country.

The Morlachians are constant in friendship. When two persons of the same sex have contracted a close intimacy, and given to each other the names of *probratimi* or *posestrina*, that is, *half-brother* or *half-sister*, they never afterwards break the ties by which they are united.

Though practising the kindest hospitality towards all other strangers, they entertain some distrust of Italians, whom they suspect of bad faith, as Fortis very candidly observes. When they would intimate that the word of any individual is not to be relied on, they use this proverb: *Passio-viro, Lanzmanzka-viro;* dog's faith, Italian's faith.

I know not whether they have much reason to be mistrustful either of the Italians, or of any other nation; but so much is certain, that they ought to be on their guard against a host of impostors, who take advantage of their propensity to superstition, to rob them of the fruit of their economy. The priests sell to them all kinds of charms to protect them from witchcraft; and this traffic is so lucrative to the clergy, that they take good care not to expose the absurdity of such apprehensions. Thus the supposed wizards, and those who pretend to dissolve their spells by their exorcisms, agree perfectly well in sharing the produce of this tax on credulity. Their physicians are equally well disposed to lay them under contribution.

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## Plate 2.—PICTURESQUE TOUR FROM BERN THROUGH THE OBERLAND.

Having given in our preceding volumes a Tour of the Simplon, which, as we have the satisfaction to know, has afforded considerable gratification to our numerous readers, we propose, as that series is now complete, to commence a Tour upon a similar plan through what is called the Swiss *Oberland*, setting out from Bern. The diversified objects and scenery which we shall here introduce, will not, we presume, be deemed less interesting, either as to the embellishments or the descriptive part, than those presented by the route over which we have just conducted the reader. When it is known that the proposed tour will embrace one of the most beautiful and romantic portions of Switzerland, a country proverbial for whatever is magnificent and picturesque in nature, our subscribers will give us credit for not asserting more than we shall fully justify.

Bern, the most extensive of the Swiss cantons, in which the Ober-

land is situated, contains 150 geographical square miles, and 226,000 inhabitants. Its mountains, its natural beauties, and the moral qualities of its inhabitants, render it one of the most remarkable districts in Switzerland. Sublimely magnificent mountains, such as the Finsteraar-horn, the Schreck-horn, the Welter-horn, the Eiger, the Jungfrau, the Gross-horn, Breethorn, and Tschingel-horn; Blumlis-alp, the Dolden-horn, and others little inferior in elevation to Mont Blanc itself, are situated in the canton of Bern, on the frontiers of the Valais, and support the most extensive glaciers in Switzerland.

The city of Bern, the capital of the canton, is 1708 feet above the level of the sea, and 522 feet higher than the Lake of Geneva. Owing to this elevated situation, it enjoys an extremely salubrious air; so that one out of every four children born attains the age of 70 years, and out of 100 persons who die, there are always from twenty to twenty-five from 70 to 100 years old.

Bern seems to have been inhabited in the time of the Roman emperors. Various antiquities discovered in and near the place give probability to this conjecture. Express mention is made of Bern in 1182: it cannot therefore be said, that Berthold, Duke of Zakringens, founded the city in 1191; but soon afterwards, when he had defeated the insurgent nobility in the Grindelwald, he caused the little village of Bern, near the castle of Nydeck, to be surrounded with walls and ditches. In 1218, Bern was declared a free imperial city by the emperor Frederic II. which occasioned a rapid increase in its extent and prosperity: nevertheless, till the year 1345, this rising state possessed nothing beyond the walls of the city, except the village of Habstüdten, which it acquired by purchase. In 1353, it was admitted a member of the Swiss confederacy, as the eighth canton. From this period to the conclusion of the 18th century, it added to its possessions, partly by purchase, and partly by conquest, various districts, comprehending, among others, almost the whole of the Oberland.

The various accessions which Bern obtained during a period of six centuries, rendered it the most powerful canton of Switzerland: but after it had been gradually raised by the heroism and virtue of its citizens to fame, consequence, and wealth, its fortune suddenly changed. All that had been acquired with such an expenditure of blood, and so many sacrifices of every kind, was lost in 1798 in the course of a few weeks. The French Directory, immediately after the peace concluded with Austria at Campio Formio, directed its particular attention towards Switzerland. The bishopric of Basel was occupied by French troops, and on the 5th of March, 1798, after a few days' hostilities, their victorious army entered Bern. After many sanguinary conflicts, all the cantons were compelled to accept the constitution prescribed by France. Bern was the seat of the Helvetic government from 1799 to 1803, when, through the interference of Buonaparte, the act of mediation introduced a new constitution, which lasted till his downfall, when

things reverted nearly to their former state.

The most remarkable edifices in Bern are the mint, the corn-magazine, the infirmary, the hospital, the orphan-houses, the arsenal, which was stripped of its most valuable contents by the French in 1798; the cathedral, the first stone of which was laid in 1421, and which was completed at an expense of more than 100,000 guilders; the church of the Holy Ghost, erected in 1704, and the city library. The latter contains, besides books and manuscripts, a collection of Roman, Greek, and Gothic coins, a cabinet of Swiss coins and medals, various Roman antiquities discovered in different parts of the canton, drawings of the mosaic pavements found at Avenche, Cheyre, and Attiswyl, and other antiquities; the portraits of the chief magistrates of Bern, and cabinets of subjects in natural history.

The place in front of the cathedral, planted with trees, affords a charming promenade, which commands a beautiful and extensive view. It is elevated 108 feet above the river Aar, along which is a wall of that height, built in 1344 by Matthias von Steinbach, son of the architect of the minster of Strasburg, at the expense of 50,000 guilders. In this wall is inserted a marble tablet, with an inscription recording the following remarkable event: On the 25th of July, 1654, a student, named Weinzäpfli, in a frolic, mounted a horse which was grazing on this spot; some of his comrades chased the horse, and the rider was thrown over the low palisades with which it was at that time surrounded. He fell into a garden, broke his arms and legs, but nevertheless recovered from these severe injuries.

The annexed engraving represents a view of this spot, taken from the opposite side of the river.

## ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

To the institution of the Royal Academy, under the immediate patronage of his late Majesty, England owes the foundation of a national school of painting, and the general diffusion of a taste for the fine arts. The benefits thus rendered by George III. to *art* are about to be conferred by the munificence of his royal successor on *literature*, the interests of which are certainly still more important, and its effects more extensive. While we congratulate the country on the establishment of the *Royal Society of Literature*, we cannot help thinking that, in the plan and patronage of the proposed institution, his Majesty makes a truly royal return for the virulent abuse with which he has recently been assailed, and his worst enemies will be compelled to exclaim,

These are imperial works, and worthy kings!

The late period at which the printed plan of the new society reached our hands, prevents us from entering into those remarks which have suggested themselves upon the subject: though, indeed, they have been in a great measure anticipated by the highly judicious observations of the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*, in his number for

the 16th of December; to which we have great pleasure in referring our readers. We therefore proceed to the plan itself, which is as follows:

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE, *for the Encouragement of indigent Merit, and the Promotion of general Literature. To consist of Honorary Members, Subscribing Members, and Associates.*

The Class of Honorary Members is intended to comprise some of the most eminent literary men in the three kingdoms, and the most distinguished female writers of the present day.

An annual subscription of two guineas will constitute a Subscribing Member. Subscribers of ten guineas, and upwards, will be entitled to privileges hereafter mentioned, according to the date of their subscription.

The Class of Associates is to consist of twenty men of distinguished learning, authors of some creditable work of literature, and men of good moral character, ten under the patronage of the King, and ten under the patronage of the Society.

His Majesty has been pleased to express, in the most favourable terms, his approbation of the proposed Society, and to honour it with his munificent patronage, by assigning the annual sum of one hundred guineas each to ten of the Associates, payable out of the privy purse; and also an annual premium of one hundred guineas for the best dissertation on some interesting subject, to be chosen by a council belonging to the Society.

Ten Associates will be placed under the patronage of the Society as soon as the subscriptions (a large portion of which will be annually funded for the purpose) shall be sufficient, and in proportion as they become so. An Annual Subscriber of ten guineas continued for five years, or a Life Subscription of one hundred guineas, will entitle such subscribers to nominate an Associate under the Society's patronage, according to the date of their subscription.

The Associates under the patronage of the King will be elected by respected and competent judges. The Associates nominated by subscribers must have the same qualifications of learning, moral character, and public principle, as those who are elected, and must be *approved* by the same judges.

Every Associate, at his admission, will choose some subject, or subjects, of literature for discussion, and will engage to devote such discussions to the Society's Memoirs of Literature, of which a volume will be published by the Society from time to time; in which Memoirs will likewise be inserted the successive Prize Dissertations.

From the months of February to July, it is purposed that a weekly meeting of the Society shall be held; and a monthly meeting during the other six months of the year.

The following are the first prize questions to be proposed by the new society:

1st. For the King's premium of one hundred guineas.

On the age, writings, and genius of Homer; and on the state of religion, society, learning, and the arts, during that period, collected from the writings of Homer.

2d. For the Society's premium of fifty guineas.

Dartmoor, a poem.

3d. For the Society's premium of twenty-five guineas.

On the history of the Greek language, on the present language of Greece, and on the difference between ancient and modern Greek.

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## THE ACORN.

An aged and pious Bramin, overjoyed at the birth of a great-grandchild, exclaimed, "I will go out, and return thanks to the great spirit and father of nature who hath thus blessed us. May he afford me an opportunity of honouring him by the performance of some good action!"

With these words he departed. The blossoms of pure joy are gratitude, and its fruit is beneficence.

Impressed with profound veneration for the giver of all good, the Bramin wandered in the fields beneath the shade of the trees. His every thought was an aspiration to the great spirit.

The drops of a new-fallen shower still glistened on the sprays, the flowers, and the foliage; and although he had seen ninety springs, yet nature seemed to him younger and more beautiful than ever. "It is the work of the good spirit," said he. "To him who adores Brama, and beholds the artist in his works, nature never appears older."

The old man pursued his way. In the middle of the beaten path he found an acorn, which had already begun to shoot in consequence of the rain. The external shell was cracked, but the germen could not have taken root on so hard and bare a soil.

The aged man stooped, took it up, and said, "It is well that my way has led me hither. How easily had otherwise the foot of the wanderer trodden thee to pieces, or the rays of the sun parched thee up! How fortunate am I! Here I am presented with the opportunity of performing a good action, and expressing my inward emotions by deed, in furthering the purpose of wise nature, which, with every breath we draw, confers on us a new benefit." Thus gratitude itself is a delicious duty.

A youth, who had stood behind the oak-tree, having overheard the words of the Bramin, came forward with a sarcastic smile. "Why smilest thou?" said the old man.—"At thy childishness, father," answered the youth; because thou canst rejoice in having saved the life of an acorn."—"Youth," said the Bramin, "how canst thou presume to judge of my understanding, since this is the first time that thou hast seen me? And why dost thou ridicule the littleservice which I hope to render to nature? To her the seed is as dear as the tree; for without the one, the other could not exist. Virtue itself, my son, begins with what is little, and rises to what is great: but the nearer it approaches to its original and to perfection, the more it tends to humility and simplicity.

"Doth not Brama send his rays

and his dews on the humble blade of grass, as well as on the majestic palm-tree?" Thus replied the old man in a plain but serious tone.

The youth withdrew in silence, and filled with awe, for he had beheld the venerable man in all his dignity. He wished to be like him. Vice herself is obliged to revere virtue.

The Bramin pursued his way to a hill which was overgrown with thorns, when a merchant met him; and after he had discovered the Bramin's intention, he exclaimed, "Dost thou expect to raise a tree from that acorn? Thou surely canst not hope to enjoy thyself in its shade?"

The old man answered and said, "In planting, ought we to think only of the shade of the tree and of our own gratification? Is this the mode in which nature proceeds? My son, he who did not begin to plant till yesterday or the day before, finds in planting itself a vocation and a pleasure."

He came to the hill, on the summit of which among the thorns he buried the acorn, and afterwards carefully covered it with earth and moss.

"How canst thou plant under thorns?" cried a shepherd: "thou providest badly for thy nursling."--"Friend," replied the Bramin, "so long as the plant is tender and young, the thorns will shelter it from rough winds and other dangers; but as it grows, it will work its own way through them; for it is an *oak!* This lesson, my son, I have been taught by nature: a good mother considers the weakness as well as the strength of her children."

The old man, having finished his work, returned cheerfully homeward.

He who builds by the road-side, thought he, has many masters, but the experienced pursue their own course.

As he approached his home, his grand-children and great-grand-children ran to meet him, and inquired, "Where hast thou been so long?" But he assembled them altogether, and then informed them of what he had been doing.

And the youngest caressed the good old man as he spoke, but the elder clung round him, and listened with attention.

And when he had finished, "Alas!" exclaimed he, "where can we be more happy than in the bosom of nature, if we love its author as children; and in the circle of our families, if we are tenderly beloved by them?"

"Yes, bountiful Brama," cried he, raising his eyes to heaven, "in the quiet circle of nature and domestic life stands thy holy temple!"

The acorn grew up, and very soon elevated itself above the thorns, and became a beautiful shady tree. The priest died, and his friends buried him on the hill beneath the tree. But when they saw the tree, and heard the rustling of its foliage, they thought of the life and sayings of the wise Bramin to the latest times; and they related his good actions, and endeavoured to become what he was: for the words of a wise man are like the seed sown in a fruitful soil.

# THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. LXI.

Then, like the Sibyl's leaves,
O scatter them abroad!———DRYDEN.

I HAVE at length brought this collection of maxims to a conclusion, and I strongly recommend them to the attention of the younger part of my readers; at the same time, I feel an added authority for this suggestion, from the approbation they have received from many among my patronesses, who, from their more advanced years and enlarged experience, must be acknowledged judges of the probable benefits that may be derived from such a mode of instruction.

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By beginning early to permit the intrusion of the subject of mortality some few moments in each day, you will meet death with more serenity.

It is great temerity to be calling for that, the sudden approach of which may not find you prepared, or obstruct your preparation.

To wish for a cessation of pain or mental misery is surely allowable; but it is presumption to use importunity in requesting it.

It is too customary with the soothing voice of flattery, and among the companions of youth, to be silent on a subject that cannot continue a secret, and which too sudden a revealment of must strike with redoubled terror.

Spare the deceased of your acquaintance, if even during their lives they may have merited your resentment.

Collect together each virtue of the dead; and, when the remembrance of their faults will arise, think of your own.

If conviction and conscience will not allow of encomiums, keep silence.

When it is in your power to soften the harsh colourings wont to be bestowed by cowardly minds on the characters of the dead, pursue the dictates of Christianity with firmness, should they have been merely acquaintance.

When the reputation of a worthy and departed friend shall be attacked, repel the assault with courage: they have, alas! few champions, who can no longer reward, or no longer punish.

If it were ever justifiable, a breach of promise would become so, which would release you from keeping any circumstance a secret in the life of a deceased friend, their modesty had exacted of you to conceal, but which could erase suspicion, or wipe away reproach, by revealment.

Extend your kindness and continue your affections to all that shall remain of those you loved, if worthy: it is the only sure mode of consolation to which you can have recourse.

That natural repugnance which attends the thoughts of death, hath surely been implanted in our minds in order to inspire us with a prudent care in the conduct of our lives: accompany your attention

to the one by a calm submission to the other.

When you, in your day, shall be compelled to submit to the universal law of human change and chance, the recollection of having contributed to mitigate others' sufferings will soften your own.

In grief, sickness, and danger, make your first and constant supplication to that Power which alone can relieve and save.

Let your conduct be such to all around you, as shall lead them to the same path without doubt or apprehension.

If your strength of mind subsist during a menacing illness; if it give you time for the exertion of rational power, let it check, as much as possible, those encroaching indulgencies which sickness is prone to exact.

The ceremonies which friendly zeal usually observes, and respectful decency requires, about the sick, are oft as alarming as the sickness itself; those of religion excepted, which will prove your only safe support and consolation.

Be assured, that when able to exert your habitual cheerfulness, it is nowise contrary to the precepts of religion.

Let your counsels to children or friends, at such a period, be tempered with gentleness and charity.

Let the patience of your behaviour, in the hour of trial, atone to your dependents and servants for the pains your situation have occasioned them.

Fix your eye habitually on immortality, as the most assured means of passing more lightly through the pangs of mortality.

A continued and humble resignation will secure your peace in that most awful moment of life, the period of eternal separation from it. THE END.

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The foregoing succession of apothegms has been collected with a view to include whatever can tend to illustrate, improve, and establish the moral conduct of life, but more particularly as it relates to females, from the earlier dawn of reason, through all the probable and indeed, it may be added, possible circumstances of existence, to the close of it. They have been collected from a various course of reading, and gathered from authors of different countries, who lived at different periods, and professed different modes of faith; but who were influenced by their observations and experience on those views of human conduct as it tends to individual and social happiness. They certainly have been selected with a very judicious attention, and may be rendered useful as elements of moral instruction, both as to the mind and the manners, by those who preside over the seminaries of education, both in the early and more advanced stages of it; and particularly where the female heart, understanding, and manners are to be fixed and accomplished.

It may be a vain moment with me, but I feel as if this collection of axioms has left so little to be said of the principles of female conduct, that after I have given them a more regular arrangement, improved their expression, which I perceive, in many instances, is

Design for an Ottoman.
Painted on a large Scale by Miss Welch
for the King of Persia.

requisite, and illustrated them by occasional striking and amusing examples, I may be induced to condense the whole into a volume, that may be an amusing, instructive, and improving present to my own sex, as teachers and scholars, as mothers and daughters. Should I execute this design, and be pleased when I have executed it, I trust that the *Female Tattler* will advance another step in the estimation of my readers.

F—— T——.

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I beg leave, at the same time, to make my acknowledgments, and offer my excuses, to a very ingenious correspondent, to whom I think myself indebted, and I have no doubt but my readers will hereafter be of the same opinion, for some very judicious, sensible, and, I may add, philosophical remarks on the subject of beauty. What topic can be more interesting, as it affects our sensibilities, excites our affections, or heightens that impression on our fancies and our judgment, which is called taste? The subject is attended with no common difficulty; because it seems almost impossible to reduce it to any thing like a certain criterion. We scarce know how to reason upon it in that precise and satisfactory manner which common understandings are enabled to do upon general subjects of inquiry. We see how different are the opinions of poets, artists, and even novel-writers, upon beauty, and how various even have been our own feelings, at different times, on this fascinating subject. I therefore feel a peculiar satisfaction in having it in my power to offer such a lucubration on this charming quality, and which I have reason to believe has been produced by one of that sex to whom it so peculiarly belongs. I shall take an early opportunity of presenting it to the attention of those whom it is my ambition to improve, and my pleasure to please.

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## Plate 3.—DESIGN FOR AN OTTOMAN.

The art of painting on velvet has, in the few years during which it has been practised, attained a high degree of perfection, and produced many admirable performances. One of the most successful cultivators of this branch of the arts, which numbers many females among its votaries, is Miss Welch, to whose taste and ingenuity we owe the annexed design. Her eminence in this line procured her an order from the sovereign of Persia, through the medium of his ambassador to the British court; and for that monarch she executed, among others, the original of this elegant specimen upon white velvet, as a state cover for an Oriental couch. The dimensions within the wreath which surrounds it are seven feet six by four feet nine inches.

# MUSICAL REVIEW.

☞ *Erratum in last Number:* Page 363, col. 2, l. 5 from the bottom, the word "*not*" was added through mistake. It was not in the MS.; and, of course, *negatives* what the MS. *affirmed.*

*Three Italian Arietts, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, composed, and respectfully dedicated to the Right Hon. the Marchioness of Anglesea*, by F. Sor. 7th Set. Pr. 5s. (R. Harmonic Institution.)

THE first of these arietts derives a peculiar interest from the circumstance, that its text has likewise been set to music by Mozart. His composition is a terzett in G major $\frac{3}{4}$, the motivo of which possesses that melodious flow which characterizes most of his vocal themes; the parts are beautifully interlaced, and, in the progress of the trio, Mozart has stamped his work with some touches of chromatic modulation, the scientific complexion and treatment of which are as masterly as they prove difficult of execution. Greatly as we prize this production of Mozart's, we are of opinion that Mr. Sor's ariett may well stand the test of comparison; nay, as regards the motivo, we should say, Mr. Sor's melody expresses the words more faithfully. The whole text is as follows:

Mi lagnerò tacendo
Della mia sorte amara;
Ma ch' io non t'ami, oh cara,
Non lo sperar da me.
Crudele! in che t'offendo,
Se resta a questo petto
Il misero diletto
Di sospirar per te?

Line for line: *In silence will I wail my bitter fate; but that I should not love thee, thou must not hope from me. Cruel maid! where is the offence, if to this breast the sad solace remains to sigh for thee?*

Mr. Sor's ariett is in A minor, $\frac{6}{8}$; the motivo very justly sets out in a plaintive strain. This is not the case with Mozart's smooth and sweet subject in G major, which conveys rather an impression of happy tranquillity. Thus far, therefore, Mozart may be said to have gone astray from his subject, while Mr. Sor has hit the mark; but in the next two lines we shall find the tables turned. The phrase, "Ma ch' io non t'ami, oh cara," &c. must be supposed to be uttered, not only with strong emphasis, but in a tone which ought strongly to contrast it with the preceding sentence. Here Mozart has been completely successful, while Mr. S. has fallen short of our view of the declamation. He has merely repeated his motivo, with some slight changes, and, by so doing, has obliterated the strong antithesis required by the text.

In the further progress of the ariett, however, p. 2, l. 4, and p. 3, l. 1, Mr. S. soon reaches his poet again, and winds up his first period (in A minor) with proper expression and great animation. The 5th and 6th lines of text, "Crudele," &c. appear in a sort of recitativo; an idea which suits these words admirably, and produces the best effect. The recitativo closing upon G 7, is followed by a new period in C major for the two last lines of text. The melodious sweetness, the affecting tender-

ness of these strains, will fascinate every ear. We think them, moreover, in character, although the same lines have been set by Mozart in a manner almost opposite, *i. e.* under a series of chromatic transitions of a studied and rather gloomy complexion. In this case, we would hardly venture to stand umpire; for we can fancy it quite possible, that the sentence in question might be uttered differently, according to the characters of different individuals. One might couch it in melting winning accents of devoted love; while another more desponding lover might work himself into despair over the passage, and perchance throw up the suit, rather than put up with the "woeful delight of sighing" all the rest of his days for nothing at all. Testy suitors of this class are not to be trifled with.

But as there are "fellow-labourers in the vineyard" of our Miscellany that are more *au fait* in these matters, and ne'er lothe to give their wholesome advice, we shall take care not to be declared poachers on their rightful domain, and return to our ariett.

There are two more pages of great beauty, on which our remarks nevertheless must be brief. After concluding the stanza, Mr. S. repeats the first half. The two lines, "Mi lagnerò," &c. are now more extensively treated (still in C major), and a rich system of accompaniment (p. 4, ll. 2 and 3) supports the voice effectively. If, in this accompaniment, we find a very near resemblance to one in Mr. Sor's "Povero cor," &c. we evince the deep and lasting impression which his works have made on our memory. At "Ma che non t'ami," p. 4, l. 4, the melody begins to re-enter the minor tonic, and to gain the effect of antithesis, on the want of which we have before observed. In the further developement of the ariett, and in its winding up, we find every thing quite to our heart's wish—the utmost justness of declamation under varied repetitions, great elegance of instrumental support, and a striking climax of energetic diction in the termination.

In the text we observe two errors: p. 3, l. 3, read "diletto," instead of "letto;" and p. 4, l. 3, the words "sorte amara" are so apportioned to the melody, that a person not very conversant with Italian prosody, might be tempted to waive the elision of the *e* and *a*, and thus give to the word "amara" a very awkward accentuation.

THE 2d ARIETT

is of short compass, the vocal part scarcely exceeding three lines. As there are two stanzas of eight lines each appropriated to the same melody, this circumstance, together with the length of the text, induces us to waive an insertion of the poetry. The key is A♭ major, time $\frac{3}{4}$. The instrumental introduction possesses a high degree of elegance: equal in extent to the whole vocal part, it has afforded scope for sufficient developement to form a complete period of several rhythmical subdivisions. All is in symmetry and good keeping. The text is a common love-song, of slight poetical merit; its neutral complexion could at the utmost lay pretension to a neat melodic treatment, without pointed regard to every sentence, more

particularly as another stanza had to partake of the same air. All these limited claims have been fully satisfied by the composer. He has devised a very interesting melody for his ballad; and we think it no small evidence of Mr. Sor's skill, to have been able to compress, within the space of sixteen bars, so much variety of expression, and to exhibit a whole so brief, and yet so complete in all its parts.

THE 3d ARIETT

demands our attention in a high degree. These are the words:

Quel labbro tenero
Quel occhio languido
Quel viso angelico
Che m'incantò,
Dove ritrovasi?
Dov' è il mio bene?
Lungi d'Irene
Pace non ho.

Se il ciel benefico
Fa che ritorni,
Felici giorni
Con lei godrò.
Ahi quanto l'amo!
Quanto l'adoro!
Piu bel tesoro
Darsi non può.

*Those tender lips, those languid eyes, that heav'nly face, which erst enchanted me, whither are they fled? Where is my love? Severed from Irene, I can find no peace. If propitious heaven grant her return, happy days I shall taste with her. Ah! how I love her, how I adore her! A more beauteous treasure is not to be found.*

The whole of these two stanzas having been set to music out and out, the composer had a wide field laid open to him in the varied, and at times highly pathetic, sentiments of his Petrarchic text. This opportunity has not escaped Mr. Sor. His ariett appears to us one of the most graceful, expressive, and original compositions which he has produced.

The signature is B ♭ major, $\frac{3}{8}$. The symphony not only sets out in a very original manner, but altogether is conceived in a mood, the peculiarity and novelty of which rivet strongly our attention. Its length, some thirty bars or more, renders it a movement of itself, in which one select idea follows another in continued succession. The vocal motivo, occupying the four first lines of text, is simple, but uncommonly graceful. After a short instrumental interlude, follow the lines " Dove ritrovasi? Dov' é il mio bene?"—These questions are admirably put; the very tone of voice in common parlance is in their melody. When this is the case, and melody and rhythm and harmony are at the same time conducted in the choicest manner, then it may be said that the *beau idéal* of lyric composition is attained. We are not sure whether after these questions a short interval, of either instrumental play or mere pause, might not have been desirable, to give the lover time, after he has in vain asked for his mistress, to burst out into the exclamation, "Lungi d'Irene," &c. These latter lines we will not attempt to analyze; their affecting simplicity, their pastoral innocence, their rosy freshness, the momentary plaintive tinge effected by G ♭, all this is much better felt than described.

The whole of the second stanza is in the dominant (F); the import of the movement is rather cheerful than otherwise; no extraneous harmonies disturb the sensation of hope for future happiness which the words convey; all is smooth

and placid. The stanza ends in F; the voice cadences the words "no"—"no"—"no"—upon F 7; and the first verse, "Quel labbro," &c. is resumed, and its whole melody and harmony repeated. But at the recurrence of the 2d verse (p. 12) the cheering prospects of the lover's bliss are beautifully depicted by an apposite melody, and the additional aid of a highly active and florid accompaniment. The effect of this is excellent; the animation which it produces infuses itself through the remainder of the song, and creates that augmented brilliancy towards the termination, which characterizes the conclusions of many of Mr. Sor's compositions.

On these arietts we could wish to say a great deal more, had we not already much exceeded our usual limits. One thing, however, we will add; which is, a strenuous recommendation to aspiring vocal composers to study Mr. Sor's works; to consider them as classic models of lyric composition. Taste, style, expression, melody, accompaniment, and correctness of harmony, are here to be found in united excellence.

*A Series of Caledonian Airs, with Variations for the Piano-forte*, by J. F. Burrowes. Nos. VIII. and IX. Pr. 2s. 6d. each. (Goulding and Co.)

No. VIII. contains seven variations upon the theme "Saw ye my father." This tune limps in its rhythm; an imperfection which is naturally more or less entailed upon the variations. The conclusion of each part of the air comes half a bar too soon. The variations are written with great freedom, and with due diversity of style. Among the best may be reckoned No. 2. on account of the well connected flow of the amplifications; Nos. 5. and 6. for their neat and spirited triplet evolutions; and No. 7. the demisemiquaver passages of which are ranged in a very superior style. The coda is interesting and brilliant.

In the IXth number, the air of "Tweed side" forms the subject. This is a very graceful theme, and Mr. B. has clothed it in an harmonic dress which adds not a little to the attraction of the melody. Owing to the extent of the subject, probably, the variations do not exceed four in number; but these, we have no hesitation in stating, are of a masterly description. Without entering into any analysis, which nine out of ten of our readers would most likely deem tedious, we will content ourselves with calling their attention to the fourth variation, in which the author has shewn his talent in a manner not to be excelled, perhaps, by any living composer. The vigour in the passages, their justness and effect in the responsive alternations between bass and treble, leave nothing to be wished for. Another variation in D minor presents likewise various features of interest of a different nature.

We strongly recommend No. IX. to the zealous student: it is not quite plain sailing, but the difficulties are of a description to be subdued by a moderate degree of skill.

*Thema* (should be *Tema*), *con Variazioni, composed, and respectfully inscribed to the Hon. Mrs. Buchanan*, by C. S. Cobham. No. I.

Pr. 2s. 6d. (R. Harm. Institution.

Why not all English, or all Italian? We are not aware of any composition of Mr. C. that has come under our notice before; and this belief has induced us to consider the present publication with peculiar attention. The result of this scrutiny has been of a very favourable description. To judge from these variations, Mr. C. has a good stock of the right musical feeling; his taste is pure, his knowledge ample and correct, and these advantages have in the present instance been put into practice with an evident resolution to do the best. The great care with which the variations have been devised, must be apparent to any competent judge. We will go a step further—but let us not be misunderstood—and venture to express an opinion, that in providing this one musical entertainment for his friends, Mr. C. has been rather too profuse; he has given them too many good things at once. Most of the dishes are high-seasoned; there is little of plain fare.

Mr. C.'s theme has this peculiarity, that it is formed with no more than three notes: tonic, second, and major third; something like the dinner given by a German country squire, in which all the dishes consisted of the staple article of his farm: potatoes, dressed in such various ways, and in so savoury a manner, that the guests evinced their satisfaction by a full display of the powers of a German stomach. As the *plats*, *entremets*, and *hors d'œuvres*, in Mr. C.'s entertainment, are rather numerous, we must refrain from giving a full and particular account of the whole bill of fare. We have already stated our opinion of its general complexion, and it would be difficult to make a selection, when every thing appears so inviting. As the banquet proceeds, greater art is displayed in rendering the dishes more and more relishing; and at its termination a coda is served up, *pour la bonne bouche*, which ought to satisfy the most fastidious musical epicure.

One thing we should add, by way of notice: in the same manner as a good dinner can only be properly relished by persons gifted with nice tastes and good digestive powers, so will Mr. C.'s variations be found to require performers of a respectable degree of musical knowledge and executive proficiency.

*Fantasia for the Piano-forte, in which is introduced a favourite Theme of Mozart, with Variations, composed, and dedicated to Miss Joad*, by W. Henry Steil. Pr. 3s. 6d. (R. Harm. Institution.)

Mozart's air, "Bey Männern welche Liebe fühlen;" *Angl.* "The manly heart," has furnished the theme of the second movement, with several variations; and the same subject forms the basis of the motivo in the first piece, an allegro $\frac{4}{4}$. All is in the signature of C major; but it would be difficult to name a tonic which has not somewhere or other found a nook in this fantasia, C ♭ not excepted. This is fair play in a work of the kind, and tends to keep the performer's eyes open. Without following Mr. Steil upon paper through all the little lanes, alleys,

cross-roads, &c. which he has struck out during the present harmonic journey, we shall merely observe, that the trip appears to us a very creditable one: once or twice we saw him venture upon paths which made us fear for his safety: we found him, however, so firm in the saddle, that he extricated himself without hurt. But we dare say he was glad when he saw himself clear out of the labyrinth into which he ventured at p. 6, and comfortably home again in C.—The variations are very meritorious: the allegro, p. 9, possesses considerable energy and brilliancy; and in the march, p. 10, Mr. S. has succeeded conspicuously well. There is due precision and rhythm in the movement, and the spirited conclusion deduced from it, forms not the least attractive feature in the publication.

*An Introduction to extemporary Modulation, in Six general Lessons for the Piano-forte or Harp, with Directions how they may also be rendered useful for the Violin and Violoncello,* by A. F. C. Kollmann, Organist of H. M. German Chapel, St. James's. Op. XI. Pr. 5s. (Printed for the Author, Friary, St. James's Palace.)

Mr. Kollmann's works claim a foremost rank among the theoretical treatises on music published in this country. With some disadvantages as to style, they contain a systematical digest of musical science, the utility and excellence of which render them deserving of a much wider circulation than they have hitherto enjoyed. At the present time, when music is so extensively cultivated, that pretenders even find success a matter of no difficulty, we think it a duty we owe to our readers, to take this opportunity of calling their attention to the writings of our author, and to recommend the study of them as a sure means of attaining a solid knowledge of the science in all its branches.

The present treatise contains, in a small compass, and at a very moderate charge, a great deal of useful instruction, much more, indeed, than the title would warrant us to anticipate. It exhibits, in fact, as Mr. K. states in his introduction, the principal elements of harmony and modulation, in a series of lessons of the following import: viz. I. Common chords, and their inversions. II. Chords of the seventh, and their inversions. III. The diatonic scales, with melodic preludes deduced from them. IV. The diatonic scales, accompanied by chords (rule of octave) in bass and treble. V. Modulations which remain in the same key and mode. VI. Modulations from one key and mode to another.

This brief notice of the contents may serve to convey an idea of the nature of the work, and to shew its systematic arrangement. The introduction gives ample directions as to the method of studying the lessons with advantage, and rendering them productive of ulterior benefit. Students who have laid some foundation in the elements of harmony will find no difficulty in following Mr. K. through every part of the treatise, and in applying his directions to such further developments as the compendious form of the work could only hint at. And where no progress whatever has been made in theory, the

occasional intervention of a master may be desirable to lead the learner satisfactorily through some of the lessons. Indeed, to teachers on the piano-forte, Mr. K.'s labour presents a guide, by means of which they cannot fail to initiate their pupil speedily in the most essential rudiments of harmony, and in the science of modulation. No work extant could better serve the purpose of a zealous master.

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EXTRACT *from a Letter of Mr.* DANNELEY *on the Subject of the Review on his "Introduction to the elementary Principles of Thorough-bass," &c. in No. LIX. of the* REPOSITORY; *with the Reviewer's Reply*.*

EXTRACT, &c.

I. "In your Review, at the first half of p. 297 is the following passage:

"Another question, '*What constitutes a scale?*' is obscurely answered, '*Every interval being a tone, except the fourth and octave.*'

"This answer to the above would not have been either precise or correct. You will have the kindness to observe, that the question to which it is given at p. 1 of my pamphlet stands thus:

"'What constitutes a major or diatonic scale?'

"In using the term interval, I conceive myself borne out by the best modern theorists, Choron, Reicha, Catel, &c. who always use it, perhaps by preference, as applying both to the oral and written scale: whereas *degree* would be limited to the latter. Probably you would consider the following answer as having more precision: 'Every degree being the interval of a tone, except the fourth and octave.' But it was only against the misquotation that I meant to remonstrate.

II. "In the latter half of the same page you say, 'Mr. Danneley conceives that in the scale of C sharp major, E sharp is an enharmonic interval.' Here, sir, let my own words convince you, that I had no such conception. At p. 11 of my pamphlet, you must have misunderstood the following question and answer: 'In what scale does the first enharmonic interval shew itself in the order of the dominant?' —'In C ♯, when F natural forms the enharmonic interval to E ♯ (*Ex.* 10, *Scale* 8);' and here the pupil is particularly directed to make that interval diatonic."

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ANSWER OF THE REVIEWER.

I. Mr. Danneley's charge, as to an imperfect and insufficient quotation of his question, is correct; and we beg he will accept our apology: although, on sending for our MS. we find the omission to have been an act of the printer's, to whom we have returned the paper, with directions to preserve it, in case Mr. D. on coming to town, might wish to inspect what we wrote. This circumstance, we are well aware, does not lessen the ground of complaint: it shews, however, that the omission was

* To save room, we give such parts only of Mr. D.'s letter as appear to demand an answer; the remainder being either complimentary, or coinciding with our critique on his "Introduction."

neither intentional, nor a matter of neglect, on our part.

But our objection lay against the *answer* to the question in its complete state; viz. "Every interval being a tone, except the fourth and octave." This definition we termed "obscure," and we continue to be of opinion, that although every person conversant with the subject, must be aware of what Mr. D. meant to say, the answer will not be very intelligible to the uninformed, for whose sake the book is published.

By making use of the term "interval" instead of "degree," the definition is rendered so far ambiguous, that the pupil is left to guess from what point or sound he is to estimate the distance: the words "except the fourth" might lead him to think of the *interval* of the fourth, and the further term "octave" would strongly tend to confirm a supposition of this kind; for *octave* surely does not express what Mr. D. intended: it means, either the interval of the eighth (such as the distance between C and c), or the collective series of notes contained between two such extremes both inclusive. The answer ought likewise to have added, that the degrees forming the exception are semitones.

With regard to the word *degree*, we conceive its adoption in the definition of "*scale*" to be preferable to the term *interval:* chiefly to avoid the possibility of ambiguity and misconception, and, also, to reserve the latter term for the doctrine of intervals. The very etymology of the words *scale* and *degree* points out the eligibility of the latter with reference to *scale*, whether written or oral; for scale is a ladder, the steps of which are designated by the term degree. And if the question is to be decided by authorities, we imagine we could muster a pretty good majority in our favour; nay, probably something bordering on unanimity, were only theorists of acknowledged precision to be consulted. —We shall quote three just at our hand:

Dr. CALCOTT: "The names of intervals are derived from the number of *degrees* which are contained between the two sounds, both extremes being reckoned inclusively."

ROUSSEAU: "En ôtant 1 du nombre exprimé par le nom de l'intervalle, on a toujours le nombre des dégrés diatoniques qui separent les deux notes."

KOCH (*Musical Dictionary*): "*Scale:* A succession of sounds, by degrees, from a tonic to its octave, &c. In the major scale, these semitones are at all times situated between the third and fourth, and seventh and eighth degrees (*Stufen*), reckoning from the tonic."

II. In regard to Mr. Danneley's objection to our remarks on his chapter of "Enharmonic intervals *IN major scales*," and "Enharmonic intervals *IN minor scales*," we shall presently admit the propriety of a modification in an expression used in our critique.

The above titles exhibiting Mr. D.'s own words in heading his chapter, we leave it to our readers, musical or not, whether from those titles the direct inference must not be, that there are both major and minor scales which *contain*

enharmonic intervals. This not being the case, the very titles are faulty, and calculated to mislead.

The chapter in question sets out with a singular definition of the term "Enharmonic Interval," a definition which we should not now advert to, were it not that we suspect the obscurities and apparent contradictions in the whole chapter to have mainly arisen from that definition, or from the conception in which it originated. Mr. D. says: "An enharmonic interval is that which being apparently the interval of a degree on the written scale, is produced by one and the same key or note on the piano-forte." An interval produced by one and the same key or note?

After this explanation, the pupil is asked: "*In what scale does the first enharmonic interval shew itself in the order of the dominant?*" The meaning of the expression "shew itself" might here be deemed dubious, if it were not for similar questions, relating to other scales, propounded immediately afterwards; such as, "*ARE THERE any enharmonic intervals IN* such and such a scale?" or, "*IN what descending major scale does the first enharmonic interval APPEAR? or, What scale PRODUCES the first enharmonic interval?*" *&c.* To all these questions, the only right answer would be, NONE AT ALL, or, IN NO SCALE, according to the varied shape of the question; for there are *no* enharmonic intervals at all in any of the scales in which Mr. D. wants his pupil to say, and makes him say, *there are:* because there are no enharmonic intervals in any major or minor scales whatsoever.

But the first of these questions (the only one noticed in our critique, although all are alike objectionable); viz. "*In what scale does the first enharmonic interval shew itself in the order of the dominant?* receives for answer, "*In C sharp.*" This answer is wrong; and nothing appended to it, by way of rider or qualification, can make it right. The whole answer, with its appendage, is: "*In C sharp, when F natural forms the enharmonic interval to E sharp.—(Ex. 10, Sc. 8).*"

Nobody will deny that F natural forms the enharmonic diesis to E sharp. But F natural is not in the scale of C sharp. Where, then, we will ask, is the enharmonic interval which is said to be in the scale of C sharp?—which is it? The example in the plate appears to us to involve the matter still more. It gives this fragment from the scale of C sharp; viz. "C𝄪, —, E𝄪, F ♮."

We really must confess utter ignorance as to the precise meaning and object of Mr. D.'s questions and answers in this chapter: at the same time we are free to own, that all its obscurity did not warrant us in going so far as to state, "Mr. D. conceives that in the scale of C sharp, E sharp is an enharmonic interval."—He does not say so, although he maintains that an enharmonic interval *shews itself* in that scale, and, in other subsequent instances, that an enharmonic interval IS in such and such a scale; all which is by no means the case.

The object of giving the pupil a correct idea of an enharmonic interval might have been accomplished in a much more brief, plain, and correct manner, than by mustering up a number of major and

PROMENADE DRESS

minor scales, in which no such intervals are to be found. In our opinion, the whole chapter is fundamentally objectionable, and we regret it is in the book at all.

# FASHIONS.

## LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 4.—PROMENADE DRESS.

A HIGH gown composed of poplin, of a colour between a ruby and geranium: the bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a very broad fulness of *gros de Naples*, to correspond in colour with the dress; this is finished at each edge with a chain trimming composed of plaited *gros de Naples*. The body is tight to the shape: the long sleeve is rather straight; it falls a good deal over the hand, and is finished at the bottom to correspond with the skirt, but the trimming is not more than a third of the width. The epaulette consists of three full puffs formed by a chain trimming which goes round them. Plain high collar, finished at the edge by a chain. The pelisse corresponds in colour with the gown; it is lined with white sarsnet: the body is made tight to the shape; the waist about the same length as last month, and the sleeve tight. The trimming of the pelisse is a beautiful new material, which has been but just invented: it is exceedingly light and rich; and is simply disposed in a rouleau, which goes all round. The pelisse wraps very much to one side. High collar, which forms at once a collar and a small pelerine. Head-dress, a bonnet made of the silk called *du cape;* it corresponds in colour with the pelisse: the crown is made moderately high; it is finished with ornaments somewhat resembling leaves, which go half way across it; they are edged with *pluche de soie:* the brim is very wide across the forehead, and is a little pointed in front; it slopes gradually down at the sides, and nearly meets under the chin; it is lined with white satin: a row of *pluche de soie* is attached to the edge of the brim, and another is laid on at a little distance from the first; a row also encircles the bottom of the crown, and a bunch of damask roses is placed in front: strings to correspond tie it under the chin. Ermine muff; black leather half-boots, and Limeric gloves.

PLATE 5.—EVENING DRESS.

A round dress, composed of white transparent gauze, over a white satin slip. The bottom of the dress is finished by four rouleaus of pink *du cape;* this is surmounted by a fulness of gauze, disposed in puffs of a novel and pretty form, each ornamented with a bow at top; they are headed by two rouleaus of pink *du cape.* The *corsage* is long in the waist, plain in front, but a little full behind: it is cut moderately low round the bust. The sleeve is perfectly novel in form, and we must refer for it to our print: it is composed of a mixture

of gauze and pink *du cape*. A white satin girdle, rather broader before than behind, and clasped in front with a pearl buckle, finishes the dress. The hair is dressed lightly on the forehead, and moderately high behind. Head-dress, a pearl tiara, placed rather low on the forehead, and a pearl ornament set very far back on the crown of the head. Necklace and ear-rings, pearl. White satin shoes, and white kid gloves.

We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint, of No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden, inventress of the *corset à la Grecque*, for both these dresses.

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## GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Promenade dress is more varied than it was last month: pelisses are still as fashionable as ever, but we see likewise a great number of high gowns, and with these, and indeed sometimes with pelisses also, shawls and scarfs are generally thrown over the shoulders. We have noticed a good many scarlet cloth scarfs; they are usually three yards long, and about three quarters in width, and are simply bound with a narrow ribbon to correspond.

Promenade bonnets are in general more appropriate than they were last month: plain velvet ones begin to be much in favour; they are always worn with feathers to correspond. The edges of a good many brims of bonnets are finished with a double row of narrow black blond, between which is placed either a plain or a corkscrew roll of satin of the same colour as the bonnet. Black Leghorn bonnets are ornamented either with feathers or winter flowers, but we think the former predominate. Beaver has not increased in favour since last month; the few bonnets that we see composed of it, are of a pale brown, ornamented with feathers to correspond, and finished with a feather trimming at the edge of the brim.

Pelisses are as much worn in carriage as in promenade dress; the most fashionable are those composed of the new material which we noticed last month, and of the rich and beautiful silk called *du cape*. Pelisses still continue to be wadded, and the form remains nearly the same. We do not perceive that waists have increased at all in length. The fulness of the skirt is usually thrown entirely at the back; it is consequently very tight at the sides and in front, which is extremely disadvantageous to the figure. Sleeves continue to be made tight, and the epaulettes very full. We have seen a few pelisses made with large pelerines, the ends of which are pointed, and fall considerably below the waist; the back part is sometimes pointed, but oftener rounded.

Fur, with the exception of ermine and sable, is not much used for trimming carriage pelisses; moss silk is a great deal worn, as is also fancy velvet, and satin mixed with velvet is likewise in request. We have remarked, too, a good many pelisses merely ornamented with a broad chain trimming, composed of plaited *gros de Naples*.

Pelisse trimmings, in general, have not much variety: plain broad bands are very much worn, as are likewise those which are scolloped, or cut out at one edge in irregular

points. If the trimming is of satin mixed with velvet, the former is laid on full, and the latter disposed in leaves or shells, which are placed lengthwise, in a bias direction, to confine the fulness in compartments.

Rich dark chintz is a good deal worn in morning dress: those most in favour have a scarlet or purple ground, and are flowered in a small pattern; they are trimmed with three flounces richly flowered at the edge. High dresses are in general either laced or buttoned behind; the bodies are made tight to the shape, and collars are very high: they are, however, little observed, as a large ruff forms an indispensable part of morning costume.

We see with great pleasure, that the improvement in our home-made silks keeps pace with the encouragement the manufacturers of them receive. The beautiful stuffs which our neighbours the French have recently introduced under the names of *velours simulé*, *velours façonné*, *velours épingle*, &c. &c. are now made in London quite as well as in France. These materials are very much in favour in dinner dress, as is also *du cape*, levantine, and *gros de Naples*. Velvet continues to be a good deal worn in the trimming of dinner gowns: we observed the other day a white *gros de Naples* dress decorated with it in a very striking and novel style: the bottom of the skirt was trimmed with festoon flounces of white gauze; they were edged with a narrow wreath of wild berries in scarlet velvet; a very narrow rouleau, or rather we should say cord, of scarlet velvet heads each flounce, and a full knot of white satin, with a heart, if we may so express it, of scarlet velvet, fastens each festoon.

Rich silk is also a great deal worn for grand parties, but white satin, both plain and figured, is more general; transparent gauze and white lace are also in request: they are always worn over white satin slips.

We have noticed a few coloured velvet bodies in full dress; they differ very little in form from those we described some time ago under the name of the *corsage à la Sevigné*: they are of course longer in the waist, but they are peaked before and behind; and the bust is formed in the same manner by folds of satin or gauze let in; they are laced in front, and some are ornamented with a bow at top and bottom.

When the *corsage* is coloured, the trimming of the dress always corresponds with it, if not in material, at least in colour. Flowers are a great deal used in full-dress trimmings; they are intermixed with *bouillonné* of gauze or net, or else employed to fasten festoons, and sometimes we see a wreath disposed in waves between two full rouleaus of satin. Blond mixed with satin is also much in favour.

Toques and dress-hats are now less prevalent than head-dresses *en cheveux*. The hair is worn moderately high, very full on the temples, and a good deal parted in front. The hind hair is arranged either in bows or bands in such a manner as to display its luxuriance to the best advantage. Feathers or flowers form the *coef-*

*fure*. We cannot say that, in our opinion at least, either are arranged with much taste: the head is generally loaded rather than ornamented, and the effect, with feathers particularly, is very bad. Some *élégantes*, whose good taste prevents them from going to the extreme of fashion, place a full plume of feathers rather far back upon the head, and mingle brilliant ornaments among the bows which approach to the front. We have observed also a plume of feathers placed in the manner we have just described, and a braid, or sometimes two, of hair, twisted with pearl, brought round the head.

Fashionable colours are the same as last month, with the addition of geranium and dark chesnut.

## FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

*My dear* SOPHIA,

I CANNOT tell you half the complimentary and kind messages which I am charged to give you by our friends here on the approach of the new year: as for myself, I can only say, that I hope sincerely it may bring you all the happiness you deserve; and, without flattery, I cannot wish you a greater portion. Would I were congratulating you in person! for my heart, always attached to dear native England, yearns still more fondly towards it at the return of those festivals which we have spent so happily together. But I must not begin upon this theme, or it will carry me far from those descriptions to which my letter ought to be devoted.

Promenade dress has varied very little since last month, except that high gowns are more worn for the promenade, and that dark and full colours begin to be more in request. There is no alteration in the make or trimming of pelisses. Waists continue the same length; and black velvet spencers *en fichu* are still worn, but only partially so. Scarfs are a good deal in request: they are composed either of silk or fine Merino cloth, and are worn long and narrow.

Fur tippets are not yet very general; the few that have appeared are excessively large. Muffs are universally adopted: they are also worn of a large size, and in considerable variety of fur; swans-down, ermine, sable, grey fox, and squirrel, are all in request. Half-boots also, which are now composed of leather, are sometimes lined with fur.

And now for our head-dresses, which have little variety in form, but a great deal in the materials and trimmings: there are at least three different sorts of *pluche de soie* and of *velours simulé*, besides various kinds of figured satin, plain satin, fancy and plain velvets, and different sorts of silk. Confess, my dear friend, that here is variety enough *en conscience* to satisfy even the versatility of French taste. Let us now see how these *chapeaux* are made and trimmed.

There are two or three sorts of crowns fashionable: some are made like a melon in shape; others would resemble a man's hat, only that

they are too low; and several are of an oval form, a little more raised in front than behind. The material of the bonnet is variously disposed on the crown: in the greater number it is laid on quite plain; in others, it is disposed in festoons round the middle of the crown, or else laid on full in puckerings or flutings. The brims are in general large, and come very low at the sides: some are made a little in the Mary Stuart style; but the greatest part are square over the forehead. Different materials are used to ornament the edge: some have a trimming of *granite pluche;* others of moss silk, or of flat ostrich feathers: twisted rouleaus of the same material as the bonnet is composed of, are also frequently employed, as are likewise rouleaus of satin lightly wreathed with chenille. The black velvet hats have in general a very sombre appearance, as the ornaments, and even the lining, are in general black. The crowns of some of these *chapeaux* are adorned with feathers; others have a drapery of velvet: the brims are edged with feathers or black satin rouleaus. Steel ornaments were very general on these hats, and they are still partially worn, but they have declined very much in estimation.

*Chapeaux* of other materials are either ornamented with feathers or flowers. Ostrich and down feathers seem to be equally in favour: the former are worn long, and droop to the right side; the latter are short, and are placed round the front of the crown in a bias direction. Flowers still continue to be made in velvet and chenille: roses, of which France boasts a very great variety, are most in favour; they are now always worn of the natural colour, and have a profusion of foliage: this is also the case with the few other flowers that are in favour, except such as are employed to trim grey hats, and with these both the flowers and leaves are grey.

Half-dress gowns are composed of various kinds of silk, or of Merino cloth, which is extremely thin and light, but at the same time uncommonly warm and soft. The bodies of these dresses are mostly made partially high, and with long sleeves. Some bodies are quite plain; others have a stomacher formed of a fulness of silk fluted across, and confined by narrow bands placed lengthwise; a plain silk girdle, peaked in front, confines the dress at the waist. If there is a stomacher made as I have described, the epaulette always corresponds: if the body is plain, the half-sleeve is made full, and confined at the bottom by a narrow band; the long sleeve has seldom any other ornament than a rouleau at the bottom; and I must observe, that the trimming of the dress constantly corresponds in colour: the bottom of the skirt is trimmed either with rouleaus or flounces, each of which is headed with a narrow band composed either of velvet or of plaited silk: if the gown is trimmed with rouleaus, they are of satin; if flounces, they are of the same material as the dress.

There is little taste and less variety in half dress; but we cannot say the same of *grand costume*, for it displays a considerable share of both. The materials for robes are gauze, tulle, Italian net, and a new

kind of gauze composed of worsted and cotton. The slip is always made of white satin. The *corsages* are velvet of different colours, but rose is, upon the whole, most in favour. Ribbons, flowers, gauze, tulle, and satin, are all in estimation for trimmings; but the favourite material is a sort of curled silk *pluche*, of a very beautiful quality, which is called Cupid's wings. You will say, it is a truly French idea to give this name to a trimming; but, in truth, the little god has no reason to be affronted, for his wings could scarcely have been more soft and downy than the stuff which bears their name. I shall now try to describe to you an evening gown and a ball dress, both which I think you will find worthy of your attention.

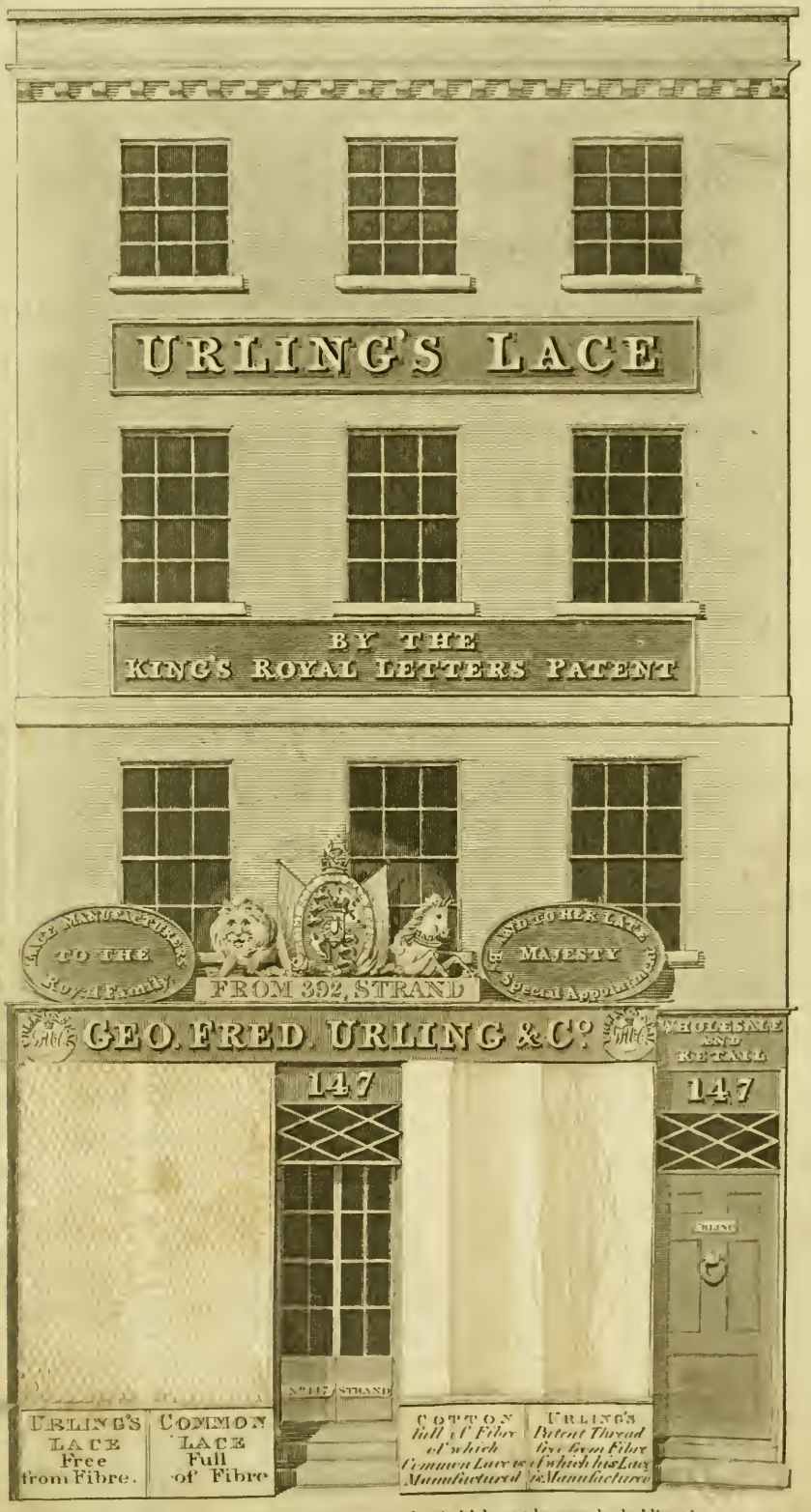
The first is composed of the gauze made of worsted and cotton, which I have just spoken of: it is a pale rose-colour: the bottom of the skirt is trimmed with full folds of white gauze; they are disposed in waves, and the point of each wave is ornamented with a knot of white gauze; in the centre of each wave is a bouquet, composed of lilies and branches of myrtle. The bodice is of white velvet; it is long-waisted, and ends in a broad scollop in front at the bottom of the waist: the bust is cut low, and is scolloped irregularly all round; these scollops are edged with pink satin. Short full sleeve surmounted by a small scolloped epaulette. This is really a very pretty dress, and has a novel and striking appearance. The ball dress is composed of tulle over white satin: the bottom of the skirt is trimmed with *bouffons* of gauze, ornamented at regular distances by full knots of rose-coloured satin; a bouquet of roses intermixed with ripe ears of corn is attached to each of these knots. The *corsage* is made in the corset style: it is composed of pink satin, and a small stomacher is formed of pink lacings across the front: it terminates in a peak, to which is attached a very rich rose-coloured silk cord and tassel: the upper part of the front is composed of a fulness of tulle, fastened in the middle of the bosom and on the shoulders with knots of white satin; the sleeve is also made of tulle: it is moderately full, and is ornamented with narrow rose-coloured satin rouleaus, placed lengthwise, but in a bias direction: a rich ruffle, composed of three falls of blond lace, headed by a narrow rose-coloured band, terminates the sleeve. The dress would, in my opinion, be much prettier without this ruffle, or at least with a narrower one; but, take it altogether, it is certainly novel and elegant.

Fashionable colours are, rose-colour, purple, dark lavender, dried currant, dark green, grey, ponceau, and different shades of ruby. Farewell, my dear friend! Write soon, and believe me always your attached EUDOCIA.

## INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

WE learn with great pleasure that J. B. Papworth, Esq. to whose ingenuity our work has been indebted for the many admired designs for ornamental cottages and other buildings, having been employed by the King of Wirtemberg to make three sets of designs for a summer palace, that monarch has been so highly gratified by the manner in which this commission was executed, that he has sent over by the present ambassador, a patent, conferring on Mr. Papworth the honourable appointment of architect to his Majesty.

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.




These Specimens of Lace have been washed, the result of which may be seen by holding them up to the light.

147. STRAND *near* SOMERSET HOUSE.

THE

# Repository

OF

# ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,

*Manufactures, &c.*

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. XI. FEBRUARY 1, 1821. No. LXII.

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L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.

## TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

*Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our* Selections, *will be acceptable.*

*We apologize to our friend, the author of the* Adventures of a Would-be Author, *for not inserting his favour in the present Number.*

*We shall give in our next some eloquent and instructive quotations from a German work called "* Teutona," *a collection of original and striking reflections, by authors of that ingenious and learned nation.*

*The continuation of the articles on the* Spanish Theatre *is acknowledged.*

*We shall be happy to hear from our friend* Severe, *in any way that may best suit his inclination.*

*We have several articles by us that require a perusal, before we determine on their adoption or rejection: we are sorry that we have not yet had time to read all of them.*

*The articles of* D. T. *and* D—— W——r *shall find a place as early as possible.*

---

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

A. GAMEKEEPER'S LODGE

Wm. of R. ACKERMANN's REP[illegible] Pub. Feb. 1 1821

THE

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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. XI. FEBRUARY 1, 1821. NO. LXII.

## HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

(Continued from page 2.)

PLATE 7.—A GAMEKEEPER'S LODGE.

THIS building is a legitimate and favourite embellishment of an estate, and readily becomes an important feature in the park, particularly if placed amidst its wild or romantic scenery; being designed with taste, and the ground allotted to it furnished with shrubs and flowers, very neatly cultivated: here its little garden and lawn opposing the massive forms and deep-coloured forest trees and the bold roughnesses of the park, effects a contrast alike unexpected and gratifying.

If this spot be inclosed by a sunk fence-wall, it becomes amply protected from cattle or deer, and escapes the painful appearance of insecurity that belongs to light fences, over which it has the further advantage of presenting no interruption to the view from, or towards the dwelling; and as an efficient fence is absolutely necessary, in point of taste at least, the strength and rusticity of the wall admirably suit it to the purpose, particularly when the materials for its construction may be had in the immediate neighbourhood.

A small foot-bridge becomes in this case a proper accompaniment, and its little picturesque gate would add to its interest. The building might be executed in stone, brick-work rough-casted, or with timber, covered with the unbarked slabs of trees, as heretofore described in other Numbers of the *Repository*.

# MISCELLANIES.

## ANECDOTES, &c. HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

No. II.

### A MODE OF WRITING AMONG THE TURKS.

THE art of writing is not general among the Turks; and when they are in love with a person to whom they cannot have easy access, they have a mode of expressing their sentiments without pen, ink, or paper, by the means of flowers, fruits, woods, silks, stuffs, and colours, of which they make a packet, each article having an allegorical sense. This packet they call a *selam*.

Those who employ this mode of communication have always a casket full of things to compose a *selam*. They have a dictionary, which they know by head, of the allusions they wish to give by their flowers, &c. Thus:

An ambret signifies, *We are both of one mind.*

A piece of a rose-bush—*I weep continually, but you deride my tears.*

A piece of cloth—*I am tired with your importunities.*

A piece of canvas or buckram—*We shall be together to-morrow.*

A piece of silk—*You have gained my mind.*

A looking-glass—*I am ready to sacrifice myself to you.*

A pistol—*I love you very much.*

A grain of a raisin, some blue silk, a pea, a morsel of sugar, and a piece of the wood of aloes, arranged in certain order, forms a billet-doux to this purpose: *My heart, I am in love with you; the pain which my love occasions me has nearly deprived me of my senses; my heart passionately desires you: give my disease the necessary remedy.*

### A REMARKABLE ACCOUNT OF A GENTLEMAN WHO WALKED IN HIS SLEEP.

The detail of this sleep-walker being the most remarkable I ever met with, I have given it a place here. It is taken from Vigneul Marville, and I shall endeavour to recount it in his words.

He says, "One of my friends having invited me to pass a few days in the country, I accepted his offer, and met with much good company, and several persons of distinction: among them there was an Italian gentleman, whose name was Agostino Fotari, who walked in his sleep, and performed all the ordinary actions of life as well as when awake.

"He did not appear to be above thirty years of age, very thin, dark complexion, melancholy appearance, of a solid penetrating genius capable of comprehending the most abstract sciences. The approach of his derangement was generally at the increase of the moon, and stronger during autumn and winter than spring and summer. I had a strange curiosity to see what they said of him. I communicated my wishes to his valet; he told me wonderful things, and promised to inform me when his master performed this pleasant scene.

"One evening near the end of October we sat down after supper to play at cards. Signior Agostino was of the party, but soon retired to bed. About eleven o'clock his valet came to inform us his mas-

ter was afflicted, if we wished to see him. I observed him some time with a candle in my hand; he was sleeping on his back, and slept with his eyes open, but they were steadily fixed: this, according to his valet's account, was a certain sign of approaching derangement. I felt his hands; they were very cold, and his pulse so languid, that it seemed as though his blood did not circulate. Near about midnight, Signior Agostino violently pulled back the curtains of his bed, got up, and dressed himself very quickly. I went towards him, and placed a candle near his nose, to which he was totally insensible; his eyes were wide open. Before he put on his hat, he took his belt, which hung on the bed-post, but from which his sword had been taken for fear of an accident. Thus dressed, he made several turns round his chamber, then went towards the fire, and seated himself in an arm-chair.

"A short time after this, he went into a closet where his portmanteau was; this he searched a long time, turned every thing out, replaced them again in good order, and put the key in his pocket, from whence he took a letter, and placed it on the mantel-piece. He then went to the chamber-door, opened it, and descended the stairs; when he had got to the bottom, one of us jumped with great force: this seemed to frighten him, and he redoubled his pace.

"His valet desired us to walk slowly, and not to speak, because when the noise which is made mixes with his dream, he becomes furious, and runs very fast, as though he were pursued.

"Signior Agostino now traversed the court-yard, which was very spacious, and went to the stable; he entered it, caressed his horse, bridled and wanted to saddle it; and not finding the saddle in its usual place, he appeared much disturbed, like a person out of his senses. He mounted the horse, and galloped to the door of the house: it was shut; he dismounted, took a stone, and struck very forcibly against one of the panels. After several useless efforts to open the door, he led his horse towards a pond, which was on the other side of the court-yard, let it drink, then tied it to a post, and came back to the house in a tranquil state.

"To the noise which the servants made in the kitchen he was very attentive, went towards the door, and placed his ear to the key-hole. On a sudden he went to a parlour, where there was a billiard-table; there he struck the balls, and put himself in the different postures which people who play the game find it necessary to assume sometimes. From thence he went to a harpsichord, on which he played tolerably well, but it seemed to disorder him very much. At last, after two hours' exercise, he returned to his chamber, and threw himself dressed as he was on the bed, where we found him at nine o'clock next morning in the posture we left him.

"In these paroxysms he always slept nine or ten hours. His valet informed us, there were but two ways of rousing him: one to tickle the bottom of his feet; the other, to sound a horn, or play a trumpet, at his ears."

RABELAIS.

When Rabelais was at Rome, he delivered his sentiments so very freely, that he was obliged to save himself in France, in a very poor condition. When he arrived at the city of Lyons, he made use of such means to obtain support throughout his journey, as would not have been safe for any person to adopt who was less known than Rabelais. The stratagem he employed was as follows:

He went into an inn at Lyons, ordered a good supper and bed, and told the host, although he was meanly dressed, and travelled on foot, he would pay him well for what he had. After supper he filled several small bags with ashes; he then asked for a young lad who could write; when he came, Rabelais desired him to write some small labels, some of which were, *Poison pour faire perir le roi*, and others, *Poison pour faire perir la reine:* these labels he fastened to the bags in presence of the lad, and told him, "Take care not to say a single syllable of what you have done or seen, either to your father or mother; it may cost us our lives."

The young man, as Rabelais wished, immediately communicated the whole transaction to his mother: she, almost dead with fear, went immediately to a magistrate. Rabelais was taken up, and his bags seized: he demanded to be carried before the king, to whom he would state many things of consequence. Under the idea that he might not die with fright, they fed him well all the way, and supplied him with a horse. When they arrived at court, Rabelais told his tale, and the whole business terminated by affording subject for laughter, not only to the court, but to all the inhabitants of Versailles.

At Montpellier, no one can obtain the degree of doctor in medicine, without first receiving seven times the hat and robe of Rabelais, which are deposited in the castle of Morac. Such is the veneration paid to his memory by those who have the regulation of that academy! The reason is this:

Some students created such frequent disturbances in the city, as gave rise to many complaints being made against them at court; the consequence of which was, that several of the students were confined, and the privileges of the academy debarred them. Rabelais was then at Montpellier, and though a very merry fellow, deeply partook of the sorrow which these events occasioned the academicians.

He resolved to make an attempt to obtain the release of the students, and a reinstatement in their accustomed privileges; for which purpose he adopted the subsequent scheme:

He dressed himself as a doctor, went to Paris, and presented himself at the door of the Chancellor du Prat. The Swiss attendant, who mistook him for a fool, roughly demanded his business, to which Rabelais answered in pure Latin, which the Swiss not understanding, sent for one of the chancellor's officers; when he came, Rabelais spoke to him in Greek, which being equally incomprehensible both to the Swiss and officer, they sent for one who understood Greek perfectly; to him the doctor then spoke Hebrew; and when they

brought one who spoke Hebrew, he spake Arabic. In this manner he exhausted all the knowledge of the chancellor's house. The chancellor being informed of the whole proceedings, ordered the doctor to be brought to him, when Rabelais made an elegant remonstrance in favour of the students at Montpellier, and obtained an immediate order for their liberation, with a re-establishment in all the liberties of which they had been deprived.

The following is a translation of an epitaph written for Rabelais:

Pluto, prince of horrid legions,
Who in a laugh has ne'er partaken,
Take our Rabelais to your regions,
And hell by laughter will be shaken.

---

INCREDIBLE EATING.

Furetiere, in the *Furetériana*, says, he saw a man eat a loin of veal, a capon, and two woodcocks, with a large quantity of bread.

This incident, however, is not without example, if we are to believe some historians.

Aglais, a dancer, who lived two hundred years before the birth of Christ, would eat for her supper ten pounds of meat, with twelve loaves, and drink a large quantity of wine.

Clio, another Grecian woman, challenged the men to eat and drink, and was never conquered.

Theodoret gives an account of a Syrian woman who ate thirty pullets every day, but was never satisfied. This, however, was an infirmity, of which Macedonius cured her, by making her drink the *holy water!*

Phagon, in presence of the Emperor Aurelian, ate a whole wild boar, a sheep, a young pig, with a hundred loaves, and drank in proportion.

The Emperor Claudius Albinus ate one day for breakfast five hundred figs, one hundred peaches, ten melons, one hundred fig-peckers, forty oysters, and a large quantity of grapes.

The Emperor Maximinian became so large in consequence of eating, that his wife's bracelets served him as rings to his fingers.

However remarkable these eaters may appear, they are nothing to equal the Emperor Vitellius. All the roads in Italy, and the two seas, were covered with people (says our author,) to procure the most exquisite meats and the scarcest fish for his table. He made four principal meals every day, and sometimes five. He was so little master of his hunger, that during the sacrifices, he was often seen to snatch the animal's entrails from the fire, half baked, and devour them in presence of the assembly. He invited himself to his friends' houses, and made them treat him so sumptuously that he nearly ruined them. His brother, Lucius Vitellius, once treated him with two thousand fishes, and seven thousand birds, all exquisite and scarce. He had always in his house a quantity of pheasants' livers, tongues of fishes, peacocks' brains, the entrails of lampreys, and every kind of fishes and birds, at a high price. Josephus says, that had this prince lived long, all the revenues of the empire would not have been sufficient to maintain his table.

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MILTON.

Of our great bard, a French writer relates the following anecdote:

Milton, when a student at Cam-

bridge, was extremely handsome. One day in the summer, overcome with heat, and fatigued with walking, he laid himself down at the foot of a tree and slept. During his sleep, two ladies passed by in a carriage. The beauty of the young student attracted their attention; they got out of their carriage, and after having contemplated his beauty some time, without his waking, the youngest lady, who was very handsome, took a pencil from her pocket, and wrote some lines on a piece of paper, and tremblingly put them into his hand. The two ladies returned to their carriage and passed on.

Milton's fellow-students, who were seeking for him, observed this silent scene at a distance, without knowing it to be him who was sleeping: on approaching and knowing their associate, they waked him, and told him what had passed. He opened the paper which was in his hand, and read, to his great astonishment, these lines from Guarini:

Occhi, stelle mortali,
Ministri de mici mali,
Se chiusi m'uccidete,
Apperti che farete?

which may be translated thus: "Beautiful eyes, mortal stars, authors of my misfortunes! If ye wound me being closed, what would ye do if open?"

This strange adventure awakened Milton's sensibility; and from that moment, full with the desire of finding the unknown fair, he some years afterwards travelled throughout Italy. His ideas of her (says our French author) worked incessantly in the imagination of this wonderful poet, and to that in part is England indebted for the poem of *Paradise Lost*.

### A POLISH INSTITUTION FOR IMPROVING CONVERSATION.

Much of the happiness of life depends upon a strict observance of propriety in conversation; for a communication of sentiments and opinions in this way seldom takes place but at those periods which are set apart for relaxation and amusement; and yet we have no institution among us in which the art of conversation is taught, and the laws of it ascertained.

It may perhaps be thought difficult, if not impossible, to establish such an institution, and many doubts may arise about the form and manner of conducting it. Instead of endeavouring to shew its practicability by reasoning upon it, or attempting to prescribe its form or operations, I shall give the following curious anecdote, and which it is possible may have a better effect than the mere gratification of curiosity:

Near Lublin in Poland, there was an extensive lordship in the possession of the house of Psomka; the eldest branches of which were called Lords of Babine, from the name of the estate.

At the court of Sigismond Augustus, there was a gentleman of the family of Psomka, who, in concert with Peter Cassovius, bailiff of Lublin, formed a society, which the Polish writers call *the Republic of Babine*, and which the Germans denominated *the Society of Fools*.

This society was instituted upon the model of the republic of Poland; it had its king, chancellor, counsellors, archbishops, bishops, judges, and other officers. In this republic, Psomka had the title of captain, and Cassovius that of chancellor. When any of the

members did or said any thing at their meetings which was unbecoming or ill-timed, they immediately gave him a place, of which he was required to perform the duties till another was appointed in his stead: for example, if any one spoke too much, so as to engross the conversation, he was appointed orator of the republic; if he spoke improperly, occasion was taken from his subject to appoint him a suitable employment; if he talked about dogs, he was made master of the buck-hounds; if he boasted of his courage, he was made a knight, or perhaps a field-marshal; and if he expressed a bigoted zeal for any speculative opinion in religion, he was made an inquisitor.

The offenders being thus distinguished for their follies, and not for their wisdom, gave rise to the Germans calling the republic *the Society of Fools*, which, though a satire on the individuals, was by no means so on the institution.

It happened one day, that the King of Poland asked Psomka, if they had chosen a king in their republic. To which he replied, "God forbid that we should think of electing a king while your majesty lives; your majesty will always be King of Babine as well as of Poland."

The king was not displeased with this sally of humour, and inquired further to what extent their republic reached. "Over the whole world," said Psomka; "for we are told by David, that all men are liars."

This society very soon increased so much, that there was scarce any person at court who was not honoured with some post in it, and its chiefs were also high in favour with the king. The view with which this society was established, was to teach the young nobility a propriety of behaviour, and the art of conversation; it was a fundamental law, that no slanderer should be received into it.

The regiment of Calot, which was some years since established in the court of France, was very similar to the republic of Babine.

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## THE SPANISH THEATRE.

(Continued from p. 7.)

Genius is of no country; her pure ray
Spreads all abroad, as gen'ral as the day.

THE truth of the poet's sentiment will scarcely be doubted in the present day. Genius has displayed herself in glowing colours in almost every part of the European world, but in no country, and we say it without fear of contradiction, has she been so eminently conspicuous as in the now neglected Spanish territory: there she has reigned triumphant over ages; and there she would now have dwelt, had it not been for the sordid and barbarous policy of the latter princes who have swayed the sceptre of that unhappy country. Genius has been dormant during the existence of this impolitic system of government, but she will soon awaken to triumph over her enemies; she will surmount every obstacle, and again

shine forth in her wonted splendour. In England, Italy, and France, she has already shewn her power; Germany has felt her influence, and she may shed her rays in other quarters which have not yet felt her reviving and animating glow:

Foe to restraint, from place to place she hies,
And may hereafter e'en in Holland rise.

It has been observed by an eminent German critic, whose remarks upon the literature of Spain have been admired, not only on account of the novelty, but the justness of his sentiments, that Spain and England alone can boast of a national theatre. It is a fact calculated to excite surprise, that two nations differing so essentially in their religious and political, as well as their physical and moral attainments, should have thus so happily combined in forming separate yet similar dramatic schools, both setting at nought the rigid rules of Aristotle, preserved with so much national pride by the French and Italian poets. This phenomenon can alone be explained by admitting, that a similar principle had guided the towering genius of both nations. In Spain, the chivalrous spirit continued down to a much later period than in any other European country, and its predominating influence may be traced in every species of their poetry. Even subsequent to Calderon, at the latter end of the seventeenth century, there were yet remains of that romantic feeling. It is this which forms the chief contrast between the Spanish and the English dramatists. In England, although the reigns of Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth were ages of gallantries nearly approaching to the spirit of Spanish chivalry, yet it soon died away, and was succeeded by the pedantry of the French school on the accession of the Stuarts to the throne.

It is a very common observation, and one which has been repeated by Schlegel, that almost all the best poets of Spain have distinguished themselves in some signal engagements, and have handled with equal dexterity the pen and the sword. This cannot be contradicted; but it is added, that the best English authors have been courtiers only. This latter remark is by no means correct. It is true that Cervantes displayed his courage at the battle of Lepanto, that Lope embarked on board the Armada, that Garcilaso fought under the banners of Charles V. and that Ercilla conquered the barbarians of South America; but it seems to have been forgotten, that the noble-minded Surrey, he who was the first great reformer and polisher of the English language after Chaucer, fought valiantly at the battle of Landrecy under Sir John Wallop, that Sir John Harington was knighted while aiding the celebrated Earl of Essex in subduing the rebellion of Ireland, and that the melodious Sir Philip Sidney, the greatest ornament of the court of Elizabeth, lost his life fighting in defence of his country in Holland. It may not perhaps be uninteresting to remark the striking similarity between the lives and even thoughts of the two greatest poets of their day, Garcilaso de la Vega and the Earl of Surrey. This has been drawn by the learned Nott in his Dissertation upon Sur-

rey's poetry, and I cannot do better than give his own words: "They both glowed with a generous love of enterprise, and both were distinguished by their military ardour in the field. They both devoted their short intervals of leisure to the improvement of their native tongue; they both formed themselves on Virgil and the Italian school; both had minds susceptible of love and friendship; both were constant in their attachments; both died immaturely, and left in the bosom of the good and learned unavailing regret at their untimely loss. In some points Garcilaso was more fortunate than the noble-minded and accomplished Surrey. Though he fell in the prime of life, he fell in the arms of honour, fighting in the cause of a master who knew how to value his merits, and paid his memory a striking tribute of affection and regret. His writings too, instead of being hoarded up in manuscript, or idly preserved as curious specimens of black letter, were early collected, and presented to the world in a manner that did justice to their author's name. How mournful is the contrast in these latter respects! Surrey perished on the scaffold, a hapless victim to the jealousy of a party which knew not how to appreciate his worth."

The French and Italians appear to resemble each other in their dramatic productions nearly in a similar degree as the Spanish and the English. The two former both studied with equal attention the rules of the Grecian school, and adopted them in their compositions; they both revered Aristotle as a saint, and adhered more to the letter than the spirit of his dictates; and both cramped their genius to conform to the national prejudices. The best French tragedians, Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, combined with Trissino, Alfieri, and Metastasio, established this peculiar school; and the observation of the French Academy, as applicable to the *Cid* of Corneille, is equally appropriate to those who so rigidly observed the unities: "From the fear of running," they say, "against the rules of art, the poet has rather chosen to sin against the rules of nature." Schlegel remarks on this point, that "in France this zeal (for the preservation of the unities) is not confined to the learned world, but seems to be a common concern of the nation. Every Frenchman who has sucked in Boileau with his mother's milk, considers himself as much a natural born champion of the dramatic unities, as the Kings of England since the time of Henry VIII. are hereditary Defenders of the Faith."

The next dramatic poet of any celebrity after Lope de Rueda was Christobal de Castillejo, who wrote some very tolerable comedies: they are very satirical, and contain many lascivious thoughts and expressions; otherwise, as Nasarre says, "*pudieron passar por muy buenas.*" Castillejo is the same poet who has been before mentioned, and who professed such a deadly enmity against Garcilaso, Boscan, and the other Petrarquists. A comedy called "*La Constanza,*" which is in manuscript in the library of the Escurial, is the only one which is spoken of. Bartholomé de Torres Naharro, a native

of Torre, who lived about this time, must, however, be considered as the first who gave form to Spanish comedies. He wrote eight plays, which have been handed down to our own day, among which "*La Calamita*," and "*La Aquilana*," have been most praised by the author of the "Dialogue upon Language," Don Antonio Augustin. These plays were much esteemed also at the time when they were written, and were represented with much approbation at Rome and Naples. Nasarre goes so far as to say that these plays "*enseñaron à los Italianos à escribir comedias.*" This is not the Naharro of whom Cervantes speaks in his preface to his plays. He was an actor, and a native of Toledo.

"This Naharro," says Cervantes, "was noted for acting the part of a bully, or cowardly ruffian. He made some additions to the furniture of the theatre, and changed the sack before mentioned into chests and trunks. He made the music (which used to sing behind the blanket) come forward towards the audience: he took away the actors' counterfeit beards, without which till then no one used to act in any play whatever; and made every one act barefaced, unless it were the part of an old man, or any other that required the disguising of his face. He invented machines, clouds, thunder and lightning, challenges and battles; but things were not arrived to the pitch we now see them at."

Having thus briefly noticed the more early dramatists, I come now to the justly celebrated Miguel Cervantes, confining myself to that part of his works only which were devoted to the stage. Cervantes, speaking of his own plays, observes, "And now I hope I shall not be thought vain in affirming, for it is a truth which cannot be contradicted, namely, that in all the playhouses at Madrid were acted some pieces of my composing, such as *The Humours of Algiers*, *The Destruction of Numantia*, and *The Naval Battle*, wherein I took the liberty to reduce plays to three acts, which before consisted of five." The fact of Cervantes having composed plays of three acts is contradicted by Lope de Vega in his "*Arte de hacer Comedias*," wherein he says,

"Plays of three acts we owe to Verues' pen,
Which ne'er had crawl'd but on all fours till then;
An action suited to that helpless age,
The infancy of wit, the childhood of the stage:
Such plays, not twelve years old, did I complete,
Four sheets to every play, an act on every sheet."

Cervantes has in many of his pieces, but particularly in his "*Viage al Parnasso*," commended his own writings; but as Mayans y Siscar has justly remarked, it was "easing and giving vent to a just sense of his ill usage." He said truly in the 4th chapter of the Voyage to Parnassus,

"I ne'er on trifles sought my fame to raise,
Nor ever caught at undeserved praise."

And again, in the pleasant dialogue between Pancratio of Roncevalles and himself, he introduces Pancratio asking him certain questions*: "Were you ever theatrically inclined, Sennor Cervantes? Did you never write a play?—Yes, a great many; and were they not mine, I should not scruple to pronounce them worthy of praise:

* In the addition to the Voyage to Parnassus.

such were *The Humours of Algiers*, *Numantia*, *The Grand Sultana*, *The Sea-Fight*, *Jerusalem*, *The Amarant, or Flower-gentle of May*, *The Grove of Love*, *The None-such*, *The gay Arsinda*, and several others which I forget; but that which I set most value upon was and is *The Confused Fair-one*, which (without offence to any poor brother of the cloak and sword that has hitherto written for the stage,) may hold a principal place among the best.—*Pancratio.* But pray have you any by you now?—*Michael.* I have six, with as many interludes.—*Pancratio.* But why are they not acted?—*Michael.* Because neither the actors seek after me, nor I after them.—*Pancratio.* They may not know you have any.—*Michael.* They know it well enough: but as they have in pay their bread-and-water poets, and they make shift with them, they don't want better bread than is made of wheat. But I think to send them to the press, that they may be read at leisure in the closet: upon the stage they vanish away unheeded and unheard; and plays have their times and seasons as well as songs."

This dialogue, which is extremely curious as well as interesting, was written about a year before the plays, which he notices, were published. In the preface to these plays, which I have already referred to, he again speaks of himself: "I composed at that time (speaking of his early days) no fewer plays than thirty at least, all which were acted without any body's interrupting the players by flinging cucumbers or any other trash at them. They ran their race without any hissing, cat-calling, or any other disorder. But happening to be taken up with other things, I laid aside playwriting, and then came on that *prodigy of nature*, that marvellous man, the great Lope de Vega, who raised himself to be supreme monarch of the stage: he subdued all players, and made them truckle to his power: he filled the world with theatrical pieces, all of his own composing, finely and happily devised, and full of good sense, and so numerous, that they take up above ten thousand sheets of paper, all of his own writing; and which is a most wonderful thing to relate, he saw them all acted, or at least had the satisfaction to hear they were acted."

The generosity of Cervantes's disposition is here most evident. Poor as he was, destitute of every comfort, and obliged to subsist actually by begging for sustenance, he extols that man who had taken the bread out of his mouth; he hesitates not to call him the prodigy of nature; and in another place he designates him a

"Distinguish'd bard, whom none of modern time
Can pass, or even reach, in prose or rhyme."

Soon after Cervantes died, and left his rival in full possession of the admiration of the public. "How different," it has been remarked*, "has been the judgment of posterity on the writings of these two men! Cervantes, who was actually starving in the same street where Lope was living in splendour and prosperity, has been for two centuries the delight of every nation in Europe; and Lope, notwithstanding the late edition of his works in twenty-two volumes, is to a great degree neglected in his own."

* By Lord Holland in his Life of Lope de Vega.

## CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

*Mr.* ADVISER,

I AM now in my twenty-second year, and during the last five years I have been set up to sale as completely as if I were a Circassian slave. To get a husband has been literally made the business of my life; I am not allowed to eat, drink, dance, dress, talk, walk, nay, I may almost say sleep, without some reference to this great object. You may think I exaggerate, Mr. Adviser, but only take the trouble to read a statement of my case, and you will be convinced I do not.

My mother is a widow, and still young and handsome enough to be a formidable rival to me if she chose; but, unfortunately, the dear woman's mind is so wholly occupied with my establishment, that she never bestows a thought upon conquest for herself. I was taught from my earliest infancy to consider riches and fine clothes as absolutely essential to happiness; and as soon as I was able to comprehend her, my mother took care to impress upon my mind, that it was only by marriage I could obtain the certain possession of these blessings: accordingly, to gain a husband became the great point to which all my aims were directed, and as soon as I attained my fifteenth year, I commenced a regular system of drudgery, to which the labours of a mechanic are light. First, I was made to undergo the torture, ordinary and extraordinary, of tight stays, tight shoes, and cosmetics: I really believe there never was a lotion or a powder, the effects of which have not been tried upon me; and I am certain, that as much time has been used in endeavouring to improve my complexion, as would have enabled me to acquire all the knowledge necessary or valuable to my sex. The care of my teeth was the next object to my complexion: I shall say nothing of what I suffered by being always in the hands of the dentist, because that, bad as it was, was not half so vexatious as the restraints and restrictions laid upon my diet for fear of spoiling them. I was not allowed to eat or drink any thing that was sweet, or sour, or hot, or high seasoned, for fear of injuring the enamel. My hair too was another plague, for my mother tried almost as many experiments upon that as she did upon my face.

At last I was tortured into what my mother thought a complete beauty, and I came out in my seventeenth year very much to my own satisfaction, for I thought that my labours were now over, and that I should have nothing to do but to enjoy the triumphs which I expected to gain. But, alas! Mr. Adviser, I was terribly disappointed. My mother's expectations were answered in one sense: every tongue was loud in praise of my beauty and accomplishments, but no gentleman hinted a wish of appropriating them; and my poor mother, who had expected to be distracted by the variety of proposals made for me, had the mortification to see the season end without my receiving even one.

Her only comfort under this disappointment was, that she could not reproach herself with its being

the effect of her bad management; for, from my first coming out, she took care that I should observe her injunction, never to do any thing that could lessen the effect of my charms. She began with my diet, which she regulated upon such a temperate plan, that I sometimes had not literally enough to eat: it was, however, in vain for me to complain; my mother thought she saw a tendency to corpulency, and she was sure I should spoil my shape if I were allowed to eat as much as I chose; and for the same reason my sleep also was curtailed. I am naturally of a lively and open disposition; and my mother, fearing that some of my sallies might give offence to those fashionable men from whom she expected to choose a son-in-law, obliged me to assume a degree of caution and reserve wholly foreign to my temper. She repeated to me incessantly, that a beauty has no occasion to be a wit; that smart sayings never make friends, and may make enemies; and that mirth was quite unbecoming to my naturally soft and languishing features. But while I was thus prohibited from laughing or talking, I was obliged to sing, dance, or play, almost every night; because, by the display of these accomplishments, I increased my chance of an establishment. In this way, sir, we have now gone on for five years, and I think we are very likely to go on for as many more, without success; for, to say the truth, my mother's excessive anxiety defeats her purpose. She has the inclination but not the talents necessary for a match-maker, and in her earnestness to accomplish her purpose, she displays it with an openness which disgusts even the least sensitive of her male acquaintance. I have often remonstrated with her on this subject; I have implored her to save me the mortification which I suffer daily, of seeing myself surveyed by every single man of fortune, however old, ugly, or disagreeable he may be, with an air which implies, I may marry you whenever I choose; but my remonstrances and entreaties have always hitherto been in vain. Nothing I believe can induce her to alter her plan, but the certainty that it will not succeed; and when I tell you, sir, that in five years I have had but one proposal, and that from a man of very inferior fortune, I believe you will consider our chance of success not worth much. If, Mr. Adviser, you could impress this conviction upon the mind of my mother, you would be entitled to the everlasting gratitude of your very humble servant,

HARRIET HAVEATALL.

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As I do not think that any thing I can say could place the case in a stronger light than my correspondent's letter, I have given it verbatim; and shall only observe, that the generality of managing mammas appear to me to be equally mistaken in the means they take to procure establishments for their daughters. I am certain, that, in nine instances out of ten, the opposite conduct would do the business more effectually; for bad as the age is, there is still pride and sensibility enough remaining in the breasts even of the most dissipated men of sense, to make them

look with contempt on the paltry artifices practised to ensnare them. My worthy friend, the widow Straightway, whose five daughters have been happily and honourably married without management, was observing to me the other day, that, within the last twenty years, the number of old maids in her neighbourhood had increased in the proportion of three to one at least; notwithstanding the difference in the old and new modes of getting husbands; the latter of which the widow calculates to be ten times as troublesome as the former. I recommend a serious consideration of the view which my worthy friend takes of this matter, to the mother of Miss Haveatall; I am convinced that a little sober reflection upon it, will be more useful than all the advice that could be given her by

S. SAGEPHIZ.

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## AN ACCOUNT *of the recent Endeavours in* FRANCE *to improve the Construction of the* VIOLIN, *and of some extraordinary* PHENOMENA *in* ACOUSTICS *discovered in the Course of the Experiments made with a View to those Improvements.*

(Continued from p. 29.)

THE above experiments appear to me so extremely interesting and curious, that I entertain strong hopes of their being repeated and extended in this country. At the same time I must candidly own, perhaps to my shame, that as far as my own attempts have as yet reached, the results have been attended with but a small degree of success. The utmost I can boast of is, that I have produced something resembling *figs.* 4 and 6.—But while it is as yet out of my power to confirm by my own experience the statements of Mr. S. in their full extent, it would be presumption to doubt his correctness, more particularly as the apparatus, which in my eagerness I made use of, was far from possessing those qualifications of precision and perfection which are essential in all experiments, and more so in this, which Mr. S. himself declares to be of very difficult execution. When it is further considered, that his experiments form the subject of a minute and long report made to the French Academies of Sciences and Fine Arts by the first natural philosophers in France*, in conjunction with several great composers†, all doubts ought to vanish at once.

The importance of these experiments appears to consist, first, in the circumstance of the figures in the sand being entirely changed into others of quite a different form, at the slightest change of tension in the string, even if it be half a tone or less; and, secondly, in the same sounds producing at all times the same figures.

Granting this—and Mr. S. is decisive on the subject—I am at the same time inclined to think, that the particular shape of the figure may depend less on the particular sound by which it is caused, than, first, on the form of the plate upon which it is produced; and, secondly, on the medium of communication be-

* Haüy, Charles, De Prony, Biot.

† Cherubini, Catel, Berton, Le Sueur.

tween the string and the plate, viz. the bridge. I think it probable that, all other things being the same, the figures would be different, if the plate, instead of being round, were square or triangular*; or if the bridge, instead of having two feet, had one, three, or more. Perhaps strings of different thickness, although tuned alike, might likewise create different figures.

All this remains to be ascertained by further experiments; and it would be no less interesting to inquire whether, in the figures produced by the harmonics of a sound, any analogy can be traced; or, as Mr. S.'s diagrams seem to imply the contrary, what may be the cause of the analogy actually observable in figures produced by different sounds, such as *figs.* 3, 5, and 9.

If it be a fact that on a round leaden plate of a *certain* diameter and thickness, and by the intervention of a bridge of a *certain*

* These suggestions derive confirmation from the experiments of Dr. Chladni of Wittenberg in Germany. His discoveries not only were prior to those of Mr. Savart, but, as the latter has acknowledged, gave rise to the experiments explained in our article. Dr. Chladni's investigations relative to the theory of sound are of the utmost importance, and are to be found in his *Acoustics*. Leipzig, 1802. As some of the readers of the *Repository* may not be acquainted with those experiments of Dr. Chladni, which have more particular reference to the present subject, a brief notice of their result may not be deemed unacceptable in this place.

The apparatus is simple and easily procured, viz. a rectangular piece of plate glass, about eight inches long, and one inch wide, the edges of the longer sides of which should be ground smooth. If this glass be held free between the thumb and second finger, in certain particular places, and a violin-bow be drawn along its side, at certain particular places likewise, the glass will not only emit musical sounds of a defined pitch, but it will be thrown into such a general state of vibration, that if fine sand be strewed over the glass, the sand will range itself into various straight lines, and the divisions of these lines will correspond with the mathematical relations or proportions of the intervals thus produced. For instance:

*Fig.* 21. *(see plate)*. If the glass be held at *k*, and the bow drawn at *m* or *n*, the glass will yield its fundamental note C (the lowest C on the violin). Whether the sound be exactly C must naturally depend on the size and thickness of the glass; but this is immaterial here: it is at all events the lowest sound the glass can produce, and therefore stands for its fundamental note. In this case the sand on the glass will form itself into a line lengthwise, and into another across, as represented by the dotted lines *fig.* 22.

*Fig.* 23. If the glass be held at *o*, and the bow drawn at *p*, the sound produced will be the upper octave of the former C, and the sand will form one line lengthwise, and *two* lines crossing it.

*Fig.* 24. If the glass be held at *r*, and the bow drawn at *s*, the sound will be G (the fifth of the sound produced in *fig.* 23.), and the sand will be thrown into one longitudinal and *three* transverse lines. In like manner may be produced the sound F (as fourth), the sound E (as third), &c. by grasping the glass nearer its extremity, and drawing the bow upon it. At the fourth (or subdominant) there will be formed *four* transverse lines; at the third (or mediant), *five* transverse lines, &c. The lines severally formed in this manner correspond, as may be perceived, with the numerical relations of the respective intervals.

form, the same sound produce at all times the same figure, we should at once possess an unerring means for fixing a standard measure of musical sound, an immutable pitch for the information of future ages; in the same manner as Maelzel's metronome has furnished a standard measure of musical time. We should be able to instruct the leader of the London Opera, in the year 2020, with what sort of an A he must begin Mozart's *Là ci darem' la mano;* an information which it would otherwise be as difficult to hand down to musical posterity, as it is at this time to decide what is the exact pitch of the *Mésé* of the Greeks, or even of the *La* of Guido of Arezzo. Mr. Savart's apparatus appears to me eminently calculated to form a proper phonometer*. Nay — if I might be indulged in a fanciful speculation—as, according to this gentleman's experiment, every different sound in the scale produces a different regular determined figure, and always the same figure, it does not seem too much to maintain, that by these symbols sounds are rendered visible, the eye may appreciate them, the deaf may enjoy melody by means of its visible representatives.

Mr. Savart's apparatus renders manifest the process and principle of vibration in a violin in its most simple form. We have a stretched string over a bridge, and the plate which supports the string, represents the upper part or sounding-board of a violin. The next step was to make the experiment on a violin itself. For this purpose he used an instrument of his own making, the upper part of which was level, as the arched roof of common violins would not admit of sand being strewed evenly over all the surface. On drawing a sound with the bow, the sand was, equally, found to arrange itself into regular figures, consisting of straight and curved lines. Here, too, every different sound produced a different figure. The configuration of these diagrams, as has been hinted above, appeared to be influenced by the shape of the board. They all exhibited a line of sand along the longitudinal diameter of the board, which line branched out into curves towards the sides, variously formed according to the different sounds drawn by the bow, and the figures on each side of the middle line were precisely alike.

But as the violin consists of two boards, communicating with each other by means of what is called the sound-post (besides the sides, the principal office of which is to confine a body of air), Mr. Savart's experiments were carried still further, with a view to ascertain also the functions of the lower board. He took *two* plates, of the same dimensions, yielding the same sound (of glass probably), and placed between them a wooden post of communication, touching the centres of both the plates. The result, in his own words, was as follows: " If the plates be strewed with sand, and a sound be drawn, with the bow, from one of them, both plates will produce the same figure. If instead of two plates, several be joined by means of posts, the mo-

* An instrument for measuring sound.

tion communicates itself equally from one to the other, although one alone be sounded."

From these results Mr. S. justly concluded, that the two boards of a violin are nothing else but plates, the vibrations of which are destined to reinforce the primitive sound. It now will be obvious what are the functions of the bridge, the sound-post, and the sounding-board, as well as of its companion, the lower surface or back of the violin.

Without entering upon various other researches which Mr. S. deemed it necessary to institute, and upon the scientific and just inferences deduced from their results, and explained at length in his treatise, I shall now proceed to describe the violin which has been the fruit of his labour, and the principle of whose construction he explained to me with a perspicuity that shewed him to be perfectly master of his subject.

The annexed drawing (*fig.* C) will at once convey an idea of the instrument. Its aspect probably may not appear inviting to my readers, but they will be just enough to suspend their opinion until they hear the grounds which led to a departure from the common form.

It appeared to Mr. S. essential to give to the sounding-board a form which should combine regularity and symmetry with the utmost simplicity. This object alone would have induced him to reject any curves at the extremities; but the intersection of the fibres of the wood, arising from curved extremities, formed another important motive for adhering to straight lines. He therefore chose for the shape of his violin a trapezium, the narrowest part of which joins the neck, to facilitate the shiftings of the hand. The board, thus shaped, is not arched, *i. e.* higher in the middle than at the edges. This, at least, is strictly the case with the inner surface of the board; the outer or visible surface rises in a very slight degree, scarcely perceptible, towards the middle. This trifling swell is solely caused by the increased body of wood, which is thickest where the bridge stands, and thinnest at the edges. By this means the wood is enabled to vibrate nearly equally in every part: whereas, in our violins, the vibration at the edges is very trifling; and still less, if any, in the region where the neck joins. The thickness of the wood in the middle imparts, moreover, to Mr. S.'s violin a degree of strength unknown in our violins, which receive material injury from the pressure of the bridge, as well as of the sound-post, and are altogether subject to great danger from the slightest accident; and as the deterioration in the quality of violins generally arises from the wood being too thin, it is fair to expect, that the thickness in Mr. S.'s instrument may give them the greater chance of amelioration by age. The *f* holes, it will be observed, are perfectly straight, and cut in the direction of the fibres. This circumstance, together with the general form, which is entirely composed of straight lines, leaves in Mr. S.'s violin an infinitely greater number of fibres undisturbed and ready to enter into vibration.

Mr. Savart, like Mr. Chanot, re-

jects a moveable tail-piece; but, for the reasons mentioned in the account of Mr. Chanot's violin, Mr. S. does not fasten the strings on the sounding-board itself: he attaches them, as may be seen in the drawing, to small rings placed where in the common violin the button of the tail-piece is inserted, *i. e.* where the violin rests against the neck of the player. He objects to the tail-piece, because it interrupts the elasticity of the strings, which enables them to yield to the successive vibrations of the sounding-board: for these vibrations, by means of the bridge, produce a reaction on the strings; and the more the latter are able to yield to such impression, the more free will be the vibration of the sounding-board. At first I supposed that Mr. S. in creating so great a length of strings on the hither side of the bridge, intended that their co-vibration with the strings on the further side (where the bow acts) should reinforce the sound. But he not only disclaimed such an object, but assured me that his wish was to have no such co-vibration at all: because, in the first place, it would only reinforce *certain* sounds, and leave others in their weakness; and his second reason was, to avoid a disagreeable sort of beating, which ensued whenever a note was played that was nearly, but not quite, in unison with the inactive part of the string. This phenomenon is a late discovery of Mr. Blanc, and may be tried by tuning two strings nearly in unison. On playing upon one, the other will emit a tremulous discordant beating; nay, what is more, if the playing be continued for a few minutes, the discordant string will by degrees force itself into unison with the other.

It is on the principle of this tendency to mutual rectification that Mr. Breguet, the celebrated watch-maker in Paris, has lately invented what he calls his *double-watch*. Two complete watch movements, entirely independent of each other, are fixed to *one* metal plate, and inclosed in one watch-case of the common size. Although these two watches, when separated, will, like all other watches, vary considerably in a short time; yet, on being joined to a common plate, either the one will soon get the better of the other, or each will mutually yield something, till both end with going perfectly alike. This result is owing to the communication of the vibrations of both through the medium of the plate to which they are fastened.

But is not this accommodating vibrability observable in all nature, even in our most sacred attachments? How obviously may we not compare the two watches to husband and wife, and the metal plate to the tie of wedlock! Here, too, generally speaking, the more vigorous beating of one of the works will either vibrate the other into submission; or, if the beats differ but little, a mutual yielding in both will in time produce uniformity of action. Sometimes, it is true, the uniting plate is rashly broken asunder, the works are severed, and left to their random pulsations, and ultimately to ruin; but ——. We had better leave the subject, and return to our fiddles.

As it would be inconsistent with

the object and limits of this paper to enter into all the minor technical details of construction in Mr. Savart's violin, I shall only add, that, to obviate the discordant beats above adverted to, Mr. Savart stifles the vibration of the unemployed part of the strings, on this side of the bridge, by the insertion of a rectangular piece of thin pasteboard, covered with cloth. Further improvements in this particular point may probably be hereafter devised, but the rejection of the tail-piece appears to me to be founded on reasonable grounds; and if the authority of one of the first practical violinists be of any weight in this matter, the example of Mr. Spohr goes considerably in favour of this assertion. This gentleman, whose play astonished and delighted the London public last season, made use of a very diminutive tail-piece, in which the strings were inserted at a very small distance from the button, so that the inactive part of the string, between the bridge and tail-piece, had nearly as much length as on Mr. Savart's violin.

The inner bar, which, in our instruments, runs under the *left* foot of the bridge, Mr. S. places in the *middle* of the longitudinal axis; thereby obtaining symmetry and equality in the vibrations on both sides, and obviating the common fault, of one side being more crushed in than the other. The sound-post is placed, as in our violins, behind the right foot of the bridge, a little outward towards the *f* hole.

An inspection of the drawing of Mr. Savart's violin may probably give rise to an objection which I urged to him on seeing the instrument, but which he met successfully, in my opinion. In the common violin, the OC-like indentures on both sides enable the bow to play upon the two exterior strings without risking to touch at the same time the interior string next to either of them. This facility, Mr. S. admits, is not afforded by his violin, the sides of which run in a straight line; but he contends, that this facility is not more necessary for the exterior strings, than for the interior ones, which in the common violin require equally a certain degree of caution in bowing. This caution, he truly asserts, is so easily acquired, that even a moderate performer, in playing upon either of the two middle strings, will seldom, if ever, touch a neighbouring string, unless it be done intentionally. The only difference, therefore, is, that Mr. Savart's violin demands this caution for all the four strings indiscriminately; whereas, in the common violin, it is required for two strings only; and Mr. S. goes so far as to believe, that the necessity of inclining the bow at an equal angle for all the strings may rather prove an advantage, by producing greater equality of sound, and by grinding and smoothing the surface of all the four strings in the same direction.

It remains for me to speak of the most important part of Mr. Savart's labour, the quality and quantity of sound produced by his violin. I shall first give his own statement, which the reader will admit to be modest; in the next place I shall insert the substance of the opinion given by the united com-

mittees of the Royal Academies of Sciences and of the Fine Arts; and to these I shall subjoin my own observations, founded upon personal trial.

" I have not," says Mr. S. " the presumption to think that I have arrived at perfection; all I hope is, that, if instruments are made upon the principles which I have laid down, advantageous results will follow with more certainty, than by adhering to the old models. I am aware, that many persons, justly struck with the merits of the Italian violins, and biassed by habit, are persuaded, that, far from producing any thing superior, it is impossible to come near to the excellence of those instruments. But I am inclined to think, that even those persons will not deny the numerous defects of the Italian violins, and that they will in time be induced to give the preference to a construction more simple, less expensive, and more susceptible to lead almost invariably to a satisfactory result.

" The sounds of my violin do not altogether possess the same qualities as those of the common violins; the body of the sound is somewhat different: mine has less brilliancy, although at least equal strength; it is more pure, sweeter, more round and full; it speaks more to the soul, and is thereby more calculated to express melancholy and tender affections. What distinguishes the sounds of my violin, above all, is their perfect equality; a merit very rare in the common violins; and which shews, that the general construction of the instrument is founded upon good principles."

Mr. S. indicates the means by which the quality of brilliancy, if it be desired, may be attained. He modestly considers his labour thus far as a trial, a first step towards greater perfection, and he is confident his data will enable professional violin-makers, of skill and judgment, to arrive soon at a high degree of excellence.

The report of the committees of the French Academies*, after entering at length upon the principles of construction laid down by Mr. S. concludes with stating, that in order to obtain practical evidence as to the merits of that construction, they requested a skilful performer to try Mr. S.'s violin comparatively with an ordinary violin of first-rate quality.

" In this comparison," the reporters state, " it was of little moment to us, whether the violin of Mr. S. would or would not at this time be found superior to all the violins in existence. This superiority might perhaps have been expected, and necessary, if the question had been as to practical perfection, since, in such case, the obtained result holds out no sure data towards future improvement: but the case is different in results founded upon theoretical principles acknowledged to be just; such results are susceptible of being further developed in their consequences, and of being perfected in their further applications. It would therefore have been already a great point ascertained, if the violin of Mr. S. reduced as it is to fixed principles, and to a construction the most simple, had offered

* Consisting of the gentlemen enumerated p. 80.

the qualities of a good common violin."

The practical trial was made before the committee by Mr. Lefebvre, leader of the orchestra at the theatre Feydeau. He played alternately on Mr. Savart's violin and on his own instrument. In the former, the committee remarked " a great purity of tone joined to the most perfect equality. The new violin, thus heard near, appeared to have somewhat less brilliancy than the other. In order to ascertain more fully the difference, Mr. Lefebvre was requested to withdraw to an adjoining room, and to execute the same passages on both the instruments, alternately, without mentioning on which he played. In this trial both violins appeared so completely alike, that the most experienced judges constantly confounded one with the other: if there was any difference to be observed, it was a greater degree of suavity in the sound of the new instrument. The result was an unanimous opinion, that the latter might pass for an excellent violin."

In forming my own opinion, I had not the opportunity of instituting any comparison with other instruments. In this respect I therefore had to depend upon previous impression and recollection. The sound appeared to me altogether to differ essentially from that which habit has rendered us used to in violins. Upon the whole, however, and with some little qualification, my opinion substantially agrees with the verdict of the committee. Mr. Savart's violin was palpably deficient in that silvery, that bell-like brilliancy which distinguishes the good Cremonas; and would not, on this account, be the most eligible instrument for executing a concerto of Viotti's; while, on the other hand, it might probably be well calculated for a quartett of Haydn's. It would appear to greater advantage in slow pathetic movements, than in an allegro full of vivacity and rapid precision. The tone certainly was soft, of great body and roundness, in a slight degree hollow and nasal, but nothing woody; any thing but thin and meagre. In short, Mr. Savart's violin would, on all hands, be admitted to be a superior instrument, and preferable, I think, to Mr. Chanot's.

This degree of excellence must be deemed by every impartial judge a very important and promising result, when it is considered, that the violin in question was manufactured, upon principle, not by a professed and skilful maker, but by a doctor of medicine. The neatness of the work, in all its details, I must own, appeared on that account quite problematical. But as Mr. S. solemnly assured me that he made every part himself, I can only say, that if he is as expert a joiner of broken limbs, as he is of fiddles, he cannot but rank high in his more particular calling. Be this as it may, it is reasonable to believe, that a professional instrument-maker, with every advantage of technical experience, will, in pursuing Mr. Savart's track, produce violins much superior to this specimen; and that a moderate degree of judgment and ingenuity will suggest successively, and no doubt rapidly, such further improvements

in the new system, yet in a state of infancy, as must soon tend to bring the art to a state of certainty and perfection hitherto unknown. Another, and not a trifling advantage, will be the cheapness of the new instruments. Mr. Savart assured me, that a violin on his plan may be made for 20 francs (16 shillings), especially if the manufacture be on a scale of moderate extensiveness. These data may perhaps be a little too sanguine; but the simplicity of the instrument leaves no doubt as to a very great diminution of labour, time, and expense, in its manufacture. Supposing the price in France to amount to double the above sum, and allowing amply for the increased value of labour and materials in England, we might in this country produce violins for £3 or £4, equal in quality to instruments which are usually sold for four or five times that sum.

G. L.

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## MEMOIRS OF MARY BEALE.

To artists, and to those who have studied the science of painting in particular, the name of Mary Beale must be familiar; but, beyond that very limited class of individuals, we apprehend there are few who ever heard of this distinguished ornament of her profession and of her sex. She was a painter of very considerable eminence in the department of portraits; and we the more willingly select her as the subject of the present article, in order to prove that, as in poetry, so in painting, there has not been wanting in our own nation, at least one example of great excellence attained by a female: and we hope that it will in some degree operate as an encouragement to those numerous ladies, who, in our day, have applied themselves to this branch of the elegant and liberal sciences. Regarding the subject of the present memoir not many facts are known, and those few are scattered through many books; but we have been at some pains to collect all the materials that could be procured, and to put them into some regular form: in both these respects former biographers have been extremely deficient.

Mary Beale was the daughter of a clergyman of the name of Cradock. She was born in 1632, we believe at Woodbridge in Suffolk, where her father held a curacy, but soon after the birth of his daughter he became minister at Walton-upon-Thames. Who was her mother is not known; but it should seem that the father took great pains with the early education of his child, who, indeed, does not appear ever to have been sent to school. She is said to have been taught by Mr. Cradock the rudiments of Latin, a language then little in fashion among the ladies, though a reign or two preceding, particularly under Queen Elizabeth, it had been much studied by the female sex.

What was her progress is not known; but she early evinced a taste and talent for drawing and painting, and is said to have been very successful, even while a child, in taking likenesses of persons

round her. This propensity was encouraged by her father (her mother having died when her daughter was only a few years old), and masters, such as the town where they resided afforded, attending to give her instructions. Most probably she soon afterwards was sent to London to obtain a further proficiency under abler hands, in an art for which she felt a strong love, and pursued with corresponding zeal. It appears, that she was for some time a pupil to Robert Walker, a painter of eminence, who studied after Vandyke, and who afterwards received, what was then an enormous price, five hundred guineas for a portrait of Cromwell, from the Duke of Tuscany. Sir Peter Lely was at the same time obtaining only ten or fifteen guineas for each picture, and the sum paid to Walker was most likely intended as a compliment to the Protector, and not as a reward to the painter. Some of the biographers of Mrs. Beale have asserted unhesitatingly, that she received instructions from Sir P. Lely in the art of which he was so accomplished a master; but there is great reason to disbelieve the fact. The doubt was first suggested by the sceptical Lord Orford in his "Anecdotes of Painting." It is certain that some of the pictures by Mrs. Beale bear a strong resemblance to the style of Sir Peter Lely; but if the reader peruses the following extract made from the pocket-book of Mr. Beale, the husband, it will be seen that the resemblance may be easily otherwise accounted for:

"*August* 1*st*, 1672. Dr. Tillotson sat to Mr. Lely for about three hours, for the picture he is doing for me. His manner in painting this picture, this time especially, seems strangely different, both to myself and my dearest heart (his wife Mrs. Beale), from the manner of painting the former pictures he did for us. This we thought was a more mysterious, concealed, scanty way of painting, than the way he used formerly, which we both thought was more open and free, and much more was to be observed and gained from seeing him paint them, than *my heart could, with her most careful marking, learn now.*"

So that it should seem that Mrs. Beale learned to paint in the style of Sir P. Lely by watching him while he was painting pictures for her husband, some of which appear to have been ordered merely that his wife might obtain all the knowledge she could acquire as to the detail of the mode of Sir P. Lely. The anxiety of the husband as to this point might be proved by many other extracts from the pocket-book he left behind him, in which he carefully and most minutely registered all the proceedings of his "dearest heart" (for so he almost invariably calls her) in the exercise of her profession. It has been said, that Sir P. Lely had been in love with Mrs Beale while she was Miss Cradock, but there does not appear to be any fair foundation for the supposition; or for the assertion, that, after her marriage, he taught her for the sake of her agreeable company, often in the absence and without the knowledge of her husband. Such a circumstance, however, is not impossible in the reign of Charles II.; and in that age of qui-

et and contented husbands, even if Mr. Beale had been acquainted with the fact, it is not at all inconsistent that he should still call his wife his dearest heart.

She married Mr. Beale when she was twenty-seven years old, in 1659, about which time her father also took his degree of doctor in divinity. His was one of the portraits painted by Sir P. Lely, under the inspection of Mrs. Beale. Nothing is known regarding her husband, but that he had a place under the Board of Green Cloth, which, however, does not seem to have been very lucrative. He was of the ancient family of the Beales of Woodbridge, one of whom, Robert, in 1571, held the post of secretary to Sir T. Walsingham, and died in 1601.

The events of Mrs. Beale's life after her marriage seem to have been very few. She lived in Pall-Mall for many years, the utmost harmony prevailing between herself and her husband, whose chief dependence seems to have been upon the talents of his wife, who was most assiduous in her profession. She was on terms of the greatest intimacy with Bishop Burnet, who presented her with his work on the Reformation, as well as with many other distinguished members of the church, whose friendship she obtained partly by her own merits, and partly through her father, who must have been highly respected: among them were, Dr. Tillotson, Dr. Stillingfleet, Dr. Patrick, Bishop of Chester, &c. That she was much admired in her art by her contemporaries is shewn by the number of persons of consequence whom she painted; and Sir P. Lely, who lent her his own pictures, as well as many by Vandyke, with the greatest liberality much applauded her for the excellence of her copies. The drapery and landscapes of her pictures were filled in by other hands, principally by her son Bartholomew, who, though he long followed the profession, never obtained much excellence. She had another son, named Charles, who was also intended for an artist, but he went into the church.

Mrs. Beale died December 28, 1697, in the 66th year of her age, and was interred under the communion-table in St. James's church. The following character is given of this lady, as a painter, by the Rev. Mr. Pilkington, and it is confirmed by Mr. Fuseli:

"Her colouring was clear and strong, with a great look of nature, and she worked with a good body of colours. She had applied herself to copy some pictures of the Italian masters, by which her taste and her pencil were much improved, and her portraits had a great deal of the Italian air and style."

She is also stated by Oldys to have been a poet, and was called the "masculine poet and painter, the incomparable Mrs. Beale;" but all that remains by her is the version of a few psalms, published by Dr. Woodford. As to her claim to the title of incomparable, it is to be recollected, that in the gallant reign of Charles were many *incomparables:* Mrs. Behn, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Centlivre, &c. all existing nearly at the same time. By her own portrait, Mrs. Beale appears to have had a round plump face, with quick lively eyes, but

a mouth and chin rather coarse, and partaking too much of the character of the age in which she flourished.

H. Walpole states, that Dr. Woodfall addressed several poems to Mrs. Beale, under the name of Belisia. In this statement there are two errors: first, it was Dr. Woodford, and not Dr. Woodfall; and next, he named her Belisa, and not Belisia. One of these pieces, or at least a production in which Mrs. Beale is referred to, is to be found in Nichols's Collection IV. 262, containing the following lines:

"This table, as in colours 'twas exprest,
And which Belisa's curious pencil wrought,
With ivy garlands and with bays I drest,
And to my Muse's sacred temple brought."

## ACCOUNT OF THE MORE POPULAR PASTIMES, ANCIENT AND MODERN, USED IN ENGLAND.

### THE BALL.

The ball has given origin to many popular pastimes, and I have appropriated this chapter to such of them as are, or have been, usually practised in the fields and other open places. The most ancient amusement of this kind is distinguished with us by the name of hand-ball, and is, if Homer may be accredited, coeval at least with the destruction of Troy. Herodotus attributes the invention of the ball to the Lydians; succeeding writers have affirmed, that a female of distinction named Anagalla, a native of Corcyra, was the first who made a ball for the purpose of pastime, which she presented to Nausica, the daughter of Alcinous, king of Phœacia, and at the same time taught her how to use it: this piece of history is partly derived from Homer, who introduces the princess of Corcyra with her maidens amusing themselves at hand-ball:

O'er the green mead the sporting virgins play,
Their shining veils unbound; along the skies,
Tost and retost, the ball incessant flies.

Homer has restricted this pastime to the young maidens of Corcyra, at least he has not mentioned its being practised by the men: in times posterior to the poet, the game of hand-ball was indiscriminately played by both sexes.

It is altogether uncertain at what period the ball was brought into England: the author of a manuscript written in the 14th century, and containing the life of Saint Cuthbert, says of him, that when he was young, "he played at ball with the children that his fellows were." On what authority this information is established, I cannot tell. The venerable Bede, who also wrote the life of that saint, makes no mention of ball-play, but tells us he excelled in jumping, running, wrestling, and such exercises as required great muscular exertion, and among them indeed it is highly probable that of the ball might be included.

The game of hand-ball is called by the French palm-play; because, says a modern author, originally this exercise consisted in receiving the ball, and driving it back again, with the palm of the hand. In former times they played with the naked hand; then with

a glove, which in some instances was lined; afterwards they bound cords and tendons round their hands, to make the ball rebound more forcibly, and hence the racket derived its origin. During the reign of Charles V. palm-play, which may properly enough be denominated hand-tennis, was exceedingly fashionable in France, being played by the nobility for large sums of money; and when they had lost all they had about them, they would sometimes pledge a part of their wearing apparel, rather than give up the pursuit of the game. The Duke of Burgundy, according to an old historian, having lost sixty franks at palm-play with the Duke of Bourbon, William de Lyon, and Guy de Trimouille, and not having money enough to pay them, gave his girdle as a pledge for the remainder; and shortly afterwards he left the same girdle with the Comte D'Eu for eighty franks, which he also lost at tennis. At the time when tennis-play was taken up seriously by the nobility, new regulations were made in the game, and covered courts erected, wherein it might be practised without any interruption from the weather. In the 16th cenutry tennis-courts were common in England, and the establishment of such places countenanced by the monarchs. In the vocabulary of Commenius, we see a rude representation of a tennis-court divided by a line stretched in the middle, and the players standing on either side with their rackets ready to receive and return the ball, which the rules of the game required to be stricken over the line.

We have undoubted authority to prove that Henry VII. was a tennis-player, and his son Henry, who succeeded him, in the early part of his reign was much attached to this diversion; which propensity, as Hall assures us, being perceived by "certain crafty persons about him, they brought in Frenchmen and Lombards to make wagers with him, and so he lost much money; but when he perceived their craft, he eschewed the company, and let them go." He did not, however, give up the amusement; for we find him, according to the same historian, in the 13th year of his reign, playing at tennis with the Emperor Maximilian for his partner, against the Prince of Orange and the Marquis of Brandenburg. "The Earl of Devonshire stopped on the prince's side," says my author, "and the Lord Edmund on the other side, and they departed even hands on both sides after eleven games fully played." Among the additions which Henry made to Whitehall, if Stowe be correct, were divers fair tennis-courts, bowling-alleys, and a cock-pit.

James I. if not himself a tennis-player, speaks of the pastime with commendation, and recommends it to his son as a species of exercise becoming a prince. Charles II. frequently diverted himself with playing at tennis, and had a particular kind of dress made for that purpose.

A French writer, St. Foix, speaks of a damsel named Margot, who resided at Paris, and played at hand-tennis with the palm, and also with the back of her hand, better than any man; and what is most

surprising, adds my author, at that time the game was played with the naked hand, or at least with a double glove.

Hand-ball was formerly a favourite pastime among the young persons of both sexes, and in many parts of the kingdom it was customary for them to play at this game during the Easter holidays for tansy cakes: "but why," says Bourne, "they should prefer hand-ball at this time to any other pastime, or play it particularly for a tansy cake, I have not been able to find out." The learned Selden conceives the institution of this reward to have originated from the Jewish custom of eating bitter herbs at the time of the Passover.

Hand-tennis still continues to be played, though under a different name, and probably a different modification of the game: it is now called fives, which denomination perhaps it might receive from having five competitors on each side, as the succeeding passage seems to indicate: "When Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Elvetham in Hampshire, by the Earl of Hertford, after dinner, about three o'clock, ten of his lordship's servants, all Somersetshiremen, in a square green court before her majesty's window, did hang up lines, squaring out the form of a tennis-court, and making a cross line in the middle: in this square they played five to five with hand-ball, at board and cord, as they term it, to the great liking of her highness."

The balloon or wind-ball resembled the *follis* of the Romans: it was a large ball made of double leather, which being filled with wind, was driven to and fro by the strength of men's arms; and for this purpose every one of the players had a round hollow bracer of wood to cover the hand and lower part of the arm with which he struck the ball. This pastime was usually practised in the open fields, and is much commended for the healthiness of the exercise which it afforded.

Stool-ball is frequently mentioned by the writers of the three last centuries, but without any proper definition of the game. Dr. Johnson tells us, that it is a play where balls are driven from stool to stool, but does not say in what manner, or for what purpose. A pastime called stool-ball is practised to this day in the northern parts of England, which consists in simply setting a stool upon the ground, and one of the players takes his place before it, while his antagonist standing at a distance, tosses a ball with the intention of striking the stool; and this it is the business of the former to prevent, by beating it away with the hand, reckoning one to the game for every stroke of the ball; if, on the contrary, it should be missed by the hand, and touches the stool, the players change places: the conqueror at this game is he who strikes the ball most times before it touches the stool. Again, in other parts of the country, a certain number of stools are set up in a circular form, and at a distance from each other, and every one of them is occupied by a single player: when the ball is struck, which is done as before with the hand, they are every one of them obliged to alter his situation, running in succession from stool to stool, and if

he who threw the ball can regain it in time to strike any one of the players before he reaches the stool to which he is running, he takes his place, and the person touched must throw the ball until he can in like manner return to the circle.

Stool-ball seems to have been a game more properly appropriated to the women than to the men, but occasionally it was played by the young persons of both sexes indiscriminately, as the following lines from a song written by D'Urfey for his play of *Don Quixote* sufficiently indicate:

Down in a vale on a summer's day,
All the lads and lasses met to be merry;
A match for kisses at stool-ball to play,
And for cakes, and ale, and cider, and perry.

*Chorus.*

Come all, great small, short tall, away to stool-ball.

## ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

On St. Patrick's day, no matter in what year, a young high-spirited Irishman, named Fitzgerald, broke away rather abruptly from a gay party of his friends, with whom he was celebrating the day in the Irish fashion. He would perhaps have yielded to the convivial spirit of the company, but he had some business to transact the next morning, which required him to keep his head clear. Fitzgerald was of good family, but of slender property; he had chosen the bar as his profession, but his naturally volatile and impetuous disposition prevented his making the progress which might be expected from his talents.

As he was hurrying towards his chambers, he perceived a crowd assembled round a girl, who, in low but sweet tones, was singing a ballad, illustrative of the long past glories of the Emerald Isle. The subject instantly caught the attention of Fitzgerald; and the sweet plaintive tones in which the eulogium of his native land was warbled, thrilled to his heart. The voice of the itinerant songstress was indeed melody itself; but it trembled either from weakness or timidity, and was so low as to be scarcely audible.

The crowd, less interested in the subject of the ballad than Fitzgerald, dropped away by degrees, without purchasing any of the poor girl's ballads, and in a few minutes he was her only auditor. Her voice had become gradually weaker as she saw her hearers drop off, and when she found herself totally deserted, she ceased singing, and walked hastily forward; while a sigh, that seemed to spring from a bursting heart, spoke her disappointment.

It is not on St. Patrick's night, thought Fitzgerald, that a poor soul, who has just been doing justice to the dear land of the shamroc, shall go supperless to bed; and stepping up to her, he asked for one of her ballads. As she presented it, he gazed at her with a mixture of admiration and surprise; for when he was near enough to peep under the old bonnet which almost concealed her features, he perceived that they were uncommonly lovely, and he fancied that the brilliant carnation of her cheek was the effect of art.

The feelings of our volatile Hi-

bernian were changed in a moment; he beheld a beautiful girl, a willing victim, as he supposed, of vice, and he detained very freely the soft white hand with which she presented him the ballad. "'Tis an unprofitable trade you have taken up, my sweet girl," said he, unmindful of her struggles to release her hand.—"It is at least an honest one," replied she with spirit; and making at the same time a powerful effort, she withdrew from his grasp.—"I do not know that," said Fitzgerald hastily, for he felt piqued at a resistance which he looked upon as a mere finesse: "when a girl so young and pretty as you are, draws the attention of us idle young fellows by the charms of her voice to the still greater charms of her face, she places herself in a situation in which I fancy she can't very long have reason to boast of her honesty."

As he spoke he gazed earnestly upon her, and she raised her full dark eyes to his, with an expression which he knew not how to define; it was a glance of mingled sorrow and anger, while the ashy paleness that overspread her cheek convinced him that his suspicions were in one respect at least unfounded.

Poor girl! thought he, and his heart softened as he surveyed her pallid countenance: she cannot be more than sixteen; she is young indeed in vice; let me not seek to draw her deeper into the gulf. He took some silver from his pocket, and putting it into her hand, he turned away.

He was walking on at a very quick pace, when he heard, "Sir, sir," pronounced hastily in the silver tones of the little ballad-singer. This is always the way, thought he; the devil owes me a grudge, and he is determined that I shant get out of this scrape with a clear conscience. He turned round, extending his hand to the outstretched one of the girl, who was by this time close to him. "You have given me this among the silver," said she, presenting him with a guinea.—"Keep it," said the surprised Fitzgerald, "you deserve it for your honesty."

"Oh! God bless you; it may save her life," cried the ballad-singer in a tone of transport, which warmed the sensitive heart of Fitzgerald. —"Whose life is it, my poor girl," cried he, "that you are so desirous to save?"—"My aunt," replied she, "my only friend: ah! if Heaven should spare her, we will never cease to pray for you."

She turned hastily back, but was instantly followed by Fitzgerald. "I will accompany you to your aunt," said he. "Do not tremble thus," for he perceived that she was frightened; "you have nothing to fear from me. But tell me, what has induced a girl so young and apparently so delicate as you are, to take up such a miserable and degrading occupation?"

"I could not get work, I was ashamed to beg, and my aunt is dying for want. I happened to have some ballads, and I thought if I got even a few pence, it would procure her a little nourishment, for she has tasted nothing all day."

The simple and natural tone in which these words were uttered, convinced Fitzgerald of their truth. He drew the arm of the little ballad-singer under his; a sentiment

of the tenderest compassion filled his heart towards her, and as they hastened to her sick relative, he determined to place her beyond the reach of dangers similar to those she had that night encountered.

They soon reached the poor girl's habitation; it was in a little mean court, and bore every mark of being the abode of penury. A woman who was in bed feebly articulated, "Ellen, where have you been, my child?"—"To try to get you something, my dear aunt," replied Ellen; "and this good gentleman has given me money, and is come to see you."

At these words, the invalid tried to raise herself a little, and turned her dim eyes upon Fitzgerald with a look of alarm, which he interpreted rightly. "You have no cause to fear," said he, in a kind tone; "you see a friend and a countryman: 'tis humanity alone that brings me here."

"God bless you, if it be so!" said the poor creature: "but you are very young;" and her eyes were turned upon Ellen with a look of extreme anxiety.

"You may go, my good girl, and get what is necessary for your aunt; I will stay with her till your return," said Fitzgerald to Ellen. She thanked him only by a look of gratitude, and left the room.

"Dismiss your fears, my good woman," cried Fitzgerald, as soon as he was alone with the invalid: "whatever my faults may be, I am not such a rascal as to take advantage of a poor girl in distress. Make your mind easy therefore about Ellen: tell me the particulars of your situation, and whatever assistance I can give you, I will."

"May God bless you!" cried the poor sufferer fervently. "If I die, then you will be a friend to my poor child. Ah! if I had but reached England before her father sailed for India, she would not now want a friend."

"She has then a father living?"

The reply to this question was a story, which, as it was rather prolix, we will relate in our own way. Mrs. M'Dermot, the aunt of Ellen, was the daughter of a peasant; she had a sister considerably younger than herself, and who, when a child, promised to be remarkably handsome. A baronet of the name of O'Brien resided in the neighbourhood; his lady had two sons, but no daughters. Being of a benevolent turn, she frequently visited the cottages of the peasantry; and at length took such a fancy to the little Ellen Rourke, that she determined to educate and provide for her. At five years old, Ellen removed to O'Brien castle: she received but few advantages of education, for Lady O'Brien's views extended no farther than to either retain her as a dependent, or to marry her to a little farmer. These plans were, however, rendered abortive by a circumstance which might have been foreseen by people less haughty than Lady O'Brien and her husband: their second son and Ellen became mutually attached; and on his being obliged to go to India, where an advantageous appointment was procured for him, he prevailed on Ellen to become his by a private marriage before his departure. He had not long quitted

Ireland, when the situation of Ellen rendered a discovery unavoidable. The indignation and rage of the O'Briens were beyond bounds; they turned the hapless girl, in the most ignominious manner, from their door, and vowed that the marriage should be set aside. The parents of Ellen were dead, but she found a temporary shelter with her sister, who was married to a schoolmaster. She did not, however, long burthen their hospitality; her heart was broken by the cruel treatment of her once kind protectors, and she died in giving birth to a daughter. Even her death could not, in the eyes of the haughty O'Briens, atone for her crime; they refused to see or to acknowledge the child; but the M'Dermots, humble as their own circumstances were, brought her up with a tenderness which their scanty means could ill afford. They wrote to India, but never received an answer: however, they still cherished the hope that O'Brien would one day return to own and to protect his child, who became the more endeared to them as they successively lost three of their own.

The death of M'Dermot, when Ellen was about fifteen, was the first serious sorrow she had ever known: it was followed by severe pecuniary distress, in the midst of which Mrs. M'Dermot heard by accident, that Mr. O'Brien had arrived in England from India. The poor woman now thought that all her long-cherished hopes were on the point of being realized, and she hastened to present Ellen to her father: but disappointment again awaited her; O'Brien had set out for Italy before she reached London, and as he meant to make a circuitous journey, she was not certain where a letter would find him. This disappointment preyed very heavily upon the poor woman's spirits; she soon became alarmingly ill, and the expenses of sickness speedily swallowed up the little money that was left after her journey: her slender stock of clothes, and that of Ellen, soon followed, and they were reduced to the last extremity, when chance, or rather Providence, conducted Fitzgerald to their relief.

The certificate of her sister's marriage, which Mrs. M'Dermot presented to Fitzgerald, proved the truth of what she had told him. He hastened to procure for her medical advice, and every other comfort which her situation rendered necessary; and as the chief causes of her disorder were uneasiness of mind and want of nourishment, he had the satisfaction, in a few days, to hear her pronounced out of danger.

Fitzgerald persuaded himself that common humanity required he should regularly inquire after the health of his sick *protégée;* by this means he saw Ellen every day, and when her timidity was a little worn off, he found the artless *naïveté* of her manners as captivating as her beauty. She was indeed simple and uninformed, but she evidently possessed an excellent understanding, and talents that only wanted cultivation to be admired for their brilliancy; and perhaps among her attractions, the one which was not the least dangerous to the peace of Fitzgerald, was the enthusiastic gratitude with which she evidently looked up to him.

O'Brien no sooner received the letter of Mrs. M'Dermot, than he hastened back to England, to claim a child of whose existence his family had kept him in complete ignorance; for they had assured him, that when his wife died in childbirth, her infant perished with her. O'Brien needed no other voucher for his daughter's claims than her perfect resemblance to her mother; he was never tired of caressing and gazing on her, and in proportion to his joy in his newly discovered treasure, was his gratitude to him who had been the preserver of it.

How to reward Fitzgerald was his first consideration, and he soon saw it would not be difficult to find what the young barrister would deem a very adequate recompence for the service he had rendered him. Honour indeed sealed his lips, for he was well aware, that, with his slender pittance, he was no match for the daughter of O'Brien, whose fortune, which was in reality handsome, common fame had as usual greatly magnified; but though he kept his tongue in order, he had not an equal command over his eyes, and O'Brien soon read in his passionate glances that his heart was devoted to Ellen; who, too artless to disguise her feelings, betrayed in a thousand ways the excess of her affection for him.

Fitzgerald resolved to fly from her society, but he always found some cogent reason for deferring this prudent measure. As it was, he saw her daily, indeed almost hourly, for O'Brien was never easy without him. One day as they were sitting together after dinner, the latter abruptly said, "I shall want you, my dear counsellor, to draw up Ellen's marriage settlement one of these days; at least I hope so."

Fitzgerald spilled half the glass of wine which he was carrying to his lips, and setting down the remainder untasted, he complained of a sudden pain in his head, and asked, in a voice very indicative that he felt pain somewhere or other, when the nuptials were to take place.

"Why as yet I can't say, for at present the business is only half settled. I am indeed certain of Ellen's consent——"

"Of her consent!" interrupted Fitzgerald.

"Oh! yes: I see that the poor girl is passionately attached to the man I have in view; but whether he likes her, I am not so certain."

"Has he ever seen her?"

"Often."

"Then there can be no doubt of his sentiments," cried Fitzgerald, with a sigh which was almost a groan.

"I don't know that: he has had every opportunity to declare himself, and I am inclined to think he is attached to her; but yet he has never given me cause to suppose he means to propose for her."

"Can there be any reason for his conduct?"

"No good one certainly."

"Then he must be a heartless blockhead, and utterly unworthy of her."

"Take care, my dear fellow, how you abuse a man whom I am

convinced you have a great regard for."

"I, I have a regard for the intended husband of Ellen——"

"Yes, you; for that intended husband is yourself."

Poor Fitzgerald could not speak his feelings, but joy has a language independent of words: his half-articulated thanks, the eager pressure of his hand, and the tears of rapture which started into his eyes, were more gratifying to O'Brien than the most florid acknowledgments. They soon joined Ellen at the tea-table, and shortly afterwards O'Brien drew away her aunt, and left the young barrister to plead his own cause. The blushing silence of Ellen told him all that he wanted to know, and in less than a month he was her happy husband.

Surrounded by earthly felicity, Mrs. Fitzgerald remembers with humble gratitude the trials of her youth; never does the child of misfortune solicit relief from her in vain; but there is one day in the year which she devotes exclusively to the relief of the necessitous: it is that in which she herself was rescued from misery and want. Plainly dressed, and accompanied by her husband, she explores on St. Patrick's day the retreats of poverty and sorrow; and while Fitzgerald beholds her the ministering angel of the unfortunate, he blesses the hour in which he was made the instrument of her preservation.

## THE HANDSOME AND DEFORMED LEG.

THERE are two sorts of people in the world who, with equal degrees of health and wealth, and the other comforts of life, become, the one happy, and the other miserable. This arises very much from the different views in which they consider things, persons, and events, and the effect of those different views upon their own minds.

In whatever situation men can be placed, they may find conveniences and inconveniences: in whatever company, they may find persons and conversation more or less pleasing: at whatever table, they may meet with meats and drinks of better and worse taste, dishes better and worse dressed: in whatever climate, they will find good and bad weather: under whatever government, they may find good and bad laws: in whatever poem or work of genius, they may see faults and beauties: in almost every face and every person, they may discover fine features and defects, good and bad qualities.

Under these circumstances, the two sorts of people above-mentioned fix their attention, those who are disposed to be happy on the conveniences of things, the pleasant parts of conversation, the well-dressed dishes, the goodness of the wines, the fine weather, &c. and enjoy all with cheerfulness. Those who are to be unhappy, think and speak only of the contraries. Hence they are continually discontented themselves, and by their remarks sour the pleasures of society, offend personally many people, and make themselves every where disagreeable. If this turn of mind were founded in nature, such un-

happy persons would be the more to be pitied. But as the disposition to criticise and to be disgusted is perhaps taken up originally by imitation, and is unawares grown into a habit, which, though at present strong, may nevertheless be cured, when those who have it are convinced of its bad effects on their felicity; I hope this little admonition may be of service to them, and put them on changing a habit, which, though in the exercise it is chiefly an art of imagination, yet has serious consequences in life, as it brings on real griefs and misfortunes. For as many are offended by, and nobody loves this sort of people, no one shews them more than the most common civility and respect, and scarcely that; and this frequently puts them out of humour, and draws them into disputes and contentions. If they aim at obtaining some advantage in rank or fortune, nobody wishes them success, or will stir a step or speak a word to favour their pretensions. If they incur public censure or disgrace, no one will defend or excuse, and many join to aggravate their misconduct, and render them completely odious. If these people will not change this bad habit, and condescend to be pleased with what is pleasing, without fretting themselves and others about the contraries, it is good for others to avoid an acquaintance with them; which is always disagreeable, and sometimes very inconvenient, especially when one finds oneself entangled in their quarrels.

An old philosophical friend of mine was grown from experience very cautious in this particular, and carefully avoided any intimacy with such people. He had, like other philosophers, a thermometer to shew him the heat of the weather, and a barometer to mark when it was likely to prove good or bad; but there being no instrument invented to discover at first sight this unpleasing disposition in a person, he for that purpose made use of his legs; one of which was remarkably handsome, the other by some accident crooked and deformed. If a stranger at the first interview regarded his ugly leg more than his handsome one, he doubted him. If he spoke of it, and took no notice of the handsome leg, that was sufficient to determine my philosopher to have no further acquaintance with him. Every body has not this two-legged instrument; but every one, with a little attention, may observe signs of that creeping fault-finding disposition, and take the same resolution of avoiding the acquaintance of those infected with it. I therefore advise those critical, querulous, discontented, unhappy people, that if they wish to be respected, beloved by others, and happy in themselves, they should *leave off looking at the ugly leg.*

B. FRANKLIN.

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## HENTZNER'S TRAVELS IN ENGLAND.

*Mr.* EDITOR,

I SEND you a quotation from a very curious and entertaining work, the Travels of a German, of the name of Paul Hentzner, in England, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He was in London in 1587, and on his return, wrote his

observations on the customs, manners, &c. of the people: they were published originally, I believe, in 1627, afterwards reprinted by H. Walpole at Strawberry Hill, in 1757, and more recently at Reading, in 1807. The work itself is in Latin, the language of the learned of that day: the following translation, relating to Queen Elizabeth and her court at Greenwich, with other matters of interest, will be found entertaining, as affording an accurate and authentic representation of the habits of an age, that can never be looked back to without pleasure and profit. I am yours, &c. ANTIQUARIUS.

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"We arrived next at the royal palace of Greenwich, reported to have been originally built by Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, and to have received very magnificent additions from Henry VIII. It was here Elizabeth, the present queen, was born, and here she generally resides, particularly in summer, for the delightfulness of the situation. We were admitted, by an order Mr. Rogers had procured from the lord chamberlain, into the presence-chamber, hung with rich tapestry, and the floor, after the English fashion, strewed with hay*, through which the queen commonly passes in her way to the chapel. At the door stood a gentleman dressed in velvet, with a gold chain, whose office was to introduce to the queen any person of distinction that came to wait on her: it was Sunday, when there is usually the greatest attendance of nobility. In the same hall were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, a great many counsellors of state, officers of the crown, and gentlemen, who waited the queen's coming out, which she did, from her own apartment, when it was time to go to prayers, attended in the following manner:

"First went gentlemen, barons, earls, knights of the Garter, all richly dressed and bareheaded; next came the chancellor, bearing the seals in a silk purse, between two, one of whom carried the royal sceptre, the other the sword of state, in a red scabbard studded with golden *fleurs-de-lis*, the point upwards: next came the queen, in the fifty-sixth year of her age (as we were told), very majestic; her face oblong, fair but wrinkled; her eyes small, yet black and pleasant; her nose a little hooked, her lips narrow, and her teeth black (a defect the English seem subject to from their too great use of sugar); she had in her ears two very rich pearls with drops; she wore false hair, and that red; upon her head she had a small crown, reported to have been made of some of the gold of the celebrated Lunebourg table; her bosom was uncovered, as all the English ladies have it till they marry; and she had on a necklace of exceeding fine jewels: her hands were small, her fingers long, and her stature neither tall nor low; her air was stately, her manner of speaking mild and obliging. That day she was dressed in white silk, bordered with pearls of the size of beans, and over it a mantle of black silk shot with silver threads; her train was very long, the end of it borne by a marchioness; instead of a chain she had an oblong

* Probably rushes.

collar of gold and jewels. As she went along in all this state and magnificence, she spoke very graciously, first to one, then to another (whether foreign ministers, or those who attended for different reasons), in English, French, and Italian; for besides being well skilled in Greek and Latin, and the languages I have mentioned, she is mistress of Spanish, Scotch, and Dutch. Whoever speaks to her, it is kneeling; now and then she raises some with her hand. While we were there, William Slawator, a Bohemian baron, had letters to present her, and she, after pulling off her glove, gave him her right hand to kiss, sparkling with rings and jewels; a mark of peculiar favour. Wherever she turned her face as she was going along, every body fell down on their knees. The ladies of the court followed next to her, very handsome and well shaped, and for the most part dressed in white. She was guarded on each side by the gentlemen pensioners, fifty in number, with gilt battle-axes. In the anti-chamber next the hall, where we were, petitions were presented to her, and she received them most graciously, which occasioned the exclamation of 'God save the Queen Elizabeth!' She answered it with —'I thank you, my good people.' In the chapel was excellent music; as soon as it and the service were over, which scarce exceeded half an hour, the queen returned in the same state and order, and prepared to go to dinner.

"A gentleman entered the room bearing a rod, and along with him another, bearing a table-cloth, which, after they had both kneeled with the utmost veneration, he spread upon a table, and after kneeling, again they both retired: then came two others, one with the rod again, the other with a salt-seller, a plate, and bread; when they had kneeled as the others had done, and placed what was brought upon the table, they too retired with the same ceremonies performed by the first: at last came an unmarried lady (we were told she was a countess), and along with her a married one, bearing a toasting-knife: the former was dressed in white silk, who, when she had prostrated herself three times in the most graceful manner, approached the table, and rubbed the table with bread and salt, with as much awe as if the queen had been present. When they had waited there a little while, the yeomen of the guard entered, bare-headed, clothed in scarlet, with a golden rose upon their backs, bringing in at each turn a course of dishes, served in plate, most of it gilt; these dishes were received by a gentleman in the same order as they were brought, and placed upon the table, while the lady-taster gave to each guard a mouthful to eat of the particular dish he had brought, for fear of any poison. During the time that this guard (which consists of the tallest and stoutest men that can be found in all England, being carefully selected for this service,) were bringing dinner, twelve trumpets and two kettle-drums made the hall ring for half an hour together. At the end of all this ceremonial, a number of unmaried ladies appeared, who with particular solemnity lifted the meat from the table, and conveyed it to the

queen's inner chamber, where, after she had chosen for herself, the rest goes to the ladies of the court.

"The queen dines and sups alone, with very few attendants, and it is very seldom that any body, foreigner or native, is admitted at that time, and then only at the intercession of somebody in power."

## NEW AFRICAN COLONY.

Among the private letters received in this country from persons who have been induced to join in the plan for founding a new colony on the east coast of South Africa, there are many which paint the present situation and future prospects of the settlers in the most gloomy colours; while others represent the country and climate as all that could be desired. The following letter, written in August last, by an intelligent female, who, with her husband and brother, has gone through the fatigues and hardships of a removal from England, tends, in our opinion, to prove, that extreme disappointment, wherever it has been experienced, is attributable to the wrong views, feelings, and calculations of the persons so affected. It is addressed to one of her sisters; and it is evident that the writer is well pleased with her situation, since she is anxious for them to join her.

*My dear* Maria,

Having given you an account of our proceedings from Gravesend on our leaving England, and on our arrival at the Cape, I shall now continue the narrative up to the present time, not doubting that you are all most anxious to learn how we fare. We are all well under an African sky; indeed we have enjoyed better health here than in England: the only alloy to our happiness consists in being so far from you and the rest of our dear friends. I scarcely can, nay will not, believe that such a world of waters parts us.

On our arrival at Algoa Bay, now Port Elizabeth, we were obliged to remain a fortnight on board previously to landing, so that altogether we were five weeks at Port Elizabeth, two on board, and three on shore. The latter part of the time we were very pleasantly situated, owing to the attention shewn us by the governor and officers of the garrison there, where we met Major Pigot and his family. The landing is not so dangerous as represented, though the surf runs rather high; boats, called surf-boats, are so stationed as to watch the opportunity, and they are all at once pulled on shore without any unpleasant circumstances.—Conceive my delight on setting foot once more on shore, after being confined on board for five months! The captain remarked, that it was the finest voyage he had ever made: even in my own opinion the voyage was nothing, though to be sure the Bay of Biscay was extremely rough, and we were so dreadfully tossed about there, that I had fairly made up my mind to be food for fishes.

During our stay at the port, we were at two balls, one given by the captain of the Maria frigate, an officer who cannot but be admired for the goodness of his heart. The governor, by the bye, has made him a grant of a fine valley, four miles in extent, which has induced him to return to England to fetch his family, for the purpose of settling on his new domain, to the high gratification of all in the vicinity. For our parts, we deeply regretted his leaving the bay. The other ball was given by the officers of the garrison; Major Pigot, his lady and daughters were present —they were all kindness and condescension; — in fact, we never passed more agreeable evenings, and had every reason to be gratified with the general attention shewn us.

Our location is one hundred miles from the bay, twenty from Graham's-Town, and seven from Bathurst-Town, or intended town; the situation of which is near the sea, and one of the most delightful I ever saw. It is a place of all others I could wish you all to reside at. The site of the town is divided into *erfs;* each contains two acres. The purchaser of a single *erf* must lay out in the building of a house 150*l.* sterling, which is amply sufficient, as abundance of stone and timber are upon the spot, free of expense. The house being finished within a given time, a grant of twenty acres in the rear of the lot is added to it. But to be in order, I must return to our journey, which took us eight days. Three waggons, to each were twelve oxen, driven by Hottentots, were allowed us, to which Captain Evert was so kind as to add a fourth: for his attentions in general we have reason to be particularly grateful. This fourth served my husband and me for an apartment, and very comfortable we found it, though the vehicle was narrow and made without nails, and bound together with thongs, which are continually giving way. I must confess, that if it were screwed together, the roads would try it, for the hills beggar all description—one of them took us a whole day to ascend. Though it was the winter season, being July, just as January is with you, the scenery was beautiful, some of the plains being covered with flowers. We had to pass through one dreadfully gloomy glen; the road so bad, that the whole party were obliged to trust to their legs: several waggons broke down, but ours, which were foremost with our people, experienced no accident; while W. and your brother were escorting me, all anticipation, keeping a sharp look-out for elephants; but we had not the pleasure of seeing any, though a Dutchman informed us that the place was frequented by numbers of those animals, and they had lately been seen there. We rested for the night at the foot of the glen, and nothing disturbed our sleep; and we have not yet seen a wild beast of any kind. The fact is, that the roads have lately been so much traversed, that those beasts have retired farther into the country, as they invariably do on such occasions.

During the journey, we commenced a course of trucking, as more may be done in that way for procuring necessaries than by

purchase. My first bargain was with a Dutchwoman for some beautiful fowls, for which she fancied a brooch, but would not take money. Any articles of cutlery may be turned to good account in this way. In going out of curiosity into a Hottentot *kraal* we saw a matting, which I thought would be very convenient for the feet. I gave the mistress of the *kraal* to understand by signs, that I wished to purchase—she also would not take money, but wanted something fine for the head. I must inform you that she was fresh from her toilet, and had been fairly washing herself with soot and grease. Picture to yourself what she looked like! I was completely astonished at her appearance, and puzzled what to give her: but on her admiring a pink silk-handkerchief that was round my head, I presented it to her, and she was delighted with it.

Our place of location is much to be admired: it is in a beautiful valley. We have as yet no house, though W. and Ben, with their people, have commenced felling timber: so that for the present we occupy three spacious tents—one for your brother, and part of the things—the second for the men, and the rest of the stores—the other for W. and myself, which I call mine; it is my parlour, in fact my every thing. I keep it in the best possible order for the reception of visitors, which frequently occurs.

Three days since, a Dutchman and his wife, with their waggons and cattle, from Graaf Reynet, called on us. The same sort of trucking or traffic took place. Wishing to purchase sheep, we looked out eighteen, for which they fancied a gold chain. The bargain was struck without regret, for those trinkets may here be considered as perfectly useless. The good folks stopped to tea, and urged us to visit them at Graaf Reynet. We told them when we had a waggon we would comply with their invitation. It is a fine thing to be a Dutch lady—she rides in her waggon, which I wish you to understand is a *carriage* to us Africans in every sense of the word, and an expensive one too, for it costs here 80*l.* She has two Hottentots to wait on her; and they will be here again on their way from the Cape, whither they are travelling, and bring with them all sorts of things. English servants are to be procured; but a maid-servant thinks nothing of asking 18*l.* or 20*l.* per annum. I brought one up from the bay, but was very soon glad to get rid of her, as one mistress in a tent is quite sufficient: in fact, for impertinence I never met with her equal. We have now a female Hottentot: though hideously ugly, they are decent in their attire, and extremely good tempered; and with a little trouble I shall make her a good servant: beauty of conduct will make amends for defects of person, though they look droll at first. Here is an odd creature running about among the settlers — an old Caffre woman, of the blood royal, being sister to the queen. She cannot be got rid of, and what to me appears most horrid is, that the moment a sheep is killed, she is sure to be at hand, and falls upon her knees to suck up the blood, and devour the of-

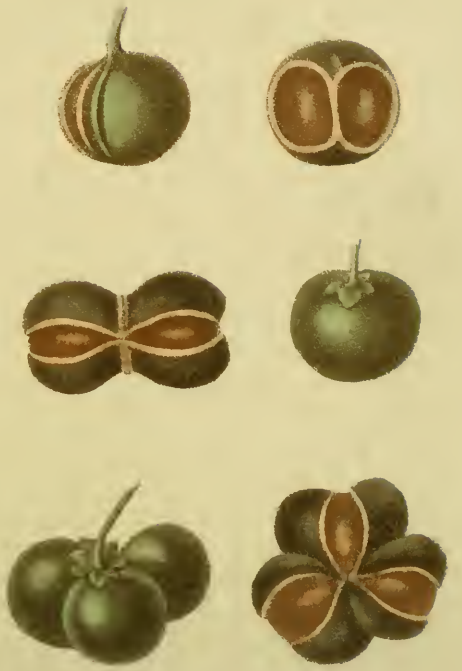
fal. They are reported to be in general a most filthy set. Heaven preserve me from Caffres!

I shall soon, dear Maria, be useful to W.: by the time he is a farmer, I hope to know all that is useful, or that a farmer's wife should know. I can already make our bread and milk a goat: a good step for me, you will say. I am not a little pleased with my oven, made by digging in the earth, a performance of Ben's, and very clever. My fowls are multiplying rapidly—tell my dear sisters it was a bargain that *they* should take care of the poultry: dear girls, I wish they were here, for every thing abounds to render life comfortable—a fine country, and the climate delightful. In regard to live stock, we conceive ourselves large farmers, though as yet we have nothing—not more than twenty sheep, a cow, a calf, a goat, and fowls. We have often laughed in England at the idea of making little carts for the sheep to carry their tails upon—the largest I have seen weighs about five pounds: the sheep are as fine as any I have seen in England. A fine bullock here sells for 3*l.*, a cow and calf for less than 2*l.*, a sheep 6*s.*, a goat 5*s.*; fowls rather scarce. Owing to the negligence of the Dutch farmers, and the increase of settlers, corn fetches a high price, and will do so for some time.

It was the 26th of July that we took possession of our grant, and being late in the season, we lost no time in forming the garden, planting fruit-trees, including lemon, with a considerable quantity of vines, with various seeds, not forgetting coffee, for trial; tobacco, &c. Our peas were above the ground in eight days. Our garden-ground is surrounded by water on three sides, and can be overflowed in any part at pleasure. We have made it of a size sufficient to supply ourselves with seeds and vegetables throughout the year.

We have now been in tents three months, and very comfortable I assure you, though the sun penetrates the canvas. For furniture, the poor Pembroke table is in pieces, and all the chairs but two. The couch is sound, and a luxury. We have been very unfortunate in respect to our things: we lost many of them in landing, as several cases were carried off, which we very much feel the want of.

In fact I am full of wants to make up our loss in part—a still, four wheels and an axle-tree for a waggon, ploughs, &c. glass for windows, nine by six, white paint, oil and turpentine, a piece of common muslin to make a few white dresses—morning-wrappers are too good for this climate, which extracts the colour—ginghams are worn here—some jaconot muslin, book muslin, two yards of green sarsnet, and materials for a bonnet, as nothing of the sort can be had here—some fustian to make your brother's dresses—gloves, tooth-brushes—some more medicine for our chest—salts in particular, which here are a shilling per ounce—some shoes for all, particularly strong common shoes for the men—some double soles for myself, with a pair of Denmark satin. Should you come out, bring plenty of furniture well packed,



THE TEA PLANT.

ironmongery, crockery, Sheffield ware, cutlery, and seeds of all sorts.

Ben goes to Graham's-Town in a few days, and takes this with a few others. Every letter here pays three shillings. Send all news and all newspapers, old and new.

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## PLATE 8.—THE TEA-PLANT.

THOUGH tea is an article in such constant use, and of such universal consumption in the British islands, yet we may venture to assert, without fear of contradiction, that there are very few persons who know any thing of the appearance and nature of the plant from which it is obtained, or the processes by which it is reduced to the state in which we receive it. For the information of our readers, we purpose to introduce a series of papers on this subject into our succeeding Numbers, illustrated with engravings; which are at the same time highly characteristic of the manners of the Chinese, who have hitherto found means to keep in their exclusive possession the valuable traffic in this commodity. The first of these plates accompanies our present Number, and represents the leaf, flower, and berry of the tea-tree.

The history of the first discovery of the properties and use of tea is veiled by the obscurity of fable. The account related and believed by the Chinese, is as follows:

Darma, third son of Kasiuwo, an Indian king, was a religious saint, and a kind of pope in the East Indies. He was the twenty-eighth successor to the holy chair of Siaka, the founder of Oriental paganism, who was himself an Indian and a black, born 1208 years before the commencement of the Christian era. This Darma came to China in the year of Christ 519, with the intention of communicating the knowledge of God to the inhabitants of that populous empire, and to preach to them his gospel and religion as the only true one that could lead to salvation. It was not by precept only that he strove to render himself useful to man and acceptable to God; to insure the divine favour, he led a most austere and exemplary life, exposing himself to all the inclemencies of the air, mortifying his body, and keeping in subjection all the passions of his soul. He lived upon herbs alone, and deemed it the highest degree of sanctity to pass day and night in the constant contemplation of the Divine Being. To deny his body every kind of rest and indulgence, to devote his mind wholly and uninterruptedly to God, was, in his opinion, the most perfect penitence, and the most eminent degree of perfection which human nature can attain. After incessant vigils for several years, he was at length so overcome with fatigue and fasting, that he was one night surprised by sleep. On awaking in the morning, and recollecting that he had broken his vow, he determined to impose a signal penance upon himself, and with a view to prevent the recurrence of a similar accident, he cut off his eyelids, as the instruments and ministers of his crime, and threw them upon the

ground. When he returned the following day to the place where he had inflicted this punishment, he observed that, by a wonderful metamorphosis, each of his eyelids was transformed into a shrub of the species now called *tea*, the virtues and use of which, as well as the plant, were then unknown to the world. Darma having taken an infusion of this plant, found that his spirits were cheered in an extraordinary manner, and that his mind was endowed with fresh vigour to prosecute his divine meditations. Darma acquainted his numerous disciples with so remarkable an event, with the excellent qualities of the leaves of the tea-plant, and the method of using them. Such is the manner, says Kämpfer, in which the Japanese assert that this plant first came into use. Hence also, as it has yet no fixed character in the language of the learned, some of them have thought fit to call it Darma's eyelids. This wonderful personage is represented with a reed under his feet, on which he is said to have travelled and crossed seas and rivers. He is held in great veneration among the pagan nations of these eastern parts of the world.

*Theh*, in the province of Fo-kien, and *tcha*, in the other provinces of China, is the name of the dry leaf of the shrub which we call *tea*.

Tea is a bushy, evergreen shrub, which grows to the height of five or six feet. The leaves are alternate, hard, oval, elongated, or elliptical, whole near the base, but elsewhere dentated round the edge, and attached to short semi-cylindrical foot-stalks. The buds are sharp, and accompanied by a sheath, which drops off when they break forth. —The flowers grow either singly, or more rarely two and two, between the leaves, on short and rather thick stalks. The calix is small, and has five obtuse divisions. The corolla has most commonly six white petals, rounded and open: the two outer are smaller and more unequal. The stamina, upwards of two hundred in number, are shorter than the corolla, and attached under the ovary. Each anther has two divisions. The ovary, which is of a triangular figure, and surmounted by a style divided into three filiform stigmata, becomes a capsule, with three round receptacles united together at the base, and opening longitudinally on one side only.

The berries are spherical, angular out of the husk, covered with a thin shining skin, rather hard, and of a chesnut colour. The kernel is oily, of a bitter, disagreeable taste, which excites the salival glands, and sometimes even occasions nausea.

The less scientific description of Le Comte will probably be more satisfactory to the generality of readers. "Tea," says he, "grows in the valleys, and at the foot of the mountains. The best is the produce of a stony soil. That which is planted in light soils is reckoned next in quality; and the least esteemed is that which comes from yellow soils. But let it be cultivated where it will, it ought to have a southern exposure; in which case it is more vigorous, and comes into bearing three years after it is planted. The root of the shrub resembles that of the peach-tree, and its flowers are like the wild white rose. On

entering the province of Fo-Kien, the tea-tree was pointed out to me, for the first time, on the slope of a little hill; it was only five or six feet high. Several branches, each about an inch thick, shooting up together, and spreading at top into many little twigs, formed a crown, resembling that of the myrtle in Europe. The trunk, though apparently dry, nevertheless bore very green branches and foliage. The leaves were elongated at the ends, rather narrow, nearly an inch and a half long, and dentated all round. The oldest had a white appearance on the outside; they were hard, brittle, and bitter. The fresh ones, on the contrary, were soft, pliant, reddish, striped, transparent, and very sweet to the taste, especially after they had been chewed some time. As it was then the month of September, I found three sorts of berries. On the fresh branches were small soft peas of a green colour, and containing small yellow seeds within. On other branches they were of the size of beans, but differing from them in shape: some, which were round, contained one seed; others were elongated, and contained two; and others again, of a triangular figure, had three. The first skin in which this fruit or rather seed is enveloped, is green, very thick, but not smooth. The second is white and thinner; and under this, a third pellicle, of great delicacy, covers a kind of perfectly round kernel, which is attached to the husk by a small fibre, through which it derives its nourishment. This kernel, when fresh, is not bitter; but a day or two after it has been gathered, it becomes dry and elongated, turns yellow, and appears shrivelled like an old nut: it likewise becomes oily and bitter. The third kind of fruit which I found upon these trees was old and hard; the husk, black and split open; under it was seen another very hard brittle skin, exactly resembling that of a chesnut. On breaking the latter, I found scarcely any vestige of kernel, so much was it shrunk and dried up. In some, it was transformed to powder; and in others, there was a very small nut, perfectly dry, and half covered with its first pellicle. Among these kernels, there are many that have no germen, and are called female fruit. Such as have a germen are fit for seed, and produce trees; but the Chinese in general rear them from cuttings. To make myself thoroughly acquainted with the nature of this tree, I had the curiosity to taste the bark of the trunk and branches: I likewise chewed some of the wood and fibres. Neither seemed to me to be at all bitter, and at last they left upon the tongue a very agreeable, but very faint taste of liquorice."

According to Dr. Lettsom, *green* and *bohea* tea are two varieties, occasioned by the influence of soil and climate. The difference which characterizes them must be ascribed to the method of preparing and drying them. Kämpfer, Thunberg, and Desfontaines admit but one species of tea, which, like all other cultivated plants, has produced several varieties. The engraving will give the reader an accurate idea of the leaves, flowers, fruit or seed, of the tea-plant.

M. de Guignes, in his excellent work on China, has given an en-

graving and description of the *tcha-tchou*, which must not be mistaken for a species of tea, though its petals, as well as the whole flowers of the jessamine of Arabia, are sometimes put into chests of tea, for the purpose of heightening its smell. The *tcha-tchou* is very common in China, and very easily cultivated, since it grows upon soils where no other vegetable will thrive, and its nut yields an excellent oil, which never turns rancid. Its Chinese name, which signifies *flower of tea*, and its extensive cultivation, frequently cause strangers to mistake it for tea.

## THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. LXII.

Quum loca jam recitata revolvimus irrevocati.
Hor. Ep. i. l. 2. v. 223.

When we, unask'd, some fav'rite lines repeat.

TO THE FEMALE TATTLER.

*Madam,*

The pleasure which I have received from your lucubrations in general, and the peculiar utility which I have derived from your latter Numbers, as the mother of two female children, by fixing on their memories, and consequently on their minds, those clear definitions of their duties which you have afforded, has induced me to offer to your consideration the beautiful and comprehensive lesson which I now present to your attention. It strikes me as forming an admirable conclusion to that proverbial system of instruction to which all your readers may be, and to which those of our own sex must be, so greatly indebted. I need not inform you, that it is the character of the mistress of a family which is so fully represented in the Book of Proverbs. Considering it merely as a human composition, it appears to me unparalleled for the just appropriation of its particular objects, the beauty of its thoughts, the elegance of its phraseology, and the compact comprehension of its injunctions. It is as follows:

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.

"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil.

"She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.

"She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.

"She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar.

"She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens.

"She considereth a field, and buyeth it: with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.

"She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms.

"She perceiveth that her merchandise is good: her candle goeth not out by night.

"She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.

"She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

"She is not afraid of the snow for her household: for all her household are clothed with scarlet.

"She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple.

"Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land.

"She maketh fine linen, and selleth it; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant.

"Strength and honour are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come.

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

"She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

"Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

"Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.

"Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

"Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates."

Such is the character of the good mother and the good wife, in short, of the good woman, as drawn by the wisest of men. And though, from the difference of countries, customs, and periods, the particular features are not literally applicable to the women of our own age and time, the principles on which they are formed being those of invariable virtue, may serve as intelligent rules of conduct, and examples for imitation in every shape and composition of civilized life. I am, madam, your well-wisher and admirer,

——— A. C.

I have received from an ingenious correspondent a few detached thoughts on those two leading springs of human conduct, *hope* and *fear*; and from the manner in which they are represented, I shall have no hesitation in offering them to the attention of my readers; though the former will be the immediate subject of my present consideration.

The pains and pleasures of our existence do not lie so close together as to keep the soul in constant action, and supply an immediate exercise to its faculties. In order, therefore, to remedy this defect, and that the mind may not remain in a state of inaction, but always have materials for thinking, she is endowed with certain powers, which can recall what is passed, and anticipate what is to come.

That wonderful faculty, the memory, is perpetually looking back, when we have nothing present to entertain us. Thus, as it relieves the mind in its vacant moments, and prevents any chasms of thought by ideas of what is past, we have other faculties that agitate and employ it upon what is to come. These are the passions of *hope* and *fear*.

By these we stretch forward into futurity, and bring up to our present thoughts objects that lie hid in the remotest depths of time. We suffer misery, and enjoy happiness, before they are in being; we can set the sun and stars forwards, or lose sight of them, by wandering into those retired parts of eternity when the heavens and earth shall be no more.

Who can suppose that the existence of a creature is circumscribed by time, whose thoughts are not? Our actual enjoyments are so few and transient, that man would be a miserable being were he not endowed with this passion, which gives him a taste of those things that may probably come into his possession. "We should hope for every thing that is good," says an ancient poet; "and there is nothing good which the gods are not able to give us." Hope quickens all the still parts of life, and keeps the mind awake in her most remiss and indolent hours. It gives serenity and good humour, and produces a kind of vital heat in the soul, that cheers and gladdens it. It in fact makes pain easy and labour pleasant.

This passion also has another advantage, and none of the least, which is this: that it prevents us from setting too high a value on present enjoyments. The saying of Cæsar is well known, who, when he had given away all his fortune in gratuities among his friends, and was asked what he had left for himself, replied, "Hope." The natural magnanimity of that great man hindered him from setting a value on what he actually possessed, and turned his thoughts upon something of superior attainment which he had in view.

The old story of Pandora's box shews us how deplorable a state the heathens thought the present life without hope. Two important reflections will be deducible from this subject, and I trust my readers will not object to the grave tendency of them.

In the first place, no kind of life is so happy as that which is full of hope, when that hope is well grounded, and the object is of an exalted nature, and calculated to make those happy who enjoy it. This proposition must be very evident to those who consider how few, comparatively speaking, are the real enjoyments of the most happy, and how insufficient to give an entire satisfaction and acquiescence in them.

It may also be very justly observed, that a religious joy is that which most abounds in a well-grounded hope, and such an one as is fixed on objects which possess the capacity of making us happy. This hope, in a religious man, is much more sure and certain, than the hope of any temporal blessing; as it is disposed to direct its eye to that state, which implies, in the very notion of it, the most full and complete happiness.

It has been already observed, that the influence of hope in general sweetens life, in all its characters and conditions, and, if not always pleasing, at least renders them supportable. But a religious life has still greater advantages. It not only bears up the mind under its sufferings, but makes it rejoice in them, as they may be the instruments of procuring the great and ultimate end of all its hope.

Such is a rational consistent hope, which, according to the Greek tragedian, is so worthy of our best consideration:

The wise with hope support the pains of life.
EURIPIDES.

F—— T——.

## MUSICAL REVIEW.

" *The Battle of the Angels*," *the celebrated grand Scena, composed expressly for, and sung by, Mr. Braham at the Covent-Garden Theatre Oratorios, at the Bath Concerts, the Edinburgh and most of the provincial Music Meetings; composed, and compressed from the Score*, by Henry R. Bishop.—Pr. 4s. (Goulding and Co. Soho-square.)

The text of this scena, or rather Cantata (for the latter term seems to us more applicable in the present instance), is taken from Milton's *Paradise Lost*. The introduction, setting out with a canon *a* 3 in unison, displays, independently of this contrivance, various marks of Mr. B.'s talent and skill. The vocal part begins with a recitativo obbligato, descriptive of the field of battle, the array of the host, &c.; and here our limits would be very inadequate to convey even an imperfect idea of the varied colouring which the author's judgment and matured compositorial knowledge have infused into the poet's narrative. The succession of classic ideas, their different import, according with the sense of the text, the bold transitions, and the fine instrumental episodes, combine to form an harmonic picture, if we may be allowed the expression, of the highest interest. At the conclusion of the recitativo, the voice is supported by a fine accompaniment in *tempo di marcia*, on a plan not uncommon in the more modern operas of Italian masters. This portion is well placed, and produces the best effect. The aria which succeeds the march is ushered in by a fine instrumental introduction, and the vocal part derives a very active support from the orchestra. The various thoughts proceed with strict attention to the emphatic climax of the poetry; and the raging fury of the contest, and the clamour of the assailants, are appropriately depicted in the conclusion of the composition.

We have not heard Mr. Braham in this " Scena," but we can well imagine the sensation which his execution of it must have created, the music being precisely of that impressive character in which his powers shine to the greatest advantage.

" *Fra tante angoscie e palpiti*," *favourite Cavatina, sung by Signor Torri in Rossini's celebrated Opera* " *La Cenerentola*," *arranged with Variations for the Harp, and dedicated to Mrs. Maberlay*, by N. Ch. Bochsa. Pr. 3s. (Goulding and Co.)

Those of our readers that have seen " La Cenerentola" at the King's Theatre, can scarcely have forgotten the cavatina which forms the theme to these variations. It is one of those simple children of nature which one hears with transports of the purest delight, and every note of which one makes quite sure of carrying snugly to one's home: an *encore* renders the thing quite certain. On leaving the house, and proceeding up the Haymarket, the inward chimes of our musical sensorium involuntarily ring the changes upon " Fra tante angoscie," and the cold blasts against the thinner hose and our vocal organs are unable to prevent

at least a nasal intonation of the favourite. To our utter astonishment, we already perceive our memory at fault: more familiar turns, similar to the original, intrude here and there, and dislodge essential portions of the authentic strains; and when we sit down to our pianoforte, we scarcely can muster the shadow of the air. The next day we experience, perhaps, the still greater mortification of meeting with a friend who has also been in the house, and whistles the air most accurately; a man who does not know a quaver from a minim! His ignorance of the art insured a better recollection; his memory had not to struggle against spurious intrusions.

This friend, who is by no means a creation of our fancy, has often excited our envy when we went together to the Opera: he loves music, and is just arrived at that point of cultivation to be a tolerable judge, in his way, of what is good or bad in music. We have seen him deeply affected at a turn in the melody, which appeared to us quite commonplace. "It is nothing," we observed gravely, "but an every-day's application of the diminished seventh upon a pedal-bass."—"I don't care a fig whether it be a seventy-seventh; all I can say is, the thing has a charming effect."—Blissful ignorance, thought we to ourselves, if knowledge curtail enjoyment! What boots it to seize at a glance the complicated mechanism of a score, if the mystery of the means heighten the relish?

We beg Mr. Bochsa's and our readers' pardon for having suffered ourselves to be seduced into musical metaphysics on the occasion of his publication. At another more suitable opportunity we may resume this subject.

The air of "Aure felice," although introduced in the opera "La Cenerentola," is not of Rossini's composition: the author, we have heard, is Sig. Caraffa, an Italian gentleman, who, since the termination of the war, has exchanged the sword for the lyre, and gained much applause in his country. That he has not been bred in the bosom of the art, even the present cavatina, with all its winning taste and originality, serves to assure us. It is not quite free from objection on the score of harmonic purity: one particular turn appears very harsh, and Mr. Bochsa seems to have felt about it as we do, for we find him once or twice avoid, in his variations, the questionable harmony of the original.

Of the variations, it would be difficult to speak in terms exceeding their merit. We think them quite charming. The first proceeds in a natural flow of affecting cantilena; elegance and tasteful expression are the predominant characteristics of the third; the fourth is rendered attractive by the good effect of the *sons etouffés*, by some fine *minore* touches, and more particularly by a bold range of modulations in the first half of p. 8. An excellent coda concludes Mr. B.'s labour.

*Air Militaire et Rondo for the Harp, composed, and respectfully dedicated to Lady Augusta Stewart*, by W. H. Steil. Pr. 3s. (Goulding and Co. Soho-square.)

An allegretto, $\frac{4}{4}$ in B ♭, and a rondo, $\frac{2}{4}$ in E ♭, constitute the two

movements in this publication. Both are of a nature to deserve the notice of the amateur, and to ingratiate themselves with players of moderate proficiency. Their lightsome, we may say graceful, fluency, the easy tempo in which they proceed, their melodious character, and the general facility of even the more active passages, are sure to find favour with the pupil. The first movement is indicted with a considerable degree of animated precision; a pleasing imitation of a horn passage, p. 3, alternately assigned to both hands, intervenes with good effect; and a few modulations keep the interest alive. The theme of the rondo is extremely graceful, and has afforded the basis to some very elegant digressions, of which the sweet cantilena, p. 7, l. 4, forms not the least happy feature. The passages in this and the subsequent page are devised in a very good style; the neat manner in which the subject is made to reappear at various times claims attention; and the conclusion is fancifully brilliant. As Mr. Steil's compositions render it quite worth while to know the tempo in which they should be played, we could wish he would mark them metronomically. Indeed every music-seller of respectability ought now to insist on this being at all times done by the composer, before the MS. goes to the engraver.

*The Sisters, a Duet for two Performers on one Piano-forte, composed for, and dedicated to, Misses F. M. and J. F. Wroughton, of Newington-House, Shillingford, Oxon.* by W. H. Cutler, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Pr. 3s. (Clementi & Co.)

One movement ($\frac{3}{4}$), consisting of two parts in C major, a trio of two parts in G major, a repetition of the parts in C major, and a coda. The subject, and indeed the general character of the whole piece, partakes of the nature of a minuet: in the second part of the trio we observe a good contrapuntal arrangement between the functions of the two performers, with the additional recommendation of a natural melody being assigned to their respective parts, although proceeding apparently independently of each other, and generally in contrary motion. The coda, p. 9, is conceived in a free and fanciful manner; it exhibits some striking passages, and the changes of time and measure contribute to produce considerable effect and brilliancy. The whole duet is perfectly easy, the various thoughts are of an attractive cast, and the harmony is full and satisfactory. On these grounds Mr. C.'s labour is likely to find favour with rising performers, to whose notice we can strongly recommend it.

*A Morning and Evening Service, also Twenty original Melodies adapted to selected Portions of the Psalms of David, and two Anthems; the whole in Score, with a separate Accompaniment for the Organ or Piano-forte, composed, and, with the greatest deference, dedicated by permission to the Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lincoln,* by Charles W. Hempel, Organist of St. Mary's, Truro. Pr. 1*l.* (Falkner, Old Bond-street.)

A mixed sensation of surprise and delight has attended our investigation of this volume; and if we were candidly to own all we thought

on the occasion, we should add, that our metropolitan pride felt in some degree humbled at the idea of receiving from a distant county town in the west, and from an author hitherto unknown to us, a work which may challenge the concentrated talent of the capital for competition in its kind.

The contents of Mr. Hempel's book are enumerated in the above title: the Morning Service consists of chants, a *Te Deum laudamus*, a *Jubilate Deo*, and *Kyrie Eleison;* and the Evening Service, besides chants, contains a *Magnificat* and *Nunc dimittis*. The first of the two anthems is from the 25th Psalm, and the other from the Burial Service. All these, as well as the psalms, are set for four voices, soprano, alt, tenor, and bass, with the exception of the solos, recitative, duos, &c. occasionally intervening in the course of the more extended compositions.

Among such a mass of pieces of varied character and expression, each possessing more or less individual merits of a particular nature, it would be difficult, and at all events a task beyond our limits, to enter upon a critical analysis, or even to make an adequate selection. The solemn magnificence of the *Te Deum laudamus*, the spirited yet chaste animation which pervades the *Jubilate Deo*, the awful strains of the funeral anthem, and various other pieces, evince Mr. Hempel's mastery in every kind of expression. His melodies, throughout, are distinguished by chasteness of expression, by a deep feeling of his hallowed purpose, the first requisites in sacred music; there is nothing flippant, nothing trivial or vulgar; all breathes a vein of elevated thought and noble simplicity. These merits are further enhanced by the adequacy of the harmonies, and the skilful arrangement of the vocal parts. The harmony, partaking of the chaste simplicity of the melody, is at all times full and complete, without being overloaded, or swerving into unsuitable eccentricity. The parts and the accompaniment proceed not only in correct harmonic succession, but in proper and natural connection, avoiding carefully any objectionable progression, or even unnecessary duplication.

In short, the whole work bespeaks the author's knowledge of the art he professes, and shews that he has gained that knowledge and formed his taste from the best models. We sincerely hope the success of his publication will in some degree correspond with its intrinsic value, and are happy to find the list of subscribers sufficiently numerous to indemnify him at least for the expense which such an undertaking must have occasioned.

*Her most gracious Majesty Queen Caroline's new Waltz, composed, and arranged with Variations for the Harp or Piano-forte*, by J. Monro. Pr. 2s. (J. Monro, Skinner-street.)

The form of the titlepage, together with the queen's portrait on it, indicates that Mr. M. considers this publication as a *companion* to a late composition of his, entitled "King George the Fourth's Grand March;" an act of impartiality rather rare as times go. The waltz, without absolute originality, is very respectable, and the same cha-

racter may be fairly applied to the five variations. They are pleasing, regular, rather showy, and yet not particularly difficult, not excepting No. 5. which deals largely in demisemiquavers. The third variation represents the subject in the minor key, by means of the left hand, the right being occupied by complemental accompaniment, and is entitled to approbation. No. 4. consists of a representation of the theme under crossed-hand evolutions, and is also perfectly proper and satisfactory. The whole composition is well suited for the desk of the pupil.

*Rossini's celebrated Overture in the Opera of "Il Tancredi," performed at the King's Theatre, arranged for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello, ad libitum,* by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 3s.; without Accompaniments, 2s. (Hodsoll, High Holborn).

Every body likes this overture: it teems with life and bustle; all is briskness and spirit in the allegro; no repose for any of the instruments, and the poor fiddles, above all, have nineteen to the dozen. Then there are some very engaging motivos, some fine crescendos, and several striking effects. All these characteristics Mr. Rimbault has as faithfully preserved as the scope of his arrangement would admit of. The present publication is not the first piano-forte adaptation of this overture that has come under our notice, but is certainly equal to the best we have seen, without taking into account the accompaniments of the flute, violin, and violoncello, which we had no opportunity of mustering at our trial.

"*La petite Bagatelle*" *for the Piano-forte or Harp, composed* by S. F. Rimbault. No. V. Pr. 1s. (Hodsoll, High Holborn.)

As in our notice of the preceding numbers of this publication we have sufficiently explained its nature and object, it may be enough to observe, that No. 5. is a little rondo of the lightest musical calibre, for the benefit of beginners, whose attention it is likely to engage by the agreeable style in which it is written, and the ease with which its execution may be accomplished.

*Six Duettos for juvenile Performers on the Piano-forte, composed and arranged* by S. F. Rimbault. Op. 14. Pr. 3s. (Hodsoll, High Holborn.)

Two or three Don Giovanni's, a "Pray Goody," "Maid of Lodi," five or six other popular tunes, and two or three probably of Mr. R.'s own invention, form the contents of this little volume. The pieces are agreeable, of short compass, written in the most familiar keys, arranged in a simple yet sufficiently effective style, and with proper attention to harmonic correctness. These combined qualifications render Mr. R.'s labour well calculated for the junior classes, as soon as the master may deem them sufficiently forward to try any duet at all, and we can safely recommend these as proper for a pupil's first attempt.

# THE SELECTOR:

*Consisting of interesting Extracts from new popular Publications.*

(From *The World in Miniature.*)

DALMATIA, excepting a very small portion which belongs to Turkey, begins to the west of Liburnia; it borders to the east on Albania, to the north on the Alps, and is bounded on the south by the Adriatic sea. It is but a mountainous and nearly barren tract of coast.

If ever country has undergone revolutions in the form of its government, it is this. In 1088, Ladislaus united it, together with Croatia, to the kingdom of Hungary. In 1111, it was conquered by the Venetians, to whom it had previously belonged. They kept it only six years, and then restored it to Hungary. The Greek emperors, in their turn, made themselves masters of this country. In 1166, Dalmatia was retaken by the Venetians, who kept possession of it till 1358. Once more it reverted to Hungary, and was again annexed to the dominions of Venice. In 1797, that republic was ceded, with all its territories, by the treaty of Campo Formio, to the Emperor of Germany. The peace of Vienna, in 1806, gave Dalmatia to France, and it was one of those provinces of Illyria which were governed by a distinct administration. The treaty of Paris, in 1814, wrested this country from France, and the decision of the congress of Vienna finally restored it to Austria.

The Dalmatians have not forgotten the independence enjoyed by their ancestors among their mountains, and often invoke, in their martial songs, the aid of one of their heroes, King Radoslas, whose name has become a watch-word with them in their rebellions. "I have frequently accosted one of these intractable Dalmatians," says Doctor Hacquet, "and asked of what use it was to implore a death that could be of no benefit to them."--"You are perfectly right," they would reply: "it is not this that will revenge us; but sooner or later, we shall see a second Radoslas, who will subdue the neighbouring countries, the inhabitants of which will then be our slaves."

The Dalmatian is of a jovial disposition, a lover of independence, and full of honour. He will sacrifice his life for his lord, if he be well treated: but if he has reason to complain, he forsakes house and land, and seeks another master.

The word of the Dalmatian mountaineers is more to be relied on than that of the inhabitants of the plain or sea-coast, who are called *Primarzi*. These men are excellent soldiers, and still better sailors, on account of their docility and robust constitution. They are tall, well-proportioned, and remarkable for strength of bone.

Dr. Hacquet asserts, that he never met with persons in this country who were dumb from their birth, or hunchbacked, or ricketty. Few of its inhabitants give way to melancholy and misanthropy: they are not sufficiently advanced in civilization to be

subject to these afflictions. Hence, they never use any circumlocutions, and may, in this respect, be justly styled the children of nature.

When the plague makes its appearance, the Dalmatians take no measures for checking its progress. All their precautions consist in recommending themselves to the images of the saints, and avoiding the houses in which the disease has broken out. Many of them hang up in their houses stuffed kingsfishers, which they regard as infallible preservatives against all contagious disorders. This superstitious notion has cost numerous families their lives, by causing them to neglect means that are really efficacious.

The people of this country believe firmly in the existence of witches and persons possessed by evil spirits. The priests confirm them in these prejudices, because they thence derive an addition to their very slender income. The Dalmatians conceive that there is no better method of driving away a goblin or evil spirit, than to carry about them a pistol, dagger, or some other weapon, with which a man has been killed.

The nearer you approach to the seacoast, the more houses you find handsomely built, and in the Italian style. The only branch of industry among the mountaineers consists in the preparation of timber for the building of ships and boats.

The amusements of these people are hunting, fishing, dancing, and different exercises: they delight in throwing stones at a mark, either with or without a sling.

Their marriage ceremonies are the same as those of the Morlachians. They also give, as in other parts of Illyria, several godfathers and godmothers to a child when it is baptized.

Diseases are very rare among them; and hence the gross ignorance of their physicians, whom they call *likavs*, is less destructive than it would otherwise prove.

When the patient has closed his eyes, he is immediately laid on a bier, or on the ground, and covered with a cloth. A crucifix is placed between his folded hands; and his weapons lie near him. If the deceased be an adult, his cap is put on his head; if a child, a wreath of flowers. The women of his acquaintance, or of the neighbourhood, set up loud cries of lamentation. The widow and relations tear their hair, and sometimes even lacerate their faces, calling the deceased repeatedly by his name. They ask him why he has left those who were dear to him, whether they had displeased him, and other such like questions. If the deceased be a bachelor of marriageable age, they inquire why he died just at the time when he might have made a happy match, and promise that his mistress shall speedily follow him to the grave; if a young unmarried woman, they tell her that her lover will not long survive her. On removing the corpse from the house, they break earthern vessels before the door, to indicate the frailty of all that is earthly.

On reaching the church or burial-ground, before the coffin is finally closed, all present give the deceased a kiss of peace on the lips, nose, eyes, and ears, at the

same time charging him with their commissions for the other world, and wishing him a good journey. When the grave is filled, they set up at the head a stone, on which is engraved the figure of a cross, or a stag's horns, to denote that the deceased was a bold hunter; or arms, if he was a soldier, and enrolled in the frontier militia.

The fondness of the Illyrians, in general, for spirituous liquors has been already mentioned. They excel in their preparation, and even export them to foreign countries. The *marasquin* of Zara is made of cherries of a particular kind, called *marasques*. The trees that bear them are very numerous near the village of Vodizza, not far distant from the island of Morter. This island also furnishes the Dalmatians with a plant of not less value to those people than hemp and flax to us. For the rest, its inhabitants are notorious for their extreme indolence.

If these islanders apparently disregard, or are utterly ignorant of, the most generally received principles of the art of agriculture—if they prefer the criminal gains of piracy to the legitimate profits of commerce which their advantageous situation offers to them—if they neglect fishery, and especially that of the tunny, which could not fail to be very lucrative in consequence of the prodigious quantity of those fish, which, though migratory elsewhere, remain almost the whole year off this coast, where they are sheltered from the violent agitations of the open sea—there are, nevertheless, branches of industry which they cultivate. With a species of broom, for example, they make thread, which they use for manufacturing a sort of cloth. They go to great distances in search of this plant, traversing all the adjacent islands from Capo d'Istria to the extremity of Dalmatia, and proceeding, it is said, even to the coasts of Istria in quest of it.

# FASHIONS.

## LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 10.—MORNING DRESS.

A WRAPPING dress composed of cachemire: the waist is the usual length; the body comes up to the throat in the back of the neck, but is a little sloped in front, and turns over all round so as to form a pelerine; it wraps across before, and displays a little of the *fichu* worn underneath. The back has a little fulness; it is of a moderate breadth, and a good deal sloped at the sides. The sleeve is easy, but not wide; it is finished at the wrist by folds of *gros de Naples*, to correspond in colour with the dress. The girdle is also of *gros de Naples;* it is rather broad, and fastens with a gold clasp at the side. The skirt is moderately wide; it wraps across to the left side, and is fastened up the front with bows to correspond. Head-dress, a *cornette* composed of full bands of net inserted between plain ones of letting-in lace; the crown is remarkably low; the

ears are cut very narrow, and far back; and it fastens with a full bow of pale pink ribbon under the chin. Black kid shoes.

PLATE 11.—EVENING DRESS.

A round dress, composed of Urling's net, over a white satin slip: the dress is finished at the bottom of the skirt with a full *ruche* of net edged with blue zephyreene; a broad *bouillonné* of net surmounts the *ruche:* there is something very novel in the arrangement of this *bouillonné*, but we must refer to our print for its form; it is interspersed with blue and white zephyreene ornaments called *crabs*, a name which is very appropriate to their form. The *corsage* is cut moderately low round the bust, and rather long in the waist; it is composed of blue and white zephyreene intermixed; it is ornamented in front on each side of the bust with lace, which is so disposed as to form a fan stomacher; the back is plain; a single fall of lace, set on moderately full, goes round the bust. Short full sleeve, made of net over white satin; the net is disposed in folds, which are edged with blue zephyreene; the last fold is also finished with lace at the edges: they are looped up with bows of blue zephyreene. The front hair is a good deal parted on the forehead; it is dressed in very light curls, and falls low at each side of the face. The hind hair is disposed in braids, which do not come higher than the crown of the head. A pearl bandeau, brought rather forward on the forehead, encircles the head, and a full plume of white ostrich feathers droops to one side: the middle of each feather is covered with a thick down, which gives them a peculiar beauty and richness. Necklace and earrings, pearl. White satin shoes, and white kid gloves.

We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint, inventress of the *corset à la Grecque*, of No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden, for both these dresses.

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GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Our fair pedestrians have made very little alteration in their dress since last month, but that little is appropriate to the season; for we observe that cloth and velvet pelisses are more generally adopted than they have yet been for the promenade. Silk ones, which in the early part of the season were so frequently seen in walking dress, are now seldom used but in carriage costume. Fur tippets are more in favour than they were last month; the most fashionable are of a round shape, and are large enough to completely envelope the body, and descend below the waist. These tippets, though comfortable, are singularly disadvantageous to the figure, particularly if the wearer happens to be undersized, or remarkably *en-bon-point*.

Angola shawls seem more in request this year than they have been for some seasons back; they are worn with high dresses, composed of poplin or *gros de Naples*, or fine Merino cloth. We must observe, that dresses of this last material are not general: we have, however, noticed a few, and one of them, which we thought singularly pretty, we shall endeavour to describe.

It was a very dark ruby, and the

trimming corresponded in colour: the bottom of the skirt was finished by a broad bias band of silk plush, laid on double; the heading of this band was a tufted floss silk trimming, about an inch in breadth; immediately above it, shells of different forms, composed of *gros de Naples*, were set on at regular distances: the various shapes of the shells made the trimming appear very novel. High body; the back plain, broad between the shoulders, and considerably sloped towards the bottom of the waist, which was rather long, and finished at the hips by a small smart jacket, edged with narrow silk plush put bias. The bust of the *corsage* was finished with braiding, which formed a stomacher, broad at the top, but ending almost in a point at the bottom of the waist. The sleeves were rather tight to the arm, and finished at the hand with a broad band of silk plush, and a heading to correspond with the bottom of the skirt: the epaulette consisted of three separate shells, one placed in the middle of the shoulder, and one on each side; they were united at the bottom by a silk ornament. The collar was high, particularly in the back of the neck, and composed entirely of silk plush. We must observe, that this gown, which with a shawl is extremely appropriate for walking, is also a very elegant morning dress, and with the exception of the one given in our print, is the only novelty that has appeared this month.

Promenade bonnets are still worn as large as ever: the materials continue the same as last month. We notice with pleasure, that bonnets composed of silks of light colours are now entirely banished from the promenade.

We have noticed two novelties in carriage dress, but as they have only just appeared, we cannot say how far they are likely to become general. The first is a mantle, composed either of *gros de Naples* or levantine; it descends to the feet, is wadded, and lined with white sarsnet; it is made very wide, with arm-holes, and has a high collar and a large pelerine: this is at once a comfortable and ladylike envelope, and as from its form it does not damage the under dress, we think it likely to be a good deal used as a carriage *wrap*, for going to balls or public places.

The other novelty is a carriage hat, of a very striking form: the one we saw was composed of *velours épingle;* the ground was black; the spots were different shades of red, the lightest rose-colour, and the darkest ruby: the crown was made like a man's hat, but low; the back part of the brim descended a little in the neck, and it had small ears, similar in shape to those of a *cornette*, which fastened it under the chin; the front part of the brim was cut at the ears, and turned up in a point in the centre: a very full plume of dark ruby feathers drooped to one side, and a bow of ribbon, to correspond, fastened the ears under the chin. This is really a novel head-dress; it is also striking and elegant; but it is by no means one that we should consider generally becoming.

The materials for morning dress are, cachemire, tabbinet, and poplin: cloth is, as we have before

observed, rarely worn. Waists have not varied in length; the bodies of dresses are in general made in a plain style; the backs are usually tight to the shape, unless the material of the gown is cachemire or chintz; the long sleeve is rather straight, but the epaulette is usually very full.

The materials we spoke of last month are still as much as ever in favour for dinner gowns: we observe also that white Merino cloth and figured poplin are in much estimation: one of the prettiest dinner gowns that we have recently seen, is a dress made of the former; the bottom of the skirt is adorned with a trimming composed of alternate folds of white and purple *gros de Naples;* there are four folds, put pretty close to each other, which forms a wave about two inches in breadth; an embroidery in chenille, resembling a drooping ostrich feather, is placed in each of the waves, which point upwards: the embroidery is a mixture of purple and white chenille; it is very full, and each gather is more than a quarter of a yard in length: this trimming is very novel, and has really a beautiful effect. The *corsage,* which is longer in the waist than any we have yet seen, is cut low and square round the bust, which is finished by alternate folds of purple and white *gros de Naples:* the back is plain, and laces behind; the front is adorned with a stomacher; this stomacher is broad at the upper part, and is very full across the bosom, but the fulness is confined by small purple buttons, which go all down the middle; it is pointed at the bottom of the waist, and both the point and the sides are edged with purple. Short sleeve, made very full; it is formed of two rows of white *gros de Naples* points, corded with purple; they meet in the middle of the arm, and are fastened with purple silk buttons: the sleeve is something longer than they are usually worn; it is terminated by a broad band of white *gros de Naples,* which confines it to the arm. This is a very tasteful dress, but we should like it better if the waist were shorter.

Crape, which has been very little worn during some time, is now beginning to be a good deal in estimation in full dress, the materials for which are extremely various: silks, satins, gauze, and lace are all worn. Coloured bodies are less prevalent than they were last month, but they are still fashionable. The prettiest novelty that we have observed in full dress trimmings is one composed of a mixture of gauze, satin, and flowers; the gauze is laid on in puffs, with plain spaces between, in which the flowers are placed; the satin is disposed in little bands, put crosswise among the gauze, so as to form it into puffs.

Among the most fashionable articles in full-dress jewellery are flowers formed of coloured gems; pearl sprigs are also a great deal worn in full dress; and tiaras, composed of coloured stones or pearls, or sometimes of an intermixture of both, are very much in favour. Feathers are, except for very young ladies, more prevalent than flowers in full dress. *Toques* are rather more worn than last month: we have observed also several Turkish turbans, very profusely decorated

with feathers; but head-dresses of hair, ornamented with feathers, flowers, or jewels, are upon the whole more prevalent than any covering for the head.

Fashionable colours are, *ponceau*, geranium, dark ruby, rose colour, chesnut, lavender, mulberry, purple, and mazarine blue.

## FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Jan. 20.

*My dear* SOPHIA,

FOR a long time you have borrowed your fashions from us, and at length we return the compliment by adopting one of yours. All our fashionable *belles* now appear on the promenades in long cloaks: they are not, however, made of cloth, as they were in England, but composed of levantine, or in some instances of satin: they are made wide enough to wrap comfortably round the figure, and in general so long that you see only a little of the trimming of the gown; they are wadded, and lined with sarsnet, either of the same or of a different colour, and have a large hood and a very high standing collar. If the lining is a different colour, it generally forms a little edging, which is the only trimming of the cloak. Where the lining is of the same colour, there is a broad band of velvet or *pluche* goes round the cloak, and the collar and hood are edged in a similar manner. The mantles made in satin are only intended to be worn in a carriage, over full dress; they are lined, and trimmed in general with swansdown, and instead of a hood, the upper part of the cloak is cut in such a manner as to fall over in the neck, and to form a large pelerine. You are not, however, to suppose, that because we have borrowed your fashion, we condescend also to adopt the name of it: no, my dear, our mantles are styled pelisses, and they are now become so fashionable, that go where you will you see nothing else.

As the gowns worn with these envelopes form the in-door morning dress, I shall speak of them presently. Bonnets for the promenade are I think something smaller than when I wrote last: the favourite materials for promenade *chapeaux* are, velvet, quadrille silk, *pluche*, *velours épingle*, and *pluche granit*. The crowns are quite as low as ever; the most general shape is that of a man's hat: the brims are, some square at the ears, and others round; but whatever the form may be, they always come very low, and those that are square nearly meet under the chin. Flowers are now very rarely used to decorate bonnets: sometimes, however, we see a small bouquet of roses placed on one side of the crown; but feathers are much more general: plumes of cocks' feathers are considered very fashionable; marabouts are also a great deal worn, but ostrich feathers are more generally adopted for dress hats than for the promenade. Some *chapeaux*, particularly those made of quadrille silk, are trimmed with rouleaus of the same material: there is one goes round the edge of the brim; another is placed on

the brim near the crown; it is disposed in a wave, and forms a point before and behind; a full fold of silk, which is almost half the height of the crown, stands up round it: nothing can be more simple than this mode of decorating bonnets, but it has nevertheless a very neat and ladylike appearance.

Several *chapeaux* are adorned only with a plain band round the bottom of the crown, and two full bows, each fastened with a knot in the middle, which are placed one above another in the centre of the crown. Some satin hats are decorated with a mixture of satin and *pluche granit;* a band of the *pluche* goes round the edge of the brim, and another round the bottom of the crown; full bows of satin edged with *pluche* are placed in the centre of the latter, and satin strings, which are also edged with *pluche*, tie it under the chin.

Many *chapeaux* have no trimming at the edge of the brim; some few have a rouleau of satin, or else of silk, if the hat is of the latter material. A few of our most dashing *élégantes* have their velvet bonnets edged at the brim with gold fringe: it is only black velvet bonnets that are trimmed in this manner, and they are always adorned with full plumes of white ostrich feathers. These hats have a very striking and elegant appearance, but I do not recollect seeing more than three or four of them, and those only at the *Musée*, which I must observe to you is now the most fashionable lounge.

I observed some days ago at the same place, a hat of a novel description: it was made of black velvet; the crown of a helmet shape, and slightly fluted in a bias direction; the brim, which was pretty large, was lined with white satin, and a little turned up all round; a *panache* of white cocks' feathers, very long, and placed almost straight, shaded the front of the crown: there were no strings, but the hat was worn over a *cornette* of tulle.

Another *chapeau*, of the same shape, but in my opinion much prettier, was composed of violet-coloured velvet, which was brought very full in front of the crown; the fulness confined by gold loops placed at regular distances; a gold binding passed under the chin, and fastened at one side; and two gold acorns, depending from the band of velvet which was placed round the crown, fell in the neck on the left side.

Before I dismiss the subject of promenade dress, I must observe to you, that an attempt has been made to revive the Spanish mantle: I have seen a few in silk; some were trimmed with *pluche* to correspond, others with velvet of a different colour; the trimming consisted of a very broad band, which went all round. I believe, however, that this fashion, which is singularly graceful, is not likely to become general, for it is now some time since I saw the few I have mentioned.

Half-boots are no longer in favour for the promenade, and now that the weather has become mild, we rarely see furred shoes. If the dress is of a dark hue, the shoe, which is of leather, corresponds, but if it is light, then the shoes are always black.

I have little to say to you about gowns either for the morning or

evening: the first are generally made in Merino cloth or levantine. Waists are still longer than they have been for some time past; bodies are made tight to the shape, and the dresses in general buttoned up before. Collars are very high behind, but they are sloped a good deal towards the front, so as to display the ruff which is worn under them. Long sleeves are still very tight to the arm; they have seldom any other trimming than a simple rouleau at the bottom: epaulettes are little worn in morning dress, but those we do see are made very small and rather tight. The skirts of gowns are moderately wide, and as the fulness is no longer thrown so entirely behind as it was, they hang very gracefully. Three weeks ago, I should have told you that our dresses were much shorter, but at present they are so decorously long, that you see only part of the foot.

There are but two sorts of trimmings used for morning gowns: bands, of which there are either three or four; or else flounces, usually from three to five in number. The bands are sometimes of different widths, but they are more frequently of the same; where they are all alike, the breadth is about a nail. The flounces are in general narrow; they are put pretty close together, and are disposed in small plaits.

Nothing can be more decorous than the present style of full dress; and but for the abominable length of the waists, and the pointed stomachers, it would be also very becoming. I shall endeavour to describe to you two dresses that I have lately seen, either of which would I think form a pretty dancing dress. One of them is composed of rose-coloured crape, over a satin slip to correspond: the bottom of the skirt is edged with a rouleau of rose-coloured satin, and just above it, bouquets of roses, mingled with ears of wheat formed of pearl, are placed at regular distances, and there is a good deal of space left between each of the bouquets. A *bouillonné* of white crape, disposed in waves, is laid on just above the flowers; the bottom point of each wave appears to rest upon one of the roses; bouquets, similar to those at the bottom, are interspersed among the *bouillonné:* the effect of this trimming is uncommonly striking and tasteful. The *corsage* is cut rather high on the bosom, but low in the back of the neck; it is full round the upper part of the front; the fulness is confined on the shoulder by three narrow bands of pearl; a single fall of pointed blond stands up round the bust: there is no stomacher to the upper part of the *corsage*, but the full folds of crape are confined by two narrow bands of satin. The girdle is rather broad; it is composed of white crape *bouillonné*, and is pointed in front. The sleeves are singularly pretty: they are formed of two rows of rose-coloured crape *tabs* over satin; the points of the bottom row turn upwards, and are ornamented with roses; and a small ear of corn composed of pearls is placed in the hollow part of each *tab*. This dress would look much better if made in white, and with a Grecian zone, or a plain girdle of moderate breadth.

The other dress is composed of

white transparent gauze over a white satin slip; the bottom of the slip is trimmed with a twisted rouleau of blue satin and silver gauze: this last is a novel and extremely beautiful article; it is called waves of Pactolus when made in silver, and sands of Pactolus if it is in gold: it is a fanciful name, you will say; but in reality the beauty of the stuff renders it appropriate enough. The dress, which is just short enough to let the trimming of the slip be seen, is ornamented at the bottom with a deep flounce of transparent gauze, edged with the stuff I mentioned last month, called Cupid's wings, which I should observe is blue: this flounce is fastened up in the drapery style with full rosettes of the waves of Pactolus. The *corsage* is tight to the shape, and cut moderately low round the bust, which is ornamented with a small stomacher in the shape of a heart; the point of it does not descend below the waist; it is composed of blue satin, and has a very narrow wave embroidered in silver round the edge. The girdle goes under the stomacher in front, and fastens behind; it is of a moderate breadth, and is embroidered to correspond. The sleeve is composed of gauze over white satin: there are two folds; their form is that of a handkerchief: they wrap across on the shoulder, and the points fasten at the bottom with small silver ornaments; the folds are edged with a narrow trimming of Cupid's wings. This is in truth a beautiful dress, and would to a light elegant figure like your own be peculiarly becoming.

Several *élégantes* have lately appeared at balls in black gauze robes, the sombre appearance of which was lightened by rose-coloured trimming: this you will say is singular enough; but white crape and tulle dresses over black satin slips had a still worse effect: these last were also trimmed with rose colour. Rose colour and blue are indeed the two colours most in favour for trimmings: I should, however, except black velvet gowns; they are generally trimmed with black satin, intermixed with jet Brandenbourgs.

Black and white satin and velvet dress hats, with low crowns and small brims, which bend over the forehead, are very fashionable; they are ornamented either with gold loops, or full plumes of ostrich feathers. A very pretty and simple *coeffure* in full dress is a little cap pointed in front in the Mary Stuart style; it is very much elevated at the sides, in order to display the full bunches of curls in which the front hair is disposed on the temples, and one ear is made a good deal longer than the other: three roses, one placed on the point in the middle, and the others over each temple, ornament this cap.

I have lately seen several headdresses composed of gauze disposed in the form of a turban, and intermixed with flowers. Turbans made of the gauze called waves of Pactolus and sands of Pactolus, are also in favour; they are always made of gold and silver gauze mixed. The Parisian *belles* think the effect charming; it is brilliant certainly, but the union of gold and silver appears to me very incongruous.

Puce colour, rose colour, mulberry, and grey, are the favourite colours for pelisses; azure, dead green, rose colour, and white, are most worn in gowns; and black, white, grey, and rose colour, are esteemed most fashionable for bonnets. My letter is already so unconscionably long, that I shall only add to it the name of your

EUDOCIA.

## FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 9.—A DRESS SOFA.

THIS elegant essential to the drawing-room is after the design of Mr. J. Taylor, who has obtained considerable experience in furniture in the house of Oakley of Bond-street. For decorations of the higher class, the frame-work would be entirely gilt in burnished and matt gold; the pillows and covering of satin damask or velvet, relieved by wove gold lace and tassels. For furniture of less splendour, the frame would be of rose-wood, with the carved work partially gilt, and the covering of more simple materials.

The loom of our country is now in that state of advanced perfection, that damasks of the most magnificent kind, in point of intensity of colour and richness of pattern, are manufactured at prices that permit their free use in well-furnished apartments; and so completely do they compare with the quality of the best foreign articles in all other respects, that there is no doubt but our own will supersede the foreign market, so soon as this fact is generally known. This advancement has been some years in progress, and its first and chief encouragement has been received from Carlton Palace, where for a long time all the damasks employed for its best furniture have been the produce of British art.

## INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. T. HEAPHY is preparing a series of *Studies from Nature of the British Character;* consisting of soldiers who have fought under the Duke of Wellington, sailors, and rustics. Each number will contain six heads in black and white chalk; and the first will be published in the first week in February.

Mr. Heaphy will also speedily publish No. I. of *Studies of Character and Expression, from the Old Masters.*

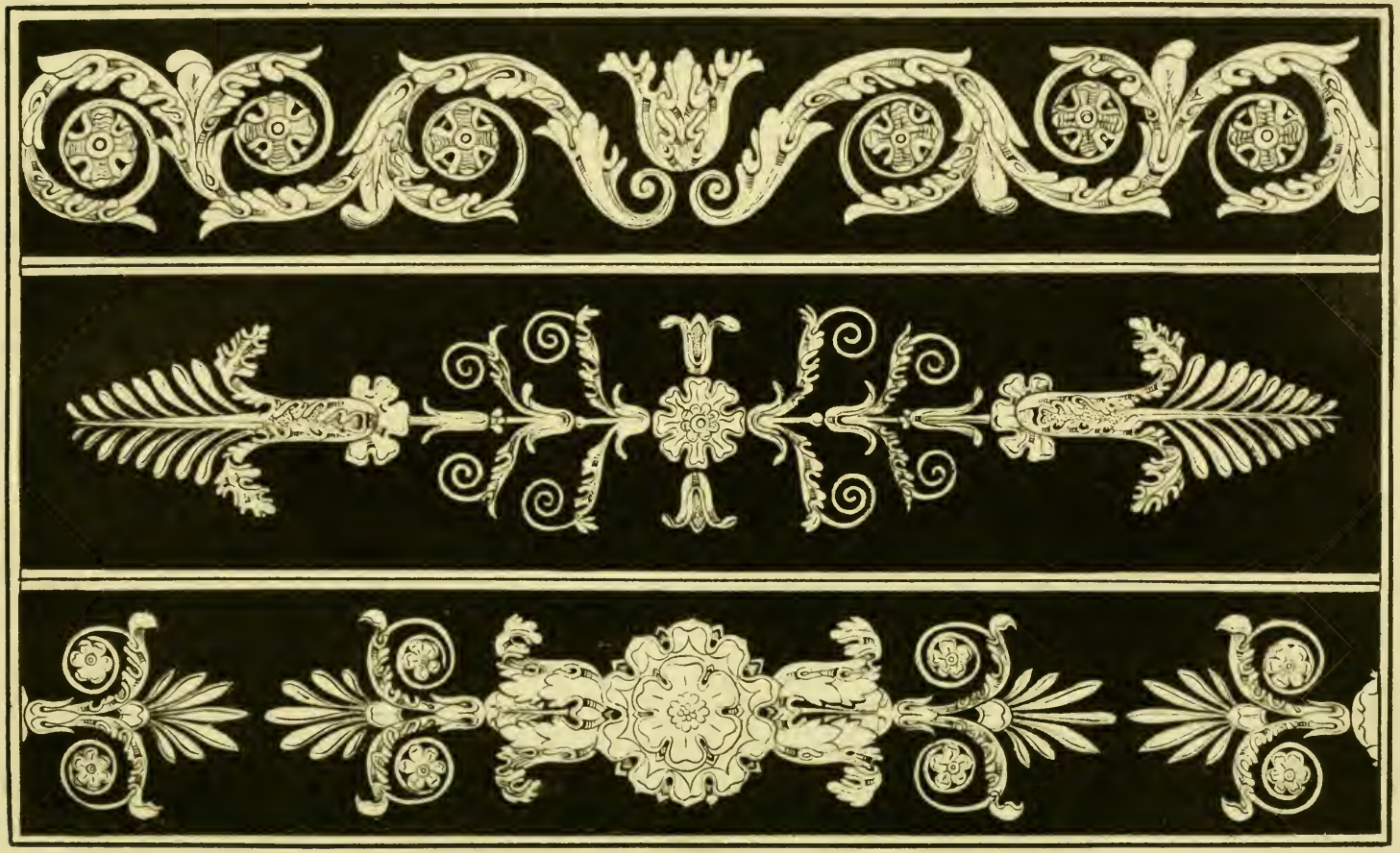
A second edition of *Letters to a young Clergyman*, by Stevenson Mac Gill, D. D. Professor of Divinity in the University of Glasgow, is about to appear. The contents are, Letter 1. on Pride; 2. 3. on Vanity; 4. on Worldly Policy; 5. 6. on Uncharitableness and Party Spirit; 7. on Levity; 8. on the Love of Company and Solitude; 9. on Indolence; 10. on Indiscretion; 11. 12. on Spiritual Indifference.

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.

J Taylor Del 15 Bedford Court Cov.t Gard.n

Duvall Sc

A DRESS SOFA.



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OF

# ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,

*Manufactures, &c.*

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. XI. MARCH 1, 1821. No. LXIII.

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L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.

## TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

*Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our* Selections, *will be acceptable.*

*We have received several letters on the subject of the series of articles on* the Spanish Theatre. *They have been handed to the gentleman who has undertaken that part of our Miscellany.*

T. T. *shall find a place, if possible, in our next Number.*

*The article entitled* Anecdotes of the Robbers in the South of France, during 1799 and 1800, *has come to hand, but too late for the present month.*

*The specimen of Chatterton's unpublished* Miscellanies *obligingly handed to us, shall receive early attention; but we fear that it will require some refining before we can make use of it.*

The Letters of Dr. Young *have been already printed in a contemporary journal. We presume that our correspondent intended to oblige us, as he could not hope to impose upon us with regard to a matter so recently published.*

*It will be seen by our poetical friends, that we intend in future to insert favours of really intrinsic merit among our Miscellanies.*

A Hunter of Oddities, *in April.*

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Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

VIEW OF A LODGE.

THE

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## ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,

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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. XI. MARCH 1, 1821. No. LXIII.

## HINTS ON LANDSCAPE GARDENING.

(Continued from page 67.)

PLATE 13.—VIEW OF A LODGE.

THE lodge being the introductory medium to the dwelling, and at which the first impression is made on the visitor's mind when he arrives at the approach, it is important that it should possess the indispensable requisites of propriety and fitness—of convenience, character, and beauty. It is essential that it should be situated at a distance from the dwelling and its offices, sufficient to make it appear that the accompaniment of a lodge cannot be dispensed with; for when too near the chief edifice, it assumes the appearance of ostentation, rather than that of unquestionable accommodation. It is no less worthy the care of the architect, that it shall, in point of size and seeming, be perfectly suited to the consequence of the estate, and possess those qualities which best cause it to harmonize with its accompanying scenery. Of no less real importance is the internal convenience of this building, which should also manifest itself to the spectator, but without presenting a greater quantity of building than its own nature and its relation to the estate demand.

A judicious architect will not fail to adopt that style of architecture in which to make his design, that some circumstance sufficiently important to govern it may demand, and thence direct its character: this will arise either from the nature of the country in which it is to be placed, the peculiarities of the immediate spot on which it is to be built, the edifice to which it is an attendant, or the rank and station of the proprietor; and if his labours are assisted by the happy coincidences of all these points to the purpose he has in view, the encouragement to a zealous exertion of his tasteful mind is more

than ample; and the fertility of genius, aided by well directed study, must necessarily produce those combinations, which alone merit the denomination of "tasteful;" a term that is too often bestowed on the mere crude offspring of "fancy," destitute alike of fine thought, as of sound judgment.

In general, it may be said of lodges (for but few exceptions occur in domains of moderate extent), that they should be considered as a higher class of cottage, improved upon the principles just laid down, and also sparingly decorated: the construction should be of the simplest kind; and here the steep and overhanging roof is perfectly in place, for it presents most satisfactory evidence of readily acquired strength and shelter, but it can only be used where the style of its architecture does not reject its adoption.

It is not perhaps unknown to our readers, that the rural designs which have for some years been presented as the first article of the *Repository* are all original, and we can assure them, that none have been built until adopted in consequence of their publication; but the annexed plate is the *view* of a building already erected, and to which we were perfect strangers until a correspondent informed us, that a lodge had been recently built at Fulham, of peculiar elegance, and to which his letter directed our attention. Its design so coincides with the theories now and heretofore presented to our readers, on the subject of such buildings as connected with ornamental gardening, that we could not refrain from requesting permission of the right rev. prelate to whom it belongs, to suffer its publication, and to know its author; and being honoured by the Bishop of London's reply, we add, in common justice to the Rev. Edward Pryce Owen, that it was designed by him, and erected under his immediate superintendence.

It is the palace lodge of the Right Rev. the Bishop of London at Fulham.

# MISCELLANIES.

## VICISSITUDES OF HALF-A-GUINEA.

HAVING occasion some time ago to take a journey into the country at a time when a heavy snow lay upon the ground, I was obliged to stop at the end of the first day at a miserable little public-house, in consequence of a sudden thaw, which rendered the roads dangerous, if not impassable. The delay was vexatious enough, and the dirty smoky appearance of the room, which my host dignified with the title of his best parlour, did not tend to reconcile me to it. There was, however, no remedy but patience, which unfortunately happens to be one of the virtues I can lay least claim to.

As it was yet early in the evening, I asked my host whether he could furnish me with a book or two, to beguile the hours till bed-

time. He replied in the affirmative, and in a few moments he brought me "The Complete Farrier," Hannah Gloss's "Art of Cookery," and "The Ready Reckoner."

I leave to thy own lively imagination, dear reader, to picture the feeling with which I flung the books on the table, after taking a glance at the title-page of each. Drawing my chair to the fire, I tried to amuse myself for some time by tracing fantastic forms in its glowing embers, but I speedily got tired and after half a dozen listless yawns, I took out my purse, in order to employ myself for a few minutes in taking the number of the notes I had about me; and in drawing them from my purse for this purpose, a half-guinea fell from it, unperceived by me, upon the table.

A few minutes sufficed to complete my task, and throwing myself back in my chair, I began to execrate my own stupidity for having travelled without my general postchaise companion, a book. "Ah!" cried I aloud, "what would I give now for a volume of 'The Arabian Nights,' or 'The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle!'"

"Nay, if you have a taste for adventures, sir, you may perhaps find amusement in listening to mine:" this was said in a low but clear voice, which I found with astonishment proceeded from the half-guinea. "Well, sir," it continued, "what say you, shall we make a treaty? I am willing to amuse you by the recital of what has befallen me (and I may say without vanity, there are few half-guineas who have seen more of life than myself); but it must be upon one condition: I have for a long time had a wish to get into print; if, therefore, I do tell you my history, you must take it down in short hand, and give me your word that you will afterwards put it in a proper form for the press, and get it published."

"With all my heart," cried I: "come then, let us begin; the title must be, Adventures of——"

"Oh! dear, no!" cried the half-guinea, interrupting me; "that would be too old-fashioned a great deal."

"Memoirs then?"

"Worse and worse; nothing can be more hackneyed than that. Why, my dear sir, people will suppose I am of no consequence at all, if you introduce me into life in such a common place manner."

"Prithee then, my good friend," said I, "choose your own title; for I see clearly that I shall not be able to hit upon one that will please you."

"Let me see then: suppose we say Vicissitudes?"-"Vicissitudes!" repeated I; "I do not see how the expression can be used with propriety."

"And pray, sir, why not? I tell you I have seen life in all its varieties. I have been the companion of princes and pickpockets; I have resided one day in a palace, and the next in a hovel; have rewarded vice and encouraged virtue. In short, sir——"

"Say no more, say no more," interrupted I; "I am perfectly willing to record your adventures under whatever title you please: only begin."

Appeased by this concession, the half-guinea proceeded in a civil tone as follows:

I must first premise to you, that the spirits which preside over metals are like the metals themselves, of superior and inferior degrees of excellence. To that class only which belong to gold is given the power of reading the human heart. The moment one of us comes into the possession of a mortal, the whole of the past transactions of his or her life passes in an instant in review before us: but there our knowledge ends; for it is not permitted us to look into futurity.

My first possessor was a young and handsome widow, who, having married at an early age a man whom she did not love, in order to please her parents, was then thinking of contracting a second marriage more to her own taste. She had two suitors, both of whom were in every respect unexceptionable; her heart leaned secretly towards the one who was least wealthy, but she was fearful of giving way to her preference, because she was not quite so certain of his sincerity as of that of his rival. He treated her, it is true, with the most respectful tenderness, but the passion of the other appeared far more fervent; he seemed to live only in her smiles, was miserable even in the shortest absence, and seemed in fine so romantically and enthusiastically devoted to her, that she was almost afraid to decide in favour of his rival, for fear of driving him to despair.

She was meditating on this very subject, just after she had received me, when a female friend was announced, to whom she was accustomed to open her heart in all her difficulties. She unfolded to this friend the subject of her thoughts. The lady listened to her very attentively. "I confess," replied she, "that my opinion of these gentlemen does not at all coincide with yours; it is by no means clear to me that Lysander is more attached to you than Horatio."

"Nay, my dear friend, I am sure if you would only observe the difference of their manners, you would soon confess your mistake."

"Perhaps not: but I have thought of a way to decide the point, provided you agree to it."

"What is your plan?"

"First tell me, do your lovers know how your property is settled?"

"No, I am pretty certain they do not."

"Well then, you have an easy way of proving their sincerity: inform each of them, that you would forfeit your whole fortune by contracting a second marriage. The experiment I own is a hazardous one, but in your situation I think it justifiable."

The widow, who was naturally romantic, very readily adopted the suggestion of her friend; and that very evening an opportunity occurred of putting her plan in practice. Lysander paid her a visit, and finding her alone, he began pressing his suit with warmth, and besought her with every appearance of the most fervent passion to give him a favourable answer.

"I have evaded the subject hitherto," replied my mistress, "because, from the peculiarity of my situation, I do not think I ought to marry at all."

In reply to his exclamations of

wonder and disappointment, she then gravely repeated to him the story which had been arranged between her and her friend, and while she spoke, she kept her eyes steadily fixed upon his countenance. No language can do justice to the change it underwent; every trace of love and rapture vanished; and stammering a few half intelligible sentences expressive of his sorrow, that prudence made it impossible for him to pursue his pretensions, he quitted the room. "And this is the man whom I believed dying for me!" exclaimed the fair widow, while the flush of disappointed vanity suffused her cheek; and the thought that Horatio might probably prove as unworthy, gave a secret pang to her heart.

At that moment he was announced: struck by the agitated air with which she received him, he inquired with more warmth than usual what distressed her. For some time she evaded a reply, for her heart was too deeply interested to permit her to make the trial without trembling. At length she said, she had been considering that she ought to make him acquainted with the singular situation in which she was placed; the fortune she enjoyed having been bequeathed her by her late husband on the express condition that she did not marry again: if she did, she forfeited every shilling of it on the day she became a bride.

"But surely, dearest Amelia," cried Horatio eagerly, "you will not think of consigning yourself, in the bloom of youth and beauty, to a life of celibacy for the sake of fortune! Mine is indeed but moderate, but it is enough for love and happiness; accept it then, most beloved of women, and no longer hesitate to bless me with this dear hand."

"Take it, for you deserve it, Horatio," said she, while tears of joy, at this strong proof of his sincerity, gushed from her beautiful eyes.

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## EPITAPH BY T. CAMPBELL, ESQ.

THE following lines are engraven upon a monument erected at Monkton Combe, county of Somerset, to the memory of Mrs. Shute (of Lydenham) and her daughters, who were unfortunately drowned at Chepstow, on Sunday, September 20, 1812. They are from the pen of their friend and neighbour, Mr. Campbell, author of "The Pleasures of Hope," &c.

In deep submission to the will above,
Yet with no common cause for human tears,
This stone, for the lost partner of his love,
And for his children lost—a mourner rears

One fatal moment, one o'erwhelming doom,
Tore threefold from his heart the ties of earth:
His Mary, Marg'ret, in their early bloom,
With her who gave them life, and taught them worth.

Farewell, ye broken pillars of my fate,
My life's companion, and my two first-born:
Yet while this silent stone I consecrate
To conjugal, paternal love forlorn,

Oh! may each passer-by the lesson learn,
Which can alone the bleeding heart sustain,
(Where friendship weeps at virtue's funeral urn,)
That to the pure of heart, "to die is gain."

It is remarkable that they had attended the church on that day, and heard a sermon from *Phil.* c. i. v. 21, latter part.

# THE SPANISH THEATRE.

(Continued from p. 77.)

## THEATRICAL PRODUCTIONS OF CERVANTES.

In speaking of the great inconveniences which have arisen from the unlimited licence given to poets in writing pieces for the stage, Cervantes makes this remark: "*Y todos estos inconvenientes cessarian, y aun muchos mas, que no digo, con que huriesse en la Corte una persona inteligente, y discreta, que examinasse todas las comedias antes que se representassen; non solo aquellas que se hiciessen en la Corte, sino todas las que se quisiessen representar en Espanna**." This was written long after the representation of the author's twenty or thirty pieces, but before the publication of his eight subsequent plays and interludes in 1615. It is evident that Lope de Vega is here alluded to. At that time he had arrived at the highest point of fame, and was every day receiving further marks of public approbation; while Cervantes was starving with hunger in the same street, totally neglected, excepting by one or two friends who were conscious of his merits. This is the more obvious, as Cervantes accompanies the remark with these observations: "Neither are the poets who write the plays in fault, for some of them are very sensible of their errors†, and extremely capable of performing their duty. But plays having now altogether become venal, and being a sort of merchandize, they say, and with reason, that the actors would not purchase them unless they were of that stamp*; and therefore the poet endeavours to suit the humours of the actors, who are to pay him for his labour. For proof of this, let any man observe that infinite number of plays composed by an exuberant *Spanish wit*, so full of gaiety and humour, in such elegant verse and choice language, so sententious, and in such a majestic style, that his fame is spread through the universe." Such is the noble language of the great Cervantes to his rival—a rival whom he admired for his surprising talents and exalted genius, but who was the cause of all his poverty and wretchedness, when sinking under the oppressing cares of age.

It is a very trite observation, that Cervantes, who thus expressed his desire for the establishment of a censor of the stage, would himself have been subject to very severe and just criticism, if his wish had been complied with. It is impossible to deny the fact, but those who have advanced the position have not sufficiently reflected upon the peculiar time when Cervantes wrote for the stage. Dramatic

* These, and many other inconveniences which I omit, would cease by appointing an intelligent and judicious person at court, to examine all plays before they were acted, not only those which are represented at court, but throughout Spain.

† And no one more so than Lope de Vega.

* Lope, in his "*Arte de hacer Comedias*," expressly says:

Y escribo por el arte que inventaron
Los que el vulgar aplauso pretendieron
Porque como los paga el vulgo es juste
Hablarle en necio para darle gusto.

compositions were then in their extreme infancy, and only two or three poets had preceded him in the art; the public taste was not then formed for such representations, and it is only surprising that pieces possessing so much merit, and in which so much real talent was displayed, as "*La Numantia*," and "*El Trato de Argel*," should have been produced. These two plays, the one a tragedy, and the other a comedy, are the only pieces, besides those published by Nasarre, which have reached our hands. There are others, however, which Cervantes has cursorily mentioned in his "*Trabajos de Persiles*," his "*Don Quixote*," and other works, as "*La Gran Turquesca*," "*La Batalla Naval*," "*La Geruselen*," "*La Amaranta ò la del Mayo*," "*El Bosque Amoroso*," "*La Unica*," "*La Vizarra Arsinda*," and "*La Confusa*." These, with about twenty others, he wrote soon after his return from captivity at Algiers in 1580. His mind, wounded by constant reflection upon his own sufferings, and contemplating the anguish which thousands of others must endure while in a state of slavery, vented itself by relating, in "*El Trato de Argel*," the afflictions of himself and his countrymen. For the same purpose, he afterwards wrote "*Los Banos de Argel*," published among the eight comedies by Nasarre, as well as the novel of "*El Amante Liberal*," and the Captive in Don Quixote. In the latter, he describes the history of the amours of Zira and Don Lope founded on real facts.

Perhaps it is impossible to find a sufficient excuse for the total violation of all the unities in most of Cervantes's plays. Nasarre is the only Spanish critic who, as far as I recollect, has attempted an answer to the charge against him.

In the preface to the edition of 1749, he says, "*Cervantes viò, con dolor, è indignacion, que precipitamente iba à corromperse, y à perder toda su gracia; y quiso por medio de estas ocho comedias, y entremeses, como por otros tantos Don Quixotes y Sanchos que desterraron los portentosos y desatinados libros de Cavallerias, que trastornaban el juicio de muchos hombres: quiso digo con comedias enmendar los errores de la comedia y purgar del mal gusto y mala moral el teatro, volviendolo à la razon y à la autoridad de que se havia descartado por complacer el infimo vulgo, sin tener respeto à lo restante, y mas sano del pueblo**." He adds, that so similar are these to real plays, and so well imitated are the errors, that any common reader would imagine them to be what they actually are not, but burlesques upon the bad taste and judgment of the stage.

* Cervantes perceived with sorrow and indignation, that it (the stage) was on the brink of destruction, and that it was about to lose all its grace and beauty; and he desired, through the medium of these eight comedies and interludes (as he had already to so great an extent by his Don Quixotes and Sanchos scattered and expelled the cumbrous and extravagant books of chivalry, which perverted the taste of so many men), to correct the errors of the comedy, and to purge the bad taste and bad principles of the stage, in order that judgment and authority, which had been discarded, to please the common herd, without respect to the remaining and wiser part of the people, might be restored.

The German critic Schlegel, in his "Lectures upon Dramatic Art and Literature," and Lord Holland, in his "Life of Lope de Vega," both ridicule this novel opinion: the one remarks, that it is only necessary to read the plays to shew the absurdity of the hypothesis; and the other seems to think, that the editor is as little supported by authority as by reason. His lordship is perhaps a little too severe upon the editor, who, supposing him to be incorrect, has at least this merit, that he has thrown a new light upon a very gloomy subject. The truth is, that Nasarre, in his eagerness to defend Cervantes, was rather too free in his abuse of Lope, whom he terms the corrupter of the stage, to please the noble critic. Schlegel imagines that Cervantes wrote the latter eight plays and interludes in imitation of Lope's style, and to suit the prevailing fashion of the day. Can it be supposed for a moment that Cervantes, after ridiculing the absurdities of Lope, would endeavour to imitate those follies which had been the subject of his irony? It is equally absurd to imagine, that Cervantes wrote these plays as a burlesque upon the theatrical writers of the day; because, if that were really intended, he would have made his object more apparent. It is, however, only necessary to refer to the preface of the author, to set the matter beyond all doubt: "I again looked over my comedies," he says, "and some interludes I had thrown by among them in a corner, *and I did not think any of them so very bad*, but that they might appeal from the muddiness of this player's brain*, to the brightness of other actors less scrupulous and more judicious. I was quite out of humour, and so parted with the copy to a bookseller, who put them to press just as you see them. He offered me tolerably well for them, and I took his money, having nothing to do with the actors. *I could wish they were the best in the world, or at least reasonably good.* Thou wilt soon see what sort they are (my dear reader), and if thou findest they have any thing good in them, and should happen to light upon my backbiting actor, desire him from me to take care and mend himself, for I offend no man; *and as for the plays, let him take this along with him: they contain no barefaced, open follies, no obvious nonsense; their faults are latent, not patent; the verse too is the very same that is requisite in comic pieces, which ought to be, of all the three styles, the lowest.*" It is therefore but too plain that Cervantes was compelled by pressing want to sell these comedies at whatever price he could get for them: he does not pretend that they are models of perfection, that they are without fault, or even "reasonably good:" his modesty is worthy of so great a man. Like Fielding, he injured his reputation by writing for the stage to obtain a temporary subsistence. Both in this respect were alike unfortunate, but both have immortalized themselves by the brilliant display of a most fertile imagina-

* Cervantes here alludes to an actor who had declared to a bookseller, that from his prose much might be expected, but from his verse nothing.

tion in their prose compositions. Fielding was a man of a more domestic turn of mind than Cervantes, and did not indulge in the higher flights of the imagination; but both were equally well acquainted with, and painted to the life, the customs and the manners, the follies and caprices of the lower ranks of society. Here, however, the comparison ends, for although Fielding struggled with many difficulties in the course of his arduous life, yet he died respected for his virtues and admired for his talents. The termination of the wretched existence of Cervantes is too well known to need repetition.

The first play of Cervantes which in point of chronology presents itself to our view, is "*La Numantia*," unquestionably the best of all his dramatic compositions which have reached down to the present day. This is the piece which Schlegel says possesses so much "*Spartan pathos*." The love of one's country is the prevailing idea throughout, and it contains many noble passages. The subject of it is the capture of Numantium by the Romans, and the principal object of the author is to display in the most forcible style the heroism of the inhabitants, who, rather than become the slaves of their conquerors, preferred to perish honourably in the flames. It is a tragedy which calls forth in the most powerful manner the passions both of terror and commiseration. The brilliant beauties which it possesses are sullied by some defects which cannot be wholly excused, and particularly the total neglect of both the unities of time and place. There are some disgusting scenes also, which are wholly unworthy to have a place in the tragedy; but the lively and pathetic colours in which the love and lamentable death of Lira and Morandro are painted, and the episode of Viriato, compensate for many most glaring errors. These beauties, combined with the fidelity and historical exactness with which Cervantes has described the siege of Numantium, justifies the estimation in which the tragedy has been held by Spaniards as well as foreigners. The play is written mostly in octaves of the Italian metre, but there are some scenes composed in redondillas. The first scene opens with a dialogue between the two generals, Scipio and Jugurtha, and it is conducted with much spirit. Towards the termination, as the heroes are about to cast themselves into the flames, the females surround them, and, with their children in their arms, claim their protection. One of them exclaims:

Que pensais vavones claros?
Revolveis aun todavia
En la triste fantasia
De dexarnos y ausentanos?
Quereis dexar por ventura
A la Romana arrogancia
Las virgines Numantia
Para mayor desventura?*

Having determined to perish in the flames with their husbands and children, they exclaim with a noble pride:

* Ye brave and noble-minded Numantians, what would ye do in your frantic madness? Would you leave us, your wives and children, to become abject slaves? Would you sacrifice your chaste virgins to the foul touch of the Roman people?

O muros desta ciudad,
Si podeis hablad, decid
Y mil veces repetid
Numantinos libertad!*

A bonfire is kindled in the midst of the city, the treasures are burnt, all the Roman captives are killed and eaten by the Numantian soldiers, and in the result, the women, children, and old men are massacred. A dreadful scene between a mother and her son ensues, in which the half-starved boy is piteously crying for food, and the mother is sinking under her sufferings. The afflicted parent cries out in a fit of dispair:

Qué mamas triste criatura!
No sientes que á mi dispecho
Sacas ya del flaco pecho
Por leche, la saugre pura?

The Roman general enters Numantium when all is tranquil, and finds the streets streaming with blood. One brave Numantian only witnesses the entry of Scipio from a high tower. The general commands him to appear before him; he casts himself down, and lies dead at Scipio's feet. Thus ends this dreadful tragedy. The play was acted many times in the youth of Cervantes, while Charles V. was on the throne, and in the reign of Philip II. it was also represented.

"*El Trato de Argel*," (The Way of Living in Algiers,) is a play of a very similar character. The object of this comedy (for so it is called, although the passions of terror and pity are here equally called forth,) is to represent the sufferings of two lovers, Aurelius and Silvia, after having been taken captives by the Algerines. They are separated, and are placed in the most painful and trying situations: the one is called upon to resist the seductions of his mistress Zara; and the other, the allurements of her master Isouf. Both heroically resist the temptations, and in the end they are ransomed, and the happy pair are united. One of the most touching scenes is the sale of slaves, who are just captured by the barbarians. A father, mother, and two children are proclaimed for sale at the highest bidding.

The distinction between a comedy and tragedy in the mind of Cervantes was not that which we entertain in the present day. With him, the difference seemed only to be in the rank and characters of the persons introduced, wholly unconnected with the nature of the plot. To Cervantes, the chief dramatic art seemed to be that of transporting the spectators into the midst of events, which would make the deepest political and religious impression upon them. Tragedy in him was the art of writing history, choosing the most brilliant epochs, so as to excite the strongest passions: his comedy is confined chiefly to domestic life, but he endeavours to excite similar passions by incidents of a very similar description. Cervantes was not unacquainted with the ancients, and he displays his knowledge of them by his attachment to, what we now term a defect, the chorus of the ancients. Before he wrote for the stage, Hernan Perez de Oliva had translated the *Electra* of Sophocles, and the *Hecuba* of Euripides; and Pedro

* O ye ancient city walls,
If ye can speak, declare,
A thousand thousand times repeat,
Numantian liberty!

Simon de Abril had translated the six comedies of Terence, and the *Pluto* of Aristophanes.

Of the eight plays which Cervantes wrote, little is known, because few have taken the pains to read them. Those who have named them, have invariably declared that they are destitute of merit: this I deny, and I could prove, if my readers thought it deserving of the pains, that some of these plays contain many noble and brilliant passages; and although the unities are sometimes wholly disregarded, yet the invention is lively, and the dialogue conducted with so much spirit, that the author of Don Quixote would not be disgraced by such an investigation. The titles of these pieces are, "*El Gallardo Espanol*," "*La Casa de los Zelos*," "*Los Banos de Argel*," "*El Rufian dichoso*," "*La Gran Sultana*," "*El Laberinto de Amor*," "*La Entretenida*," and "*Pedro de Urde malas**;" and these are combined with eight "*entremeses*." The modesty with which the author speaks of these compositions might, and ought to have induced the critics, both English and foreign, to be a little less hasty in their decision. Lord Holland is unmerciful upon poor Cervantes, and quotes the authority of three Spanish critics, Andres, Luzan, and Velasquez, to support his opinion. The remarks of Andres are not only directed against Cervantes, but Lope and his imitators, who have, by various conceits and false reasonings, done so much injury to the Spanish stage. The language of Velasquez is more pointed to Cervantes, where he observes, "We must not look in his comedies for the unities of action, time, or place; his heroes come into the world, walk about it, thrive in it, grow old, and die. They wander like vagabonds from east to west, and north to south; he flies with them through the air to fight battles in one place, and make love in another; sometimes they turn monks, sometimes they die, and even after death, they occasionally perform miracles on the stage. One scene is in Flanders, another in Italy, Spain, Mexico, or Africa. His laqueys talk like courtiers, and his kings like pimps. His principal ladies are women without education, breeding, or decorum. His actors enter like levies, in battalions or squadrons." Luzan, a more temperate critic, dwells on the same point. I do not mean here to deny the truth of most of these remarks: what I contend is, that they have noticed the most glaring defects, without taking the pains to observe the more latent beauties, which would greatly compensate for them. In conclusion, I merely wish to observe (and I fear I have extended this notice to too great a length already), that the best method of deciding the matter is, by a reference to the author himself, who is well worth the pains and trouble of knowing.

* "The Spanish Gallant," "The House of Jealousy," "The Bagnios of Algiers," "The Fortunate Bully," "The Grand Sultana," "The Labyrinth of Love," "The Kept Mistress," and "Peter the Mischief-Maker."

## THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.

The following account of this curious relic of antiquity, illustrative of an important branch of English history, is taken from Mr. Dawson Turner's recent Tour in Normandy. Mr. C. A. Stoddart, the son of the eminent Royal Academician, is engaged on a fac-simile of the work, for the Society of Antiquaries.

"Till the Revolution, the tapestry was always kept in the cathedral, in a chapel on the south side, dedicated to Thomas à Becket, and was only exposed to public view once a year, during the octave of the feast of St. John, on which occasion it was hung up in the nave of the church, which it completely surrounded. From the time thus selected for the display of it, the tapestry acquired the name of *le toile de Saint Jean;* and it is to the present day commonly so called in the city. During the most stormy part of the Revolution, it was secreted; but it was brought to Paris when the fury of Vandalism had subsided; and when the first consul was preparing for the invasion of England, this ancient trophy of the subjugation of the British nation was proudly exhibited to the gaze of the Parisians, who saw another *conqueror* in Napoleon Buonaparte; and many well-sounding effusions, in prose and verse, appeared, in which the laurels of Duke William were transferred, by anticipation, to the brows of the child and champion of Jacobinism. After this display, Buonaparte returned the tapestry to the municipality, accompanied by a letter, in which he thanked them for the care they had taken of so precious a relic. From that period to the present, it has remained in the residence appropriated to the mayor, the former episcopal palace; and here we saw it. It is a piece of brownish linen cloth, about two hundred and twelve feet long, and eighteen inches wide, French measure. The figures are worked with worsted of different colours, but principally light red, blue, and yellow. The historical series is included between borders, composed of animals, &c. The colours are faded, but not so much so as might have been expected. The figures exhibited a regular line of events, commencing with Edward the Confessor, seated upon his throne, in the act of despatching Harold to the court of the Norman duke, and continued through Harold's journey—his capture by the Comte de Ponthieu—his interview with William—the death of Edward—the usurpation of the British throne by Harold—the Norman invasion—the battle of Hastings, and Harold's death. These various events are distributed into seventy-two compartments, each of them designated by an inscription in Latin. Ducarel justly compares the style of the execution to that of a girl's sampler. The figures are covered with work, except on their faces, which are merely in outline. In point of drawing, they are superior to the contemporary sculpture at St. George's and elsewhere; and the performance is not deficient

in energy. The colours are distributed rather fancifully: thus the fore and off legs of the horse are varied. It is hardly necessary to observe, that perspective is wholly disregarded, and that no attempt is made to express light and shadow. Great attention, however, is paid to costume; and more individuality of character has been preserved than could have been expected, considering the rude style of the workmanship. The Saxons are represented with long mustachios; the Normans have their upper lip shaven, and retain little more hair upon their heads than a single lock in front. Historians relate how the English spies reported the invading army to be wholly composed of ecclesiastics; and this tapestry affords a graphical illustration of the chronicler's text. Not the least remarkable feature of the tapestry, in point of costume, lies in the armour, which, in some instances, is formed of interlaced rings; in others, of square compartments; and in others, of lozenges. Those who contend for the antiquity of Duke William's equestrian statue at Caen, may find a confirmation of their opinions in the shape of the saddles assigned to the figures of the Bayeux tapestry, and equally so in their cloaks and their pendent braided tresses. The tapestry is coiled round a cylinder, which is turned round by a winch and wheel; and it is rolled and unrolled with so little attention, that if it continues under such management as the present, it will be wholly ruined in the course of half a century. It is injured at the beginning; towards the end, it becomes very ragged, and several of the figures have completely disappeared. The worsted is unravelling, too, in many of the intermediate portions. As yet, however, it is still in good preservation, considering its great age, though, as I have just observed, it will not long continue so. The bishop and chapter have lately applied to government, requesting that the tapestry may be restored to the church."

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## ACCOUNT OF THE PETRIFYING WATERS AT CLERMONT, IN THE PROVINCE OF AUVERGNE, FROM A MS. TOUR.

The spring rises through a spout in a little street on the northern side of the city, in a stream about as thick as a man's wrist, and is conveyed along a channel, which it has petrified in its course, to the habitation of a poor man, who has the care of the petrifactions which are for sale. Three small houses are here erected of wood, with reservoirs on the top to receive the water, which trickles down through a number of little holes bored in the roof, upon three or four shelves of wicker work (in the first and second buildings), on which are laid the different articles intended to be petrified, such as birds in their nests, fruit, small baskets of flowers, craw fish, &c. The water filtering through these wicker shelves is equally distributed over all the articles, and in about three weeks, if fine weather, but in not less than five if it be rainy, the incrustation is accomplished. The water has

given a red colour to the channel through which it flows. The petrifactions have also a reddish tinge previously to being exposed to the air, which blanches them in a day or two. In the third of the wooden houses was a fine petrifaction of a horse, not in a skeleton state, but with the flesh, mane, tail, &c. in an upright position; another of a cock, with the feathers of the tail admirably incrusted; and a hedgehog; which latter I purchased for three francs, intending to bring it with me to England; but although it was packed with the greatest care, the infernal jolting of the *diligence* had broken it to pieces when it was opened at the custom-house at Brighton.

The spring formerly flowed through another part, where no attention was paid to it; it was conveyed along the top of a wall, and over a small rivulet across a wooden bridge, both of which it has entirely incrusted by frequent overflowings; and they are pointed out to strangers as a specimen of its powerful petrifying qualities. It does not deposit so much at its source as after having been exposed some time to the atmosphere.

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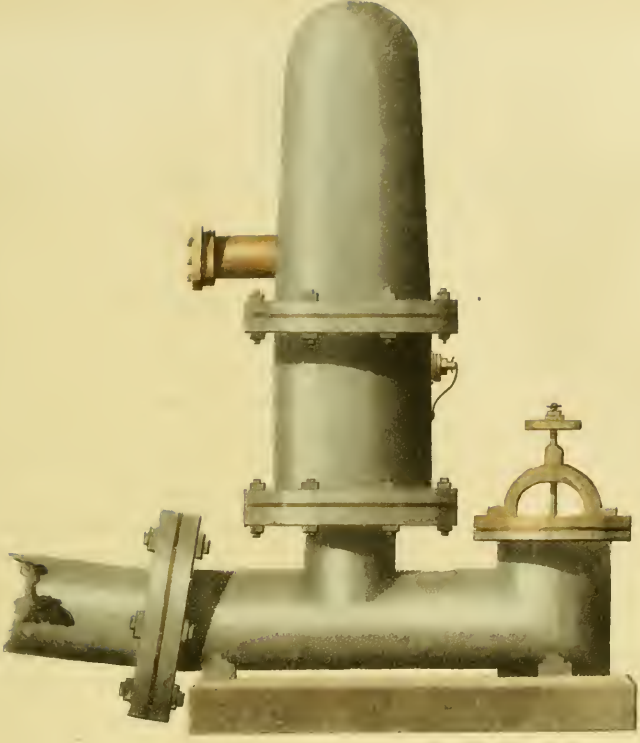
## Plate 18.—THE WATER-RAM,

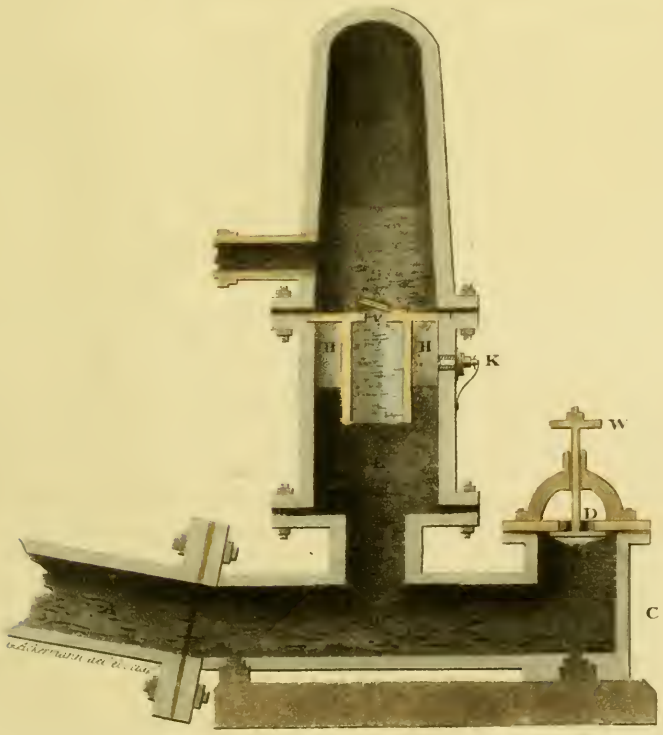
*A simple Hydraulic Engine, which will raise Water to very considerable elevation, without manual force or assistance.*

Being desirous of making our magazine the vehicle of whatever may be novel, useful, and interesting, and having lately had an opportunity of witnessing the performance of one of these hydraulic machines in Kent, we are convinced that we shall be doing an acceptable service to the public in admitting it among our pages: we have accordingly prepared a representation of it, and have extracted the following description from an account given of this machine by Professor Millington of the Royal Institution, as inserted in the "Quarterly Journal of Science and the Arts," vol. i. p. 211.

The *belier hydraulique*, or water-ram, was invented and first constructed by Mongolfier of Paris, about 1797, and is applicable wherever there is a running stream of water with a few feet of fall. The simplicity and cheapness of its construction, and its requiring no attendance after it is once adjusted and set to work, render it peculiarly applicable for the supply of houses, fountains, or pleasure-grounds situated upon elevations. The action of this machine, to which Mr. Mongolfier gave the name of *Water-Ram*, is entirely dependent upon the momentum which water, in common with all other matter, acquires by moving; a circumstance which has often proved very detrimental and troublesome to plumbers and others, in fixing pipes connected with elevated cisterns.

It may have been observed by many, on turning a cock attached to a pipe so circumstanced, that the water flows with great violence; and shutting it off suddenly a concussion is felt, the pipe is shaken, with a noise resembling the fall of a piece of metal within it, and is






THE WATER RAM

not unfrequently burst open near its end.

This arises from the new energy which the water has acquired by being put in motion for a short time and then stopped, in consequence of which it makes a considerable mechanical effort against the end of the pipe, which opposes its further progress.

This effect was experienced in a great degree at an hospital in Bristol, where a plumber was employed to fix a leaden pipe to convey water from the middle of the building to the kitchen below, and it was found that nearly every time the cock was made use of, the pipe was burst at its lowest end. After making many attempts to remedy this evil, it was at last determined to solder a small pipe immediately behind the cock, which of course was carried to the same perpendicular height as the supplying cistern, to prevent the water running to waste; and now it was found, that on shutting the cock, the pipe did not burst as before, but a jet of considerable height was forced from the upper end of this new pipe. It therefore became necessary to increase the height of the pipe, to overcome, if possible, this jet, and it was carried to the top of the building, or twice the height of the supplying cistern; where, to the great surprise of those who constructed the work, the jet still made its appearance, though not in such considerable quantities; and a cistern was placed at the top of the house to receive this superfluous water, which was found very convenient, particularly as it was raised without trouble or exertion.

This is believed by Mr. Millington to have been the first water-ram which ever had existence, the circumstance having taken place prior to Mongolfier's contrivance, though he is the first person who organized the machine, and made it comparatively self-acting, without even turning a cock.

The annexed plate is after a machine constructed by Mr. Anthony Boyer, of 12, Windmill-street, Tottenham-Court-road, but with further improvements suggested by Mr. Millington.

A is a pipe in communication with others, either of wood or iron, extending from 18 to 30 or 40 feet in length, according to their diameter. These pipes are laid in a sloping direction from the reservoir or spring-head, so as to reach the greatest depth B, at which the water can run off to waste, which may be from one to six or eight feet below the reservoir from whence they conduct the water. The water would naturally run to waste from the end C of these pipes, but that is closed, and it is only permitted to escape through a round hole in the centre of the horizontal flaunch D, from whence it will run in an uninterrupted stream. This hole is, however, equipped with a valve within it, as at *d*, and this valve is so adjusted as to sink by its own weight in the water, while that water is motionless or moving slowly. Now if we suppose the pipe A B to be supplied with water from the reservoir, that water will at first pass round the valve and discharge itself at D; but as soon as it has acquired a small additional force by moving, it will be more than equivalent to

the weight of the valve *d*, and will lift it up, by which the passage of the water becomes instantly stopped, and an effort will be made to burst the pipe B: this is prevented by the second orifice over the letter B, communicating with the chamber E and air-vessel F, from whence there is an immediate communication by a rising lead or other pipe fixed to the short pipe G, and leading to the elevated situation to which the water is to be thrown. As the effect of the blow which the water makes is instantaneous, it becomes necessary to place a second valve, *v*, between the air-vessel and the chamber E, but below the pipe G, so that any water which is thrown into F, by the effort, may be confined there, and acted upon by the condensed air, instead of permitting it to return and equalize itself in the pipes A B.

The blow which the water makes is so sudden and violent as to produce an expansion in the pipe B, which is as suddenly succeeded by a recontraction and trifling vacuum in B, by the tendency of the water to return up A, when stopped: the effect of this is to bring down the valve *d*, by which a free passage is once more opened for the water, which again flows, and shuts D, as before, to produce another blow or pulsation, by which a second quantity of water is thrown up G. Each repetition of this operation affords a fresh supply of water.

It will be evident that the valve *d*, as well as *v*, will require some adjustment as to weight. This was first effected by making these valves of hollow brass balls, having a hole on one side, by which some shot or small pieces of lead could be introduced to adjust the weight. The hole was afterwards stopped by a screw, which projected and formed a shank or tail to guide the valve. A screw was likewise over *v*, to adjust the height to which the valve should rise, and to prevent its breaking away and getting into the air-vessel, which it otherwise might have done from the violence of the blow.

But according to the recent improvement (as seen in the plate), a flap-valve is introduced at *v*, which not only simplifies the machine, but is not so liable to be out of repair as a hollow ball. The screw is likewise dispensed with, being of no use; and at D a common spindle valve is made use of, upon the upper part of the shank of which, as at W, thin cast iron weights are fixed, to adjust the descent of the valve *d*.

It has been found, that after using the water-ram for a short time, as it was formerly constructed, the air in F became absorbed, and entirely disappeared; and thus ceasing to act as an air-vessel, the water would not proceed to any great height up G. This is obviated in the present case by the chamber E, placed between the air-vessel and the pipe B. From the form of this chamber, any air which enters it becomes confined in the recesses H, H, and not only equalizes the action on the valve *v*, but makes the whole motion less instantaneous. H, H, becomes supplied with air in small machines by the falling of the valve *d*, which brings a quantity of air down with it. In larger ones, it will be necessary to

apply a small snifting valve, with a spring to open it inwards, to some part of the outside of E, as at K, when the air as it enters will rise to the top of H, H, and as it accumulates, will at length pass through *v* into F.

In some rams, the tubes A, B, have been from one inch and a half to six inches in diameter, and the ascending pipes, G, one inch and a half, or less. The valve *d* has made from fifty to seventy pulsations in a minute, and discharged near half a pint of water at each pulsation, at the height of 30 feet, with a six feet fall from the supplying head.

A machine has been made which furnished a hundred hogsheads of water in twenty-four hours, to the height of 134 perpendicular feet, with a fall of only four feet and a half.

Peter Nouaille, Esq. of Great Ness, Kent, has erected one of these machines, of a size indicated by the scale in the plate, by which he throws water from a lower into a higher pond, situated 600 feet asunder, at the rate of a gallon per minute, having a rise of 24 feet, with only a fall of four or five feet.

We have thus endeavoured to make our readers acquainted with a machine, which we hope will soon become of extensive utility, and tend materially to the embellishment of our gardens and parks. It cannot be doubted, that in time various improvements may render it the most advantageous of its kind, the invention being still in its infancy, and, comparatively speaking, almost unknown.

## CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

*Mr.* ADVISER,

A SHORT time ago I was very happy in thinking that I had a number of sincere friends, whose regard for me no accident in life could shake, and whose assistance, if I ever wanted it, I might at any time depend upon with certainty. You will judge, Mr. Adviser, how far my expectations were just, when I have related what has lately befallen me.

I am a bachelor, past the middle of life, have no near relations, and am, or rather I should say have been, very rich; but an unlucky lawsuit, which a few weeks ago was decided against me, robbed me of the greatest part of my fortune. I am not, however, thank Heaven, reduced to beggary; enough remains to procure me the decent comforts of life; but as the decision against me prevented me from receiving a certain sum as usual at Christmas, and I had some tradesmen's bills which I wished to pay, I found myself under the necessity of borrowing a sum of money for that purpose.

I was exceedingly puzzled which of my friends to apply to; not that I entertained the least doubt of success, but because it struck me that such a mark of my confidence and friendship bestowed upon one in particular might give offence to the rest. At last, I considered that, in justice, I was bound to give the friend whom I had most obliged

the preference; and accordingly I hastened to his house.

Before I tell you what passed, I must premise that we had been acquainted from our boyish days, and that the first use I made of my property upon coming into possession of it, was to advance him a considerable sum for a mercantile speculation, which laid the foundation of his success in life. Some years afterwards he paid me this sum, but I never would accept a farthing of interest. He is now retired from business, and immensely rich; and he has often declared, that he could never forget what I had done for him, and has wished a thousand times that any circumstance would put it in his power to repay the obligation.

You will readily suppose, Mr. Adviser, that I could feel no difficulty in applying to this gentleman. "I am come, my dear friend," said I, "to ask of you a favour."—"Pshaw!" replied he, "you always make favours of trifles."

"What I am going to ask is not a trifle; it is in fact a thing that will oblige me very much."

"My dear friend, I am delighted to hear you say so; you know you may command me."

"Well then, I want to borrow a couple of hundred pounds to pay my tradesmen's bills; though, to say the truth, I do not know exactly when I shall be able to pay them, because I have lost my lawsuit."

"Lost your lawsuit!" cried he, in a tone so completely altered, that I protest I could scarcely believe my senses. "Bless me! what a pity it is that you did not try to accommodate the matter without litigation! But you were so obstinate, you would go to law, though you know I always advised you against it; for in fact in your situation it was the most imprudent thing in the world."

"Prudent or imprudent, the thing is done now; and as to your advising me against it, I never recollect your saying a syllable about it till this moment."

"Oh! yes, I have many times; but unfortunately your great fault is, that you never would take advice. Now here, for instance, you are going to pay people; why, in your situation, such a step is an actual folly."

"Folly! a folly to pay a man's tradesmen's bills!"

"Yes, indeed, in your circumstances. Why your creditors must know the loss you have met with, and no doubt they will wait: they cannot expect you should borrow money to pay them, and thus plunge yourself into new debts in order to liquidate your old ones. You cannot suppose that what I say proceeds from reluctance to lend you the money: no, believe me, I should not hesitate a moment, if it was to do you the least service; but as it is, I consider it an act of kindness to prevent you from flinging the money in a manner away."

I was so struck with the unblushing impudence with which he attempted to cloak his abominable meanness under an affectation of concern for my interest, that I quitted him without a reply, and it was some time afterwards before I became composed enough to recollect, that he had neither asked

me to stay dinner, nor attended me to the door, two ceremonies which he never omitted before in his life.

Boiling with rage at this unworthy treatment, I hastened to the house of another friend, on whom, indeed, I never had conferred any pecuniary obligations, but he owes to my interest a situation which he has held for some years in a public office. I related to him what had just passed; he heard me with a face of the kindest sympathy, till I said that I came, in consequence of my disappointment, to ask him to lend me the money.

"Me, my dear friend!" cried he, "me! Lord bless you! I could as soon command a couple of millions. You know that my two girls are just brought out, and I assure you, that in order to keep up appearances, I am obliged to spend every shilling of my income, and run in debt besides"—(by the bye, Mr. Adviser, it was not a week before this that he told me he had been buying 500*l.* stock):—"but I have no doubt that our friend S. will let you have it directly; he has just sold his estate in Devonshire, and received the purchase money for it only yesterday. I would insist upon your staying dinner, but that I think you had better not lose a moment in going to him."

Though I knew that this advice was merely given to get rid of me, yet I thought it might be as well to take it; for I had little doubt that S. would supply me. So away I went, and told him how I was situated; but here I was again unlucky: my friend, though he had sold one estate only the day before, was already in treaty for another, the purchase money of which he thought would come to more than he had by him, and he could not, he said, think of lending money, when he was afraid of being obliged to borrow himself.

It never seemed to occur to this worthy gentleman's recollection, that some years ago he had the modesty to ask me to borrow money to lend him, and I actually complied with his request. I had a great inclination to remind him of the circumstance, but my pride prevented me, and I returned home vexed and mortified enough, to consider whom I should apply to in the morning.

While I was preparing to go out, a friend called, as I thought, most *à-propos*, for I considered that I had strong claims upon him, because I prevailed upon the father of his present wife to burn a will, by which he had disinherited her; and in consequence of its being destroyed, my friend came into possession of thirty thousand pounds very recently. I made my request with perfect confidence. Nothing, he said, could exceed his sorrow at being obliged to refuse me, but he had so frequently lost money by lending, that he had made a solemn promise never to risk a single shilling in that way again.

I shall not enter any more into detail; suffice it to say, that I have I believe experienced every possible way in which a favour can be refused. Some of my old friends recommended me to apply to those whom I had not known so long, because they were much richer; and these again expressed themselves surprised that I should ask them, when I had so many older

acquaintances, who must be, in some degree, bound to serve me: several, before they refused me, expatiated very freely upon the imprudence I was guilty of, in living up to my income, and not reserving something for accidents; and a good many covertly insulted my distress, by praising the prudence with which they always kept out of pecuniary scrapes.

Thus, Mr. Adviser, my temporary embarrassment has served to procure me a knowledge of the real disposition of my friends; but it is a knowledge I must ever repent of having acquired, since it has served to destroy my comfort; for I have now a new set of acquaintance to seek, and you will readily believe that my experience of mankind does not render me disposed to look with much complacency on strangers. I do not write to you for advice, and I cannot expect your assistance; but by inserting my letter, you may perhaps teach some of your readers the prudence to conceal their necessities, if they mean to preserve their friends. I am, sir, your humble servant, T. B.

## GERMAN LITERATURE.

We have made the following quotations from a German work called "*Teutona:* a collection of the exquisite thoughts of the best original German authors." We shall continue them hereafter.

Philanthropy is founded upon nature; esteem upon powers, talents, merits; friendship upon harmony. I love a man because he is a man. I honour a man who is loftier, more intellectual, more virtuous, than myself. I am the friend of the man whose heart and understanding resemble my own. Friendship can neither be intreated nor acquired: it is given by itself, and taken by itself.

J. T. Lavater.

A friend is the crown of human existence, and friendship is dearer than the love of the sexes. Love is the shadows of morning, that grow fainter every succeeding moment. Friendship is the shadow of evening, that deepens until the sun of life be set.

Friendship is the humblest thing on earth: like love and virtue, it is contented with the single word, *heart*. It will bear no other title—not even the most insignificant addition; in a word, it will be nothing but friendship. Warm attachment betokens nothing but the sensitiveness of the heart, but friendship displays its nobleness. Hence generous souls ever ennoble love by friendship, for sensitive men only flutter from one love to another: friendship can never be ennobled by love.

A. Lafontaine.

The happiness of domestic life consists in the delightful recreation after the toil and heat of the day—the sweetest reward for the finished labour, finished perhaps with pain, with exertion, with resistance, and attended by disastrous consequences. Quiet, repose, and refreshment await the father, the mother, and the family, after their daily work completed with the sweat of their brows. The cool dews of evening are not more grateful to the weary wanderer, than that repose which they enjoy

in the circle of those they love. Here the deep thinker expands his spirit: he pours forth the pleasant notions he has acquired without, or abandons himself to the playfulness of lisping children, and to the cheerfulness of all: he awaits and encourages the blossoms of sound understanding and generous sensibility that shoot up before him, and gives way to every thought and perception that, unsought, presents itself. Here the man of business forgets his perplexing affairs; deposits all his cares, if he cannot banish them altogether, in the bosom of his beloved; receives her soothing consolations; and his heart expands itself, his countenance brightens, and sorrow and care retire, till he has gained strength to resist or to overcome them. The philosopher is relieved from the weight of his toilsome researches: he leaves the labyrinth in which he had perhaps bewildered himself, and often finds, in the contemplation of innocence and simplicity, more truth and more tranquillity of mind, more to interest his heart and his understanding, than learning and science can ever afford him. Every one sees and feels the end of his labour, and rejoices the more over what he has accomplished, the more dear are the objects who are benefited by his exertions. Here praise and applause await those who have deserved it, from those whose approbation is every thing to them. Here the fallen are raised again, the erring sinner is turned into the right way, the mourner is consoled, the anxious heart is soothed, and by degrees tranquillity and satisfaction are diffused around.

The happiness of domestic life consists principally in the perfect sympathy and participation of the inmost feelings of affectionate and united hearts. All the restraints of art, customs, and ceremonies fall before it; all fears of superior judgment, of reproach, of ridicule, all concealed anxieties and harassing conjectures on indifferent and insignificant trifles, are at an end. Every one shews himself as he is, and dares not conceal his weaknesses and failings Here heart opens towards heart, and every thought, every feeling is open and undisguised to each other. No grief, no care, no wish, no joy, no hope, is locked within the heart; but in the free intercourse of souls, every grief is lightened, every care is absorbed, every good wish is encouraged, every joy doubled and heightened, every hope is crowned with actual enjoyment. Here every one exchanges his own happiness with that which forms another's, and gives and imparts at once comfort and strength, satisfaction and peace of mind, and feels himself richer and stronger and happier, in proportion as he enjoys the blessings in common with another.

Would you enjoy pure, innocent, blameless, unfading pleasures, seek them not at a distance, when they lie so near you; seek them not in things which you cannot command, which are not in your power, but in those which properly belong to you; seek them in the happiness of domestic life. You are uncertain of finding it elsewhere; here you will surely meet with it.

G. T. Zollikofer.

# FAIR ENNA,

*Or the Spanish Lady's Revenge.*

[The following ballad has so much merit, and is so interesting in itself, that we have not felt inclined to run the risk of its insertion at the end of our Number, where we are so frequently pressed for room as to be obliged to exclude many of the favours of our poetical contributors. It is a translation from the Spanish, and is founded upon a tradition in one of the old chroniclers, though some slight liberties have been taken with the story.]

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## Part I.

Woe to the man, whoe'er he be,
That woman shall defame,
And basely, for his evil ends,
Rob of her noble name!

Such be the dastard traitor's doom,
As once it so befell
A caitiff wight in Cordova,
As ancient legends tell.

Fair Enna's brave and youthful lord,
Against the Moorish band,
Was gone to combat for his king,
Far in a distant land;

While she was left in Cordova
(The royal court was there),
And many envied Enna's lord
That had a wife so fair.

Four years of absence now were past,
No tidings did arrive,
And all believ'd Count Ludovick
No longer did survive.

In Philip's court there was a peer,
Of power both great and dread,
And the feign'd friend of Ludovick,
When Enna he did wed.

And ever since beyond her aid,
To fight in battle-field,
The count was gone, this recreant lord
Press'd his true wife to yield:

To yield her to a lawless suit,
She ne'er would hear him name;
Time might increase Lord Valdez' fire,
Her virtue was the same.

The same her virtue, but her love
Was greater than before;
For since she thought her lord was dead,
She seem'd to love him more!

Her constant soul Lord Valdez tried
In vain to fright or move,
He might have made fair Enna die,
But never make her love!

Revenge then fill'd Lord Valdez' soul;
For true it is as strange,
'Tis scarcely sweeter to sate love,
Than gratify revenge!

He could not make the lady false,
But through the royal court,
Malignant, into every ear
He spread the foul report.

Soon at the royal throne she knelt,
To vindicate her cause,
And she a champion would procure
By the duello's laws,

To prove the charge was false as foul
Upon the traitor's head:—
"Where is thy champion?" said the king;
"Thy worthy lord is dead."

A hundred gauntlets to the ground
From gallant nobles flew;
Her look was innocent as May,
And, aye, as lovely too.

"I thank you, noble peers," she said,
"That thus my cause befriend;
I have a champion, and my right
Will God on high defend.

"Heaven will revenge my cruel wrong:
Heaven took my lord away,
So Heaven must aid its champion
And mine upon that day."

Her very look was innocence,
Yet firm and fix'd her eye;
And when she rose from off her knees,
She rose in majesty.

The day of trial then was nam'd,
The day of single fight:
In Heaven alone was victory,
To vindicate the right.

PART II.

The day arriv'd—the lists are form'd;
Lord Valdez stood prepar'd,
And bravely, clad in shining arms,
His foe to combat dared.

The king, the queen, the court are there,
The dreadful fight to view,
That by Lord Valdez' life or death
Prov'd Enna false or true.

"Where is the lady?" said the king,
"And where her champion knight?"
For yet no champion knight appear'd
To do fair Enna right.

Thrice did Lord Valdez' herald sound
His trumpet far and near;
At length, along the silent plain,
An answering horn they hear.

A joyful murmur through the court
Ran, when the sound they know;
All hoped that Enna had been true,
And all believed her so.

The crowd draws back on either side,
To let her champion pass;
Upon a gallant steed he rode,
That spurn'd the flying grass.

He vaulted nimbly to the ground
From off his saddle-tree,
And to the king and smiling court
Bowed lowly on his knee.

He seem'd indeed a stripling youth,
Yet gallant was his mien,
But through his vizor's fretted bars
His face could not be seen.

With steady hand he drew his sword,
Its holy cross did kiss:
The nobles trembled for a cause
Left to a boy like this.

"Rash youth, forbear!" Lord Valdez cried,
"And tempt not thus my rage:
A lady's valiant champion thou?
More fit for lady's page!"

The youth replied not to the taunt,
But grasp'd his glitt'ring shield,
Whereon three maiden roses shone
Upon a silver field.

The fight began, and long endured,
With many a desperate blow;
Thrice did Lord Valdez' weighty sword
Stagger his youthful foe:

Yet still the youth, with courage true,
Repell'd his foeman strong,
Cheer'd by the thousand shouts that rose
Among the anxious throng.

So well the gallant youth defends,
In vain Lord Valdez fought,
In vain he strikes the silver shield,
His strength avails him nought.

Madden'd with rage, he spent his power
Oft on the whizzing air;
The greater was his foeman's joy,
The greater his despair!

At length he lifted both his hands
To give a fatal wound;
The youthful champion stepp'd aside,
And Valdez bit the ground.

"Strike, quickly strike, and take my life!"
The conquer'd Valdez cried;
"I did the Lady Enna wrong
To stain her honour's pride!"

"Then thus she quits thee of thy crime:
Your breath still freely draw!"
The stripling threw his helm aside—
'Twas Enna's self they saw!

'Twas Enna's self that had reveng'd
Her honour in the strife;
'Twas Enna that gave life to him
Who sought her fame and life.

And now to crown fair Enna's joys,
By just decrees of Heaven,
To her dear arms Count Ludovick,
Her lord, once more is given!

The hated Valdez lived not long,
Among the Moors he fell;
While Enna and her lord, belov'd,
In mutual blessings dwell.

## ANECDOTES OF BERNARDIN DE ST. PIERRE.

(From an "*Essai sur la Vie et les Ouvrages de* Bernardin de St. Pierre," par L. Aime-Martin, just published at Paris.)

This celebrated author evinced, even in his infancy, that spirit of philanthropy for which he was afterwards as much distinguished as for his great talents: at an age when other children are occupied only with their amusements, his greatest pleasure was to relieve the sufferings of others. The little anecdote which I am about to relate, is in itself a proof of the natural sensibility of his disposition.

Bernardin de St. Pierre was a native of Havre; his godmother, Madame Bayard, who was also of the same place, found herself reduced, by the death of her husband, from affluence to a very moderate income: this was a heavy blow to a woman whose generous spirit made her delight in acts of liberality. One new-year's day, her godson came as usual to see her: until then, he had always received a new-year's gift, accompanied with an abundance of tender caresses. Now, alas! the caresses were all the poor godmother had to give: in vain did she look round her apartment, nothing presented itself to her eyes that could be acceptable to the child. A mingled feeling of sorrow and mortified pride overcame her, and she burst into tears. The quick sensibility of the child made him comprehend the cause of her sorrow; his little heart was sensibly touched with it, and recollecting at the moment that he had received that very morning a piece of silver for a new-year's gift, he resolved to bestow this sum, which to him appeared immense, upon his godmother; and he contrived, while he was caressing her, to slide it under the cushion of the sofa. One cannot help admiring this mixture of delicacy and sensibility in a mere infant.

It was not only to those whom he loved, or even to his own species, that he was disposed to shew kindness; the sufferings of the animal creation also excited his commiseration. One day he found an unfortunate cat nearly expiring in the drain of a gutter; it had received a wound, and it lay unable to move, and crying dreadfully. The little Bernardin took it up, and concealing it under his coat, carried it by stealth to a loft over the stable; there he made a bed of hay for the wounded animal, which he carefully nursed, dividing with it regularly a part of his breakfast and supper.

This extraordinary man had his share of the vicissitudes of life. He distinguished himself at an early age at the college of Caen, and afterwards at that of Rouen. The prize which he obtained at the last-mentioned college for mathematics seemed to indicate what his vocation would be. On leaving it, he entered the school *des Ponts et Chaussées:* reasons of economy soon afterwards induced government to reduce the number of pupils in this establishment; and he was among those youths who were dismissed. His services in the Engineers were not of long

duration: his talents gave umbrage, his frankness displeased; and, in order to get rid of him, they made use of the excuse, that he had no right to belong to the corps in which he served.

Engineers were wanting at Malta; Bernardin de St. Pierre was sent there: but the siege which was expected did not take place; consequently the troops returned to France.

This was an inauspicious beginning for poor St. Pierre, whose means were very humble: however, youth is not given to despair. He hired a little ready furnished room in the *rue des Maçons*, and hastened to try his interest with those friends who had appeared disposed to serve him before he went to Malta. His first visit was paid to the *Bailli de Fronlay*, who could speak to him only of his own vexations: he deplored the fate of the nobility, who had no longer, as he declared, any credit in the public offices. Bernardin saw that he had nothing to hope from the *Bailli;* but, thought he, there is M. Mirabeau. But Mirabeau, the friend of mankind, was too busy just then with the work which he was composing on the happiness of the whole human race, to waste his time in serving a single individual. Not yet discouraged, our young man next proceeded to attack M. du Bois, first clerk in a public office. M. du Bois received him with all the air of a prime minister; told him he must wait; that they would think about him; that as to himself he never saw any one but those with whom he had business to transact; and in speaking these words he very politely conducted our young engineer to the door.

This first lesson was a very bitter one to the young philanthropist, and as he had no assistance to expect from his family, he tried to support himself by giving lessons in mathematics to some young men who were destined to the military profession; but this resource was only for the moment: want soon began to stare him in the face; his credit with his baker was exhausted; his hostess threatened to turn him out; in short, he had no resource but to seek his fortune somewhere else: two or three friends assisted him with the loan of a small sum, and he hastened to try whether fate would be more propitious to him in Holland.

One would have thought that after the misery he had already experienced, he would catch at the first opportunity that offered of establishing himself comfortably; on the contrary, he refused an offer which was made him by a very worthy man, M. Mustel, a journalist at Amsterdam, of a salary of one thousand crowns a year. He cast away afterwards many excellent opportunities of doing well; it was in fact a singular trait in his temper, that he would rather brave adversity than not succeed according to his own fancy. The writer from whom we have taken these anecdotes, characterizes him, and perhaps justly, as having been amiable in his childhood; fickle, presumptuous, and ambitious in middle age; but, taught by misfortune, wise and happy in his old age.

## PICTURESQUE TOUR IN THE OBERLAND OF THE CANTON OF BERNE.

PLATE 14.—VIEW OF THE LAKE OF THUN.

The traveller who sets out on his tour of the Oberland from Berne, may easily procure in that city whatever is requisite for the journey. He will also have opportunities of purchasing many things at Thun, Meyringen, and Unterseen. Suitable clothing, not too light, but durable and convenient, is a principal point. Fresh supplies of provisions may be obtained at most of the inns. Tourists generally take a carriage as far as Thun, and then embark to cross the lake of Thun, because the pleasure of a walk along its shore is not adequate to the fatigues of such an excursion. It is time enough to look out for guides when they have reached Unterseen.

On starting from Berne, the traveller has the choice of two principal routes: he may either begin with Hasli, and finish with Lauterbrunnen; or, *vice versa*, proceed first to Lauterbrunnen, and conclude the tour with the Haslithal. For this tour, different persons will take more or less time according to circumstances. It may be performed in six or eight days; but those who have nothing to consult but their own convenience, may devote to it a fortnight, or even twice that period, without finding any want of interesting objects to engage their attention. The following route might be pursued by those whose plans might prevent them for allotting more than fourteen days to this excursion.

*First day.*—From Berne to Thun to breakfast — Schadau — Bachihölzlein—lake of Thun—cavern of St. Beatus—Unterseen.

*Second day.*—Halt at Unterseen —walk to Bönigen—ride to Ringgenberg, and return by Hohbühl. —In the evening walk to the little Rügen.

*Third day.*—To Zweylütschinen, by way of Unspunnen and Wilderswyl—ascend the mountains to Eisenfluh and Mürren—sleep at Mürren.

*Fourth day.*—From Mürren by Gimmelwald to Stichelberg, and to the beautiful fall of the Schmadribach—ancient mine at Trachsellauenen—sleep at Lauterbrunnen.

*Fifth day.*—From Lauterbrunnen to Grindelwald—the Wengen-Alp—view of the Jungfrau and the two Eigers—sleep at Grindelwald.

*Sixth day.*—To the Faulhern, or to the two glaciers of Grindelwald—sleep in the Schwarzwald.

*Seventh day.*—To the Grimsel.

*Eighth day.*—To the glacier of the Rhone, and return to the hospital of the Grimsel; or to the glacier of the Lower Aar; or ascend the Sidelhorn, and return to the hospital.

*Ninth day.* — To Meyringen, making a small detour to the Kirchlet.

*Tenth day.* — Meyringen — the Reichenbach, with its falls, and the heights above, near Falcheren.

*Eleventh day.*—To Mount Hasli, and through its villages to the Brünig—descend into the valley of Hasli by the bridge of Wyler. —sleep at Tracht or Brienz.

*Twelfth day.*—View the Giessbach—thence to Iseltwald and Interlachen.

*Thirteenth day.*—Lake of Thun

VIEW near THUN.

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—Spiez—by land to Gwatt—to Amsoldingen, or the bath of Blumenstein.

*Fourteenth day.*—By Thurnen to Berne, or to the Gurnigel, and thence to Berne.

This plan is of course susceptible of additions or retrenchments, according to the circumstances of the traveller; and in the following tour we shall not hesitate to conduct him to any interesting or remarkable object, though not situated in the direct line of his route.

It should be observed, that the season for performing this tour with the greatest pleasure, embraces the months of June, July, and August, when the weather is most likely to be favourable, and the herdsmen are resident on the mountains. Unfortunately, June is too often rainy, and travellers are in consequence frequently obliged to protract their journey into September, which is attended with inconvenience, from the shortness of the days, and the necessity of carrying along larger supplies of provisions, because the herdsmen have quitted their elevated abodes on the Alps for lower situations. In May, the waterfalls and valleys would indeed be extremely beautiful, but then there is often a great deal of snow on the heights, to which the herdsmen have not yet removed. July and August are therefore to be preferred on all accounts, though an irregular season may occasion a difference in this particular.

The traveller may spend the day before his departure from Berne on this tour in the most profitable manner in visiting the public library, which contains numerous subjects in natural history, the productions of the Alps; and may inspect some relievos of the Oberland, which furnish the most accurate and satisfactory representations of that country. A walk to the pass called the *Enge*, to survey the great chain of the Alps, which he is about to visit, will assist to make him acquainted with the respective situations of their colossal peaks, and form an appropriate conclusion to the day.

It would be difficult to form any thing like an accurate estimate of the expense of such a tour, which must depend on the circumstances and pleasure of the party by whom it is made. So much, however, may be premised, that the charges at the inns will be found higher in these Alpine regions, than in many other parts of the Continent. Here the innkeepers' harvest is of short duration. In cold wet summers, the travelling season frequently lasts no more than two months, and even in the best years scarcely four or five. In this short period, they must make a sufficient profit to pay very high house-rents, as well as the interest of the capital expended in beds and other furniture, besides the cost of provisions and attendance; and when the heavy charge of carriage is considered, it cannot appear surprising that wine and other liquors should here be considerably dearer than in some other countries.

It will be necessary for the traveller to provide himself with a supply of the coins current in these parts. Of the large silver coins, French and Brabant crowns are the most serviceable; and of

the small money, that of Berne, the small coin of the other cantons having been a few years since prohibited. In gold, the French coins and the Dutch ducats are best known and generally preferred.

## Thun.

The road from Berne to Thun, a distance of about six leagues, runs parallel with the river Aar, through the villages of Muri, Münsingen, Wichtrach, Kiesen, and Heimberg. Thun is pleasantly situated on the Aar, not far from its exit from the lake which derives its name from this town. A public stage-coach travels from Berne to this place four times a week, and once or twice there is a passage-vessel on the Aar, which performs the distance in about two hours. The inns are called the Freyhof and the White Cross.

Near the chateau on the east side of the town there is a magnificent prospect over the whole country and the neigbouring lake, towards the lofty chain of the Alps, in which the valleys of Grindel, Lauterbrunn, Frutigen, Kander, Adelboden, and Simmen, are situated. There is also a delicious walk from the town to the castle of Schadau, on the margin of the lake, where the spectator likewise enjoys an inexpressibly beautiful and sublime prospect, especially when illumined by the evening sun.

Thun is a place of considerable antiquity, and formerly had its own counts, on the extinction of whose family, it devolved to the then powerful house of Kyburg. At the commencement of the 14th century, Count Hartmann of Kyburg, who resided at Thun, possessed the whole of the Oberland, as far as the High Alps, the Emmenthal, to Landshut and Burgdorf, and many estates in Aargau. He resided at Thun, and at this period upwards of seventy families, dispersed through the Oberland, were numbered among the citizens of that town. His eldest son, Hartmann, after his father's death, caused his brother Eberhard, when on a visit to him at his mansion at Landshut, to be secured, and detained him a prisoner in the fortress of Rochefort, near Neuchatel. Duke Leopold of Austria decided that Hartmann should remain sovereign of the country, and that Eberhard should reside in the castle of Thun. To this place a great assemblage of the nobility was summoned for the purpose of celebrating their reconciliation; but after the entertainment, Hartmann spoke of his brother in such offensive terms, that some of the attendants of the latter drew their swords. In the scuffle which ensued, Hartmann was killed on the staircase of the castle, and his body was precipitated over the walls. This event happened in 1323. Count Eberhard, in this dilemma, sent to the city of Berne, promising to be one of its citizens, and to make over to it part of his possessions, and the sovereignty over Thun; which was accepted. In 1375, his eldest son, Hartmann, mortgaged the town of Thun to Berne, since which time it continued to be a municipality of that canton; till, in 1798, it became, but only for a short period, the capital of a distinct canton, formed out of the Oberland.

From Thun a passage-vessel sails twice a week, on Monday and Friday, and a market-vessel on Wednesday and Saturday, for Unterseen and Brienz. Those who prefer a separate conveyance may hire a sailing boat, with two men, to go as far as Neuhaus, which is four leagues, at the rate of 2½ gulden, or about five shillings.

## SINGULARITIES OF DIFFERENT NATIONS.

For the present collection of singularities, I cannot acknowledge my obligations to any author in particular; it is to the works of many that I am indebted for the materials that compose this article.

The Easterns, when they approach their sovereigns, prostrate themselves, and strike their foreheads on the ground.

It must be barefooted that any one presents himself before the King of Siam.

In the island of Ceylon they bestow no title on their king; but from respect, when his subjects speak to him, they part with the qualities of men; as for example, if he asks, "From whence do you come?" they answer, "Your dog is come from such a place." If he asks, "How many children any one has," he is answered, "Your dog has had two children, or whatever the number may be."

The Chiriguans, an American nation, always go naked, notwithstanding they have breeches, but they generally carry them under their arms, as we do our hats.

The mode of salutation amongst the Turks appears to me the most natural of any: they look at the person they wish to salute, and place the hand upon the region of the heart.

Among the Ayens, they approach the person they wish to salute, whisper in his ear, and rub his stomach softly with the hand.

The ancient Romans, on the election of an emperor, sacrificed three or four thousand victims.

From time immemorial, at the coronation of a King of France, the people who have birds in cages open them, and give them liberty. Several hundred dozens of birds have been liberated on such occasion.

The King of Congo sometimes chooses to walk out on a windy day, with his bonnet lightly placed on one side his head; and if the wind blows it off, he imposes a tax on the inhabitants of that part of his kingdom where the wind blew.

The manners of the Japanese are directly opposite to those of the Europeans. A white dress among them is a mark of grief, and a black one, a mark of joy. It is not by bowing the head, or any motion of the hand, that they salute any one, but by uncovering the feet. They get on horseback with the right foot, we with the left. In their houses, they wear their best clothes; when they go out, they take them off, and put on the worst they have. A noble Japanese, accused and convicted of a crime, only incurs more shame if he asks his life to be spared; the only favour he should require is, that he may have permission to kill himself, or that one of his re-

lations, a man of equal eminence, may rid him of existence.

In Languedoc, during the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, if any one, either man or woman, was caught in the act of adultery, they were condemned to run from one village to another, stark naked, at mid-day.

The Ethiopians, in a time of public calamity, sometimes make a general massacre of their priests, and during the whole time of their slaughter, they cry out, "Go nearer to the gods, and pray."

An Indian prince, with a view to shew his gratefulness, and to honour a Dutch priest, who had given him a bottle of brandy, ordered his subjects to fight a battle among themselves: the earth was soon covered with the bodies of the dead and wounded; and notwithstanding the prayers and intercession of the Dutch priest, this barbarous spectacle lasted a long time. "They are my subjects," said the Indian prince; "their loss is but of very little importance. I am happy to make you this little sacrifice as a token of the high esteem I have for you."

The Jews consider it as a great stigma to die without being married, if the party has obtained the proper age for it. When they were in Egypt, the morning that any one of their sect married, they closed the bride's eyelids with gum, and when the time for retiring to sleep came, the husband opened them.

Among the Romans, when they conducted the new-married woman to her husband's house, some one walked before her with a distaff and bobbin, to shew her that she should employ herself in working and spinning.

In China, in the name and at the desire of the emperor, the governor of every city, at the beginning of the year, after having obtained proper information, gives a grand entertainment to all those who during the past year have performed some virtuous action. This feast is prepared in the public place in a tent, on the top of which these words are written: "Men of all ranks and conditions, it is virtue which places you here, and renders you all equal." The people observe and closely examine all the guests, and if they perceive one who does not merit such a situation, they force him by a continued hooting and hissing to get up from table, and quit the tent.

Among the savages of Louisiana, after the ceremonies of interment are performed, some person of note in the nation, but it must not be one of the family of the deceased, makes a discourse in praise of the person who has died: when he has finished, all the assistants, one after the other, present themselves before him, and with a large strap, two fingers thick, he gives each of them three very hard stripes, saying, "Remember, that to be as good a warrior as the deceased was, you must know how to suffer."

The errors of the human mind are sometimes so ridiculous, that we can scarcely give credit to them. In Egypt it was formerly a custom for the master of a house in which a cat died, to shave his left eyebrow, as a token of grief.

Some years since in Poland, the person who was accused and con-

victed of having ate meat in Lent, was condemned to have all his teeth drawn.

A calumniator was condemned to place himself on all fours, and bark like a dog for a quarter of an hour. It is said, that Charles V. of France was the first who introduced this punishment, and that some days there was nothing but barking to be heard all the morning.

Among the ancient Arabs, the day a new king was crowned, the names were taken, and a list made of all the women who were eight or nine months gone with child; they were all shut up in a palace, and great care was taken of them, and the child that was first born, if a boy, was declared presumptive heir to the crown. "Royalty," they said, "should not centre in one family; it belonged to all the nation."

In Spain, the *viaticum* is carried with great pomp. The first person they meet in their carriage always alights and offers it to the Almighty; it is always accepted; the priest places himself in it, and the person who has given it up, follows on foot. The *viaticum* is preceded by many persons carrying wax candles, six Moorish hautboys, called *douzainas*, and sometimes a small drum, the sound of which is very pleasing with the other instruments. As many as can, enter the sick man's chamber, and he is very fortunate if the noise which they make does not hasten his departure from this world.

The ceremony which they observe at Madrid, to declare the pregnancy of the Queen of Spain, is particularly singular. They ring the great bell at the palace; the people flock to the sound; the king and queen appear in a balcony, and he loudly declares the queen's situation. From thence she goes in a carriage to the Lady Atoscha, followed by all the grandees on foot, to return thanks to God.

Another remarkable custom in Spain deserves also to be mentioned: when any one dies, the relations, friends, and neighbours carry to the survivors, at meal-times, for three days, one or more plates of food, under the idea that the grief which they suffer will not let them think on nutriment. Some persons also accompany these dishes, in order to offer consolation to the family.

An action or an anecdote of a nation often gives us a clearer idea of its character, than all the reflections an historian can suggest for that purpose.

The regent Duke of Orleans once asked a stranger, what were the different characters and dispositions of the various nations in Europe. "The only manner in which I can answer your royal highness is, to repeat to you the first questions which are asked, among the several nations, in regard to a stranger who comes among them. In Spain, they ask, Is he a nobleman of the first rank? In Germany, Can he be admitted into the chapters? In France, Is he in favour at court? In Holland, How much money has he? And in England, Who is that man?"

## Plate 15.—Cultivation and Preparation of Tea.

(Continued from p. 110.)

Though tea is a native of Japan as well as of China, yet scarcely any but the produce of the latter country is imported into Europe. The Dutch, who are the only Europeans permitted to carry on an extremely limited trade with Japan, bring away a very small quantity. It is not without some prospect of success that the cultivation of this shrub has been tried in the island of Corsica, and in Brazil, where, as it is well known, the King of Portugal has formed a Chinese colony.

In China, says M. de Guignes, tea is a necessary, and not a delicacy; in proof of which, it is drunk there without sugar or milk. The diet of the Chinese, and the bad quality of the water, compel them to make a constant use of tea. Eating as they do a great quantity of fat and grease, they require a beverage to facilitate the digestion of those substances. As the water is not every where good, and the Chinese, moreover, are at no pains to procure it in a pure state, but take it indiscriminately as they find it, they have the greater need of some substance or other capable of correcting its bad quality. This property tea possesses in an eminent degree. Kalm, who travelled in America, says, "I must observe, that tea is particularly useful in summer, in journeys like mine, through a desert country, where neither wine nor other liquors can be procured, and where in general the water is not fit to drink, because it is full of insects. In this case it becomes very agreeable when boiled and made into tea. To the weary traveller, it is inexpressibly refreshing, as myself and many others have experienced in traversing the forests of America. In these fatiguing journeys tea is as necessary as victuals."

In China, the tea is sown in March: seven or eight seeds are put into one hole, but it seldom happens that more than one or two come up. The young plants are removed, and planted out in rows at the distance of three or four feet asunder. The leaves may be gathered when the plants are three years old, but they must be renewed every five or six years, otherwise the leaf becomes coarse and harsh. The method of cultivating tea is not every where alike. In the province of Kiang-Nan, it is prevented from growing higher than six or seven feet; but in other parts, it is suffered to grow to the height of ten or twelve.

In Japan, the time for sowing is the month of February. The seeds are there put in at certain distances along the borders of cultivated fields, that the shade of the shrubs may not injure the crops grown in them, and the leaves may be picked with the greater facility. It thrives best on the slope of hills having a southern exposure, and near rivers and streams. When the plants are three years old, the leaves may be gathered; at seven, they produce but a small quantity; the tree is then cut down close to the root, from which fresh shoots spring up, and in due time become productive. Sometimes this ope-

HEATING & ROLLING TEA-LEAVES.

ration is deferred till the tenth year.

When the proper season arrives, labourers are hired for the purpose of gathering the leaves, at which business they are amazingly dexterous. They will collect from ten to fifteen pounds of leaves a day, though they pick them off one by one.

The best tea is that which is gathered at the end of February or the beginning of March, when the leaves, having just broken from the bud, are still tender, covered with a light down, and not completely developed. The leaves collected at this time, and which are in fact the extremities of the young shoots, are called in Japan *fiski-tjsaa*, or powder-tea, because it is pulverized after being dried. This tea, on account of its scarcity and high price, is reserved for princes and opulent persons, and is therefore denominated *imperial tea*.

This name is still more justly given to a tea collected at Udsi, a small town of Japan, at a little distance from Meaco, on the sea-coast. A hill at that place, pleasingly laid out, inclosed with hedges, and surrounded with a very wide ditch, is considered as possessing a more favourable soil and climate for the culture of tea than any other spot. On this hill, the tea-shrubs form regular plantations, which are attended by persons whose duty it is to keep the leaves as free as possible from dust and insects. The persons selected to gather them perform their task with the most minute attention, and their hands covered with gloves. This tea is escorted by the superintendent of the works and a strong guard to the court of the emperor, being reserved for the exclusive use of the royal family.

The second gathering takes place a month after the first. Some of the leaves have by this time attained their full size, but the greater part have not: they are nevertheless picked indiscriminately, and afterwards laid in separate heaps according to their age and dimensions. The youngest are sorted out with particular care, and frequently sold as belonging to the first crop. The tea of this second gathering is called *thea-sjaa*, or Chinese tea, because it is taken in the Chinese fashion. The tea-dealers divide it into four sorts, which they distinguish by as many appellations.

The third and last gathering is in the month of June, when the leaves are very thick, and have reached their full growth. This tea, called *bont-jaa*, is the coarsest sort, and is chiefly consumed by the lowest classes of the people.

Some cultivators of tea make only two gatherings in a year, corresponding with the second and third described above. The periods of the different gatherings are nearly the same both in China and Japan.

The buildings where the tea undergoes the processes necessary to prepare it for sale contain from five to twenty small furnaces, about three feet high, with a kind of broad flat iron pan fixed on the top, above the mouth of the furnace; so that the operator is quite screened from the heat, and the leaves are prevented from falling. Men seated round a long low table, covered with mats, on which the

leaves are put, are employed in rolling them. Into the pan, moderately heated, are thrown a few pounds of fresh gathered leaves. These leaves, being full of juice, crackle as soon as they touch the pan, and it is then the workman's business to stir them as briskly as possible with the bare hand, till he is unable to endure the heat. This is the moment for removing them with a kind of shovel resembling a fan, and spreading them upon mats. The men employed to roll the leaves then rub them in their hands, always in the same direction, while others keep continually fanning them to make them cool the sooner; for the more quickly they cool, the more they retain the form into which they have been rolled.

The pan should be heated to such a degree that the hand can but just bear it. In China, the leaves are dipped for half a minute into water before they are dried; the heat, by depriving them of their juice, also takes from them the pernicious and intoxicating property which they naturally possess. They must be dried fresh; for if they were kept a few days, without being exposed to the action of heat, they would turn black and become good for nothing.

The leaves rolled briskly, and with a uniform motion, with the palm of the hand, on tables covered with fine rush mats, undergo a slight compression, which squeezes out a greenish yellow juice, that communicates an intolerable heat to the hands. The operation must nevertheless be continued till they are cooled, for they will not roll unless when they are hot, and to make them keep rolled it is essentially necessary for them to cool under the hand.

The processes of drying and rolling are repeated twice, three times, or even oftener, before all the moisture is extracted from the leaves, and they are fit to store away. At each repetition, the pan is heated to a less degree, and the operation is performed more slowly and carefully. The tea is then packed, and deposited in warehouses for domestic use and exportation.

As the leaves of the *fiski* tea are generally reduced to powder before they are used, they must be more completely dried. Some of these leaves being gathered when very small, young, and tender, are immediately plunged into hot water, and dried without rolling.

The country-people are not so particular: they prepare their tea in earthen vessels. This very simple operation, however, nearly answers all the purposes of more complicated processes, and being attended with less trouble and expense, enables them to sell at a lower price.

Lastly, to complete the operation, after the tea has been kept some months, it is taken out of the vessels into which it had been put, and dried a second time over a gentle fire, to take away any dampness that it might still retain or have contracted since the first operation.

Common tea is kept in iron pots with a narrow mouth; but imperial tea in porcelain vases. The *bontjaa*, or coarsest sort, is put by the country-people into straw baskets, made in the form of barrels, as

will be shewn in the next engraving. These baskets they place in the lofts of their houses, close to the aperture left for the passage of the smoke, from which they think the tea cannot sustain any injury.

The black teas of China are mostly from the province of Fo-kien. The most common sort is bohea; then come campoy, cangfu, souchong, pouchong, and pekao. There is also a black tea called ankay, which is cultivated in Kiang-nan, but this sort is not universally exported. Kiang-nan also produces the green teas; namely, singlo, twankay, hyson, hyson-skin, tchuteha, and chulan, the latter of which owes its scent to the flower of the *lan-koa*, which is mixed with it.

It is presumed that the green teas are dried without being previously exposed for a few seconds to the action of steam, to which it is supposed the black teas are subjected; and hence the difference in their colour and qualities.

Some have very erroneously asserted that green tea derives its green colour from the plates of copper on which it is dried. It is attested, on the contrary, by Kaempfer and other travellers of equal credibility, that this operation is performed only on plates of iron or baked earth. Dr. Lettsom further informs us, that in his chemical analysis of tea, he never could discover the smallest particle of any coppery substance.

# FINE ARTS.

## THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

The opening Exhibition at the Gallery of the British Institution in the present year is composed exclusively of the works of British artists, and contains some fine specimens of the proficiency of our students in the several departments of art. There are three hundred and two pictures, and thirteen sculptural models. From the very peculiar liberality with which the directors throw open the gallery for the admission of works, and the laudable anxiety they display for the encouragement and improvement of young artists, it is natural to expect that many pictures will find their way into the collection, which are but crude and imperfect representations of the capabilities of art, and must be considered more as the elementary efforts of the individuals who send them, than as complete and mature specimens of their full powers. Making a full allowance for pictures of this class, it is but justice to add, that the present Exhibition in the British Gallery is, on the whole, creditable to our artists—that it displays considerable proficiency, and in some instances transcendent examples of native genius, nurtured and developed, we apprehend, under circumstances very discouraging in their nature. For historical painting there does not seem at present to be adequate encouragement; and therefore we were not surprised to find that department of art, except in two or three instances, very assiduously cultivated this year: the undertaking is

arduous, the progress not rapid, and the ultimate encouragement dependent upon so many circumstances over which the artist has no controul, that it is rather more surprising we should see this superior branch of art cultivated at all at this moment, than find it pursued with a devoted ardour by only a few in a numerously composed profession. Landscape works being of comparatively less laborious execution, and more generally sought for, form a fair share of the contents of the gallery: poetical compositions have also their due places assigned them; and familiar subjects please the eye in every direction, with the ready associations which they awaken of the many incidents which fill the diary of the ordinary observer. The opening of the British Gallery, as usual, brings together the artist and his patron, and the latter sensibly feels the value of an institution founded and conducted upon such principles of well-regulated liberality: but to the pictures.

The chief object of attraction is Mr. Martin's *Belshazzar's Feast*, which is a nobly conceived picture. Our readers need not be told the details of this historical event, as it is narrated in the Book of Daniel with the epigrammatic precision and perspicuity which distinguish the sublime records of holy writ.

The time chosen by the artist in this picture is not while the "hand" is writing on the wall, but when the whole tremendous prophecy is blazing before the eyes of Babylon, and the Chaldee interpreters are baffled, and Daniel is standing in full inspiration. The feast is held not in one of the royal chambers, but in an open square of the palace, fit to banquet all the princes and nobles of the queen city of Asia. In the centre is the idol Astoroth, surrounded by flaming altars, and groups offering up vows and flinging their children into the fire to avert the new omen. The writing blazes from the façade of a grand gallery fronting the throne. It is on shields of light, flashing a radiance that overpowers the blaze below, and the moon that seems shrinking from the heaven above. —The multitude are scattered through the immense square in groups, struck by terror and superstition. In front is the royal banquet-table, covered with the sacred vessels of Jerusalem. The sultanas are gathering round Daniel in all the attitudes of earnestness and fear. The king has left his throne, and is falling into the hands of the assassins who slew him on that memorable night. The throne is deserted, and about it is burning, with blue and ominous splendour, the golden candlestick with the seven branches that once stood in the Temple. The perspective is boundless, with a reiteration of the feasting, the flames, and the idolatry. This picture is of large dimensions, though the figures are minute.

The prevailing, indeed predominating, attributes of this picture are grandeur and magnificence. In the words of the Seatonian prize poem:

"Joy holds her court in great Belshazzar's hall,
Where his proud lords attend their monarch's call.

The rarest dainties which the teeming East
Pours from her bounteous lap, adorn the feast;
* * * * * * * * * * * *
While the high domes and fretted roofs prolong
Each dying echo of the choral song."

There appears, notwithstanding the astonishing bustle which pervades the scene, and the variety of parts into which it is distributed, to be a great unity of design in the work: nothing is out of place or introduced that can interfere with the subject; while every thing which the fertile mind of the artist could suggest is pressed into his aid, to heighten the gorgeous splendour of the scene. The columns in the architectural parts of the picture are by the artist well conceived to have been of porphyry, the rich colour of which is finely adapted to aid the great effect he had in view. He has also, we think with sound judgment, supposed that it was the custom of Nebuchadnezzar, the conqueror of Egypt and of India, to bring from those countries to Babylon all the architects, the men of science, and mechanics, by whom the palace and external parts of the temple of Belus, &c. were built; and that therefore these buildings must have displayed the united talents of the Indian, Egyptian, and Babylonian architects. The architectural grandeur of the design is in unison with this conception, highly wrought, and finely illustrative of the extent to which the capabilites of art were carried in ancient times, to administer to the insatiable and boundless demands of luxury and ambition. What in this respect might appear ideal, and the mere creation of wanton fancy, is reduced to the demonstration of fact by the recent laborious exertions of M. Belzoni in his excavations in Egypt; and there is nothing in the style and character of the architecture represented in this picture, which does not appear in strict conformity with historical evidence. We repeat, that this picture is in the highest degree creditable to the genius of Mr. Martin; and we see too much to admire in the fine conception of the subject, to permit us to dwell with any thing like critical minuteness upon some peculiarities of colouring, and a few indifferently contrived attitudes, which are observable upon a close examination of the execution of some of the figures. The directors of the British Institution have presented the artist with 200*l.* as a testimony of the estimation in which they hold his picture.

Several Royal Academicians have graced the gallery with their works: the principal are as follows:

*Hebe.*—Sir W. Beechey, R. A.

We have seen this picture before, whether or not in this gallery we cannot say. It is much in Sir William's best style, and has considerable poetical merit.

*A Farm-Yard.*—James Ward, R. A.

Full of nature and truth; the cattle well drawn, the landscape happily touched, and the general effect, as is usual in the works of this careful artist, very good, and exactly such as the subject required.

*Athol Highlanders returned from hunting the Red Deer.—Finished Study of the Reading of a Will.*—D. Wilkie, R. A.

These pictures by this excellent

artist are forcible and peculiar, and shew more what he can do with a hasty touch of his pencil, than what he is capable of achieving by a more undivided application of his eminent powers. The great *forte* of Mr. Wilkie is a fine tact at sketching individual character; and his studies being from nature, and his taste discriminative and correct, he never degenerates into mannerism: whatever story he means to tell, is naturally arranged, and it is impossible not to be struck with the force and effect of his execution: these qualifications are fully pourtrayed in the pictures we have noticed in this Exhibition.

*Cupid.*—J. Jackson, R. A.

This is rather a slight but pleasing example of the delicacy of this artist's pencil: the expression is poetical, and the colouring bright.

*The Bird-Trap.*—W. Collins, R. A.

This small picture has some rich tints of colouring; the foliage is natural, and the aërial tints in the distance correct. There is a good deal of playfulness in the boys, and more correct drawing than we sometimes see in this artist's figures when hastily composed.

*Moonlight.*—Ph. Reinagle.

A fine calmness pervades this picture; it is a close imitation of nature.

*A contemplative Boy.*—M. A. Shee, R. A.

A very interesting and well-painted portrait, for such it is, whatever else it may suit the strict rules of the Institution to call it. Mr. Shee has another, we were going to say *portrait*, in this gallery, but we shall call it as he does, *a Gleaner:* it is, however, inferior to the former in delicacy and expression.

*Chevy Chase: the original Sketch for the Picture in the possession of the Marquis of Stafford;—A Soldier relating his Adventures at the Battle of Waterloo, a Sketch;*—and *The Embarkation of Louis XVIII. the original Sketch for the Picture in the possession of the Earl of Bridgewater.*—By the late Edward Bird, R. A.

The last of these sketches has been long esteemed a very creditable specimen of the talents of this lamented artist. The interesting scene is simply and expressively represented, and the illustrious rank of the parties, the careful portraiture of the individuals present, and strict adherence to the fact in the grouping of the picture, give it an interest of a permanent character. These pictures are the property of the widow, and are for sale in the gallery. We trust they will fall into the hands of some individual, who will transfer to the survivor the claims of the dead.

*View on the Thames near Chertsey Bridge.*—W. Daniel, R. A.

A pleasing view, and painted in the best style of this intelligent artist.

*Penelope recognising Ulysses.*—W. Hilton, R. A.

" He ceased: Penelope, with fluttering heart,
And faltering knees, and eyes that stream'd for joy,
Confess'd the proof; sprang to him, threw her arms
Around him, kiss'd his forehead, and replied——"

From Cowper's Translation of the *Odyssey.*

The artist has here displayed the fine poetical taste for which he is remarkable; and although there

are a few defects in the drawing of Penelope, yet, on the whole, the effect is good, and presents a fine illustration of the lines of the poet.

Besides these pictures which we have already noticed, there are others by members of the Academy, particularly by Mr. Cooper, Mr. Arnald, and Mr. R. R. Reinagle, which are extremely creditable to these artists.

The subjects of the students are so numerous, that we can hardly venture upon a selection; and we must therefore be considered as taking a rapid and miscellaneous glance, rather than as putting forth either the best in the gallery, or even all those which are entitled to praise. We feel that the pressure of time and place reluctantly compels us to omit many which otherwise we should be anxious to notice.

*Cupid and Psyche.*—W. Etty.

"Where far above, in spangled sheen,
Celestial Cupid, Venus' fam'd son, advanced,
Held his dear Psyche,
After her wand'ring labours long."

Epilogue of the attendant Spirit in Milton's *Comus.*

We have often admired what Mr. Fuseli would term the *Titianesque* tone of this artist's colouring, which is so admirably adapted to the subjects he paints. This is a very fine composition, and it is executed with uncommon delicacy.

*The Tournament at Ashley, Rowena crowning the disinherited Knight.* Vide *Ivanhoe.*—F. P. Stephanoff.

This is something in Mr. Stothard's style, although without that artist's sparkling and brilliant tints of colouring. It is, however, in every respect, well made out, and fancifully executed.

*Landscape: Composition, from Sophocles' Electra.*—W. Willes.

"Orestes, believed to be dead, presents his supposed ashes to his sister Electra; proving her fidelity towards him, before the disclosure of his purpose to murder Clytemnestra and Ægisthus."

A very pleasing classical picture, with a good deal of dignity and calmness. The landscape is finely chosen, and executed with a good deal of care.

*Chatelar playing the Lute to Mary Queen of Scots.*—H. Fradelle.

This is a beautiful picture.—The figure of Mary is exquisitely conceived; the soft and melting languor of the features, the relaxed weariness of the attitude, fairly correspond with the overpowering effect of the music upon her sensitive and accomplished taste. It is beautifully painted, and must be universally admired for its pure and unmixed expression of tenderness and sentiment.

*The importunate Author, from "Les Facheux" of Moliere*—G. Stewart Newton,

Is an extremely clever production, and full of character, very strikingly personified.

*A Dutch Fair on Yarmouth Beach, held annually in September.*—G. Vincent.

This is the best effort we have seen by this artist; it is very spirited and natural: the colouring is in one or two parts hard, but without diminishing the general effect.

*A hunted Lion*—T. Christmas,

Is a striking representation of the subject. This artist's skill in animal-painting we have often admired.

In the same department of art are several very finished pictures by the Messrs. Landseers, who have

devoted themselves (one of them in particular), with great ardour and with eminent success, to studies of this nature.

*Entrance to a Farm-Yard in Berkshire.*—J. J. Chalon.

A pleasing view, very naturally executed.

*An ancient City, Moonlight.*—T. C. Hofland.

"The reign of gentle twilight closes fast;
For, lo! uprising from her eastern bed,
The full-orbed moon unveils her conquering light."

A fine representation of moonlight effect, and managed with considerable skill and a good deal of taste.

*Sir John Falstaff acting the King.*

"This chair shall be my state, this dagger my
Sceptre, and this cushion my crown."

*The Quarrel between Sir John Falstaff, Doll, and Pistol, and other Incidents from the History of the jolly Knight.*—John Cawse.

Are very humorous: the artist seems a perfect master of the *vis comica*, and has embodied his feelings in these pictures with great spirit, and heightened the effect with some good touches of colouring.

*View of Part of the City of Naples and the Bay, with the distant Islands, &c.: a Thunder Storm.*—T. Barker.

There is some grandeur in the composition of this picture; but the appearance of general terror among the flying peasants is somewhat unnatural for the occasion, and more resembles the horror which Pliny describes as attending the flight of the inhabitants from the dreadful eruption of Vesuvius, than the fear inspired by any of the ordinary phenomena of nature.

*The Shepherd-Boy and Gipsies*—The same,

Is a sweet composition. In the outline of the features of one of the gipsies he has conveyed a mingled delicacy and archness of expression, which, without refining too much upon the subject, produces an uncommonly pretty effect.

There are several fine examples of the taste and skill of Mr. Hayter, Mr. Gandy, Mr. Starke, Mr. J. F. Lewis, Miss H. Gouldsmith, Mrs. Ansley, Mr. George Jones, Mr. W. Ross, Mr. James Barney, Mr. Leahy, Mr. H. P. Bone, Mr. W. M. Sharpe, Mr. J. Crome, and other artists, whose works we have not room to particularize in the manner we should wish.

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THE SCULPTURE.

The sculptural department of the Exhibition does not possess any very prominent work of attraction. The genius of sculpture among us does not seem to have been sufficiently awakened by the splendid achievements of our arms: that we have the materials to work upon, nobody but the blind votary of Winkelmann can doubt; and a few of our sculptors are known all over Europe for the admirable taste and skill displayed in their works; but certainly our Exhibitions of late do not contain any extraordinary examples of excellence in this noble department of art. We have heard of the importation of works in sculpture from Italy; but why do our men of rank pass from their own country, to purchase those works which can be had at home, with much less

trouble, and merely the same encouragement? We hope it cannot be said of the admirers of sculpture in this country, that,

"Aloof, in careless apathy they stand,
And leave the arts unsheltered in the land."

We hope that in this country no man of rank can be found,

"Whose taste can triumph at his country's cost."

We should have hoped that the monuments to be reared by the gratitude of the nation to the renown of our heroes, would have given an *impetus* to the sculptural talents of our artists; but, how it is we know not, no very extraordinary zeal has as yet been excited: perhaps it is that the pressure of more urgent topics of consideration has prevented those who have the superintendence of such matters, from turning their thoughts sufficiently to the *quantum* of encouragement which they mean to offer. We hope it is not, that

"Art's mild complaint still sleeps in power's ear,
And British ministers are misers here."

The sculptural works in the British Gallery are by Messrs. Heffernan, Peck, Gott, Scoular, H. Rossi, C. Moore, A. Rouch, and J. C. Hinchliff. They shew that our students do not want feeling or poetical taste. Some of the models are worthy of a place in the collections of our men of rank, and they all denote great proficiency. Mr. Heffernan's *Nymph disarming Cupid* is finely composed.

We are glad to find that the sale of pictures in the gallery this year is as general as can reasonably be expected. Nothing can be more discouraging to the artist, than to be doomed, after hearing his work the subject of praise at our popular exhibitions, to replace it in his own gallery.

## THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. LXIII.

'Tis not a set of features or complexion,
The tincture of a skin, that I admire:
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.

ADDISON.

ARISTOTLE being asked, why beauty is such a universal object of admiration, replied: "I should suppose that you had been born blind, to have asked me such a question." Nevertheless, it seems to be altogether incapable of a precise definition; and no standard has yet been found by which it can be measured and regulated. At the same time, though, from the variety of tastes and fancies, it will be difficult to establish any just criterion; yet a female may display such a set of features, complexion, and shape, that she would obtain the general assent to her presenting to every beholder a perfect representation of beauty. I have heard my grandmother say, that the famous Lady Coventry never did appear without receiving that homage of admiration, which faultless charms such as hers appear to have been, must inspire. I say faultless, from the same au-

thority, as she once heard it said by Listard, a very excellent judge, and the fashionable portrait-painter of that day, that while this beautiful woman was sitting to him, he curiously and minutely measured her by every rule of art, and let his fancy wander into the regions of beauty, in order to discover some imperfection; and the lovely original before him set all his endeavours at defiance. The picture here alluded to is now in the family, and there is a well known print of it. She was painted in a Turkish dress, and it is supposed to be the best likeness of that wonderful woman. But notwithstanding she was the most perfect example of beauty that her own time, and indeed any age or country, appears to have produced; yet the written description of it, however correct and accurate it might be, would not convey an image to the mind that would offer a distinct idea of what beauty is; and if an artist were to delineate a form upon his canvas from such a description, it is to be doubted whether he would represent any thing like the characteristic beauty of the original.

Hence it is, that though the more or the less of beauty may be in some measure ascertained, the idea of it as a whole, and combined in all it parts, is too uncontroulable, by its evanescent properties, to be subjected to any determined rule. Perhaps the most intelligible way of settling what beauty is, may be, as the poet Cowley does on the subject of wit, by pointing out what it is not.

It therefore appears to be impossible to say positively in what beauty consists; and this has been proved by the small success which the various writers, whether philosophic or fanciful, have met with, in their investigations of this pleasing but delusive subject.

Hogarth attempted to subject it in some measure to what may be called calculation; and to fix, to one certain rule, all its transient forms: but has he succeeded in comprehending it in his undulating, waving line? There is considerable ingenuity and some fancy in his "Analysis of Beauty;" but who has ever risen from the study of that work with any definite notions of what beauty is?

I would ask any of my fair readers—nay, might I not venture to request all of them, for it is more than probable that they are all, without exception, in the same predicament—to answer the question, "What is beauty?" Is there one of them who has not made their offerings at its shrine? that is, who has not endeavoured to appear beautiful; and notwithstanding the time they bestow, the art they employ, and the wish that so naturally inspires them to attain this powerful, and of course desirable, attraction, ask them to explain by any particular definition what this universal object of female desire is; in short, What is beauty? and it will soon be perceived, that they have no definite notion of what is so frequently in their lips, and so continually in their thoughts.

But though the ladies may not be able to give precise ideas of that quality which is personal, and through all its varieties is allowed to be engrossed by themselves, from its being too near to be a judge of

it in their own persons, and, for reasons which I shall not mention, not being considered as the most impartial when it is claimed by others, the question might be put with more allowable hopes of success to their lovers, who are professedly subject to its fascinations, acknowledge its influence, feel all its pains, and look, with all their happiness, to its pleasures — ask them, What is beauty? and if you have an answer, it will be as unsatisfactory as the former, or may terminate in the description of some particular object of their own ardent wishes, who, though possessed of those attractive virtues and amiable qualities which may produce affection and create desire, without being combined with, or receive the embellishment of, those exterior graces, which may, more or less, be allowed the transient character of beauty: for love as a passion is often seen to be awakened by those qualities which are not dependent on the mere charms of nature, but spring from mental, and what may be called moral endowments. Hence, it must be almost within every one's experience, to have seen the ardour of love directed to those who had small or even no claim to the smiles of the Graces; and yet such a lover, in his empassioned moments, might consider the unadorned object of them as an example of beauty, and draw his idea of it, not from what she possesses, but what he feels.

I once knew a gentleman who was violently attached to a lady who had a cast in one of her eyes. Take the whole of her character and person, there was more than sufficient to justify that warm attachment, and which remained fixed and inviolate till she was consigned to the grave; and so far did his affection operate even upon his taste and notions of beauty, that I have heard him not only defend this defect rather as an improved feature, but at the same time declare, that he should lament the restoration of it to its original state, as disadvantageous to the general air and animation of the countenance. This opinion could arise from no other influence but that affection for the object so particularized, which her virtues and superior qualities must have produced, and not her personal attractions. Hence it appears, that a lover is as little qualified as any other, to answer the question, "What is beauty?" as the immediate standard of it would be the form, figure, and countenance of the lady who was at the moment the object of his passion, whatever her exterior *agrémens* might be.

It might be supposed indeed that the painter of genius, whose study has been beauty, whose present views must be directed to the contemplation of beauty, and whose future fame may depend upon the superior representation of it, might be able to give some stated account. He has a decided advantage over the sculptor, from having the command of colour, which has such an essential and powerful office, if I may use the expression, in the constitution of beauty. But still we find that the first and most celebrated painter of Greece whose name has reached our days, and with all the ad-

vantages which he must have derived from the contemplation of beautiful women in a country that is acknowledged to have borne away the palm of beauty from all others; even he, when he was engaged to paint Venus for the decoration of her temple in the principal city of Greece, could not find one female whom he could consider as a standard of beauty sufficient for his purpose: he therefore is related to have called together a bevy of the most beautiful women in Athens, to select from their respective features such individual superiority as by borrowing from each what was most decidedly excellent, he would be enabled to represent that perfect beauty which would completely characterize the deity, to whom his pencil was in this instance enthusiastically devoted, with the divine loveliness suited to her celestial nature. Whether he succeeded in producing a standard of beauty does not not appear, but it is certainly evident that, with his study, experience, and genius, he had never formed a correct idea of beauty in his own mind: he would therefore have found the general difficulties of answering the question, "What is beauty?"

I trust that none of my fair readers will think I am guilty of high treason against my sex, and that I am undermining their pretensions to those charms which have such an influence in the social world, and form such a powerful engine in the more important transactions of it. Before I conclude this subject, which may employ two or three papers, I have no doubt but they will be perfectly persuaded of my zeal for their real interest, honour, and happiness.

It might be supposed, in speaking of physical beauty, that it depends on a due combination of forms which can be described, on proportions which admit of being ascertained, and on colours susceptible of due intermixture and arrangement: but it does not appear that any artist has discovered a probable rule, by which these different implements can be so employed as to attain a definitive display of what beauty is; nor has the philosopher succeeded, by logical inquiry, whether it possesses a real existence, or is only the visionary form of an active imagination, the delusive phantom that amuses our waking dreams. But if it has not a determined and demonstrable existence, there is a faculty, a quality, a power, call it by what name you please, which supplies its place, and operates both on the eye and the mind with the same activity as might be supposed to be produced by beauty in its actual and consolidated state of existence; and to that consideration I shall appropriate a future paper.

F—— T——.

## MUSICAL REVIEW.

*The Magic Flute (Die Zauberflöte), a grand Opera, composed by Mr. (?) Mozart, arranged for the Piano-forte and Violin* by John André. Pr. 14s. (Boosey and Co. Holles-street.)

Such of our friends as can command the assistance of a violin, which is here indispensable, will probably thank us for directing their attention to the above publication; as it excels any piano-forte adaptation of the Magic Flute we have yet seen. Perhaps it is not going too far to say, that no opera has ever had the good fortune to be equally well arranged for these two instruments. Violin accompaniments, in works of this kind, are but too often mere hangers-on, of scarcely any effect, and easily waived altogether: whereas the character and importance of the instrument ought to render it an essential requisite in the execution of the cantabile parts, in slow movements, in sustaining long notes, and in many particular forms of secondary accompaniment. These opportunities have on every occasion been judiciously and studiously seized by Mr. André, whose talents, moreover, as a composer and performer, enabled him fully to understand what Mozart meant to convey, and in what manner the limited means of a piano-forte and violin could be rendered most adequate to express the author's intention.

The print is lithographic, rather close in many pages, but neat and, with few exceptions, correct; the paper excellent; and the price, considering the great quantum of matter, highly reasonable.

*Rondo, précédé d'une Introduction pour le Piano-forte, dédié à Miss Louisa Pilkington*, par Frederic Kalkbrenner. Op. 52. Pr. 3s. (Goulding and Co. Soho-square.)

The rondo before us, like many other works of Mr. Kalkbrenner, presents a happy combination of the elegant vivacity of the best French style, and the feeling and solid knowledge of the German school. The composition is perfectly classic, and may, without hesitation, be pronounced a model of rondo-writing. It has, moreover, the additional attraction of considerable executive ease; compared at least with the greater part of Mr. K.'s later works. The subject, in E ♭ $\frac{6}{8}$, sets out trippingly, full of gaiety and unaffected ease. As soon as the theme is well propounded and closed in the dominant B ♭ major, the chord of B ♭ minor is struck up, and in a twinkling we find ourselves in G ♭ major. This idea is finely executed, and the portion introduced in the latter key full of graceful sentiment. A variety of other very select, and at times bold thoughts, succeed in the progress of the piece, and their expression always blends novelty with a captivating elegance of treatment. Some of the modulations go forth undaunted to a considerable depth, but their paths are far from being rugged, and the return from these chromatic bye-ways and cross-roads is always easy and safe, so as to shew that Mr. K. mounts the

Pegasus of harmony with the firmness and skill of an adept in the *manège*. The slow movement which precedes this rondo ought not to pass unnoticed: its beginning is very pathetic; a melodious cantilena appears in ll. 2 and 3, and the cadenzing in its progress towards the conclusion is conspicuous for its freedom and neatness.

*A Series of Caledonian Airs, with Variations for the Piano-forte*, by J. F. Burrowes. No. 10. Pr. 2s. 6d. (Goulding and Co. Soho-square.)

Mr. Burrowes is rapidly approaching the end of his persevering exertions in presenting the public with a series of variations exclusively founded upon Scottish airs. Most of the preceding numbers of this collection have been introduced to our readers as compositions of more than temporary interest, and several have been described as productions worthy to be ranked with the best works of the most eminent composers in the same line. When our applause was less sanguine, we found the cause to lie, not in the treatment, but in the choice of the subject; and in such case, we considered, that, in a selection of this kind, tastes of various descriptions were to be consulted, and that a subject of limited attraction to ourselves, might be a favourite with many others. To this reflection we recur in the present instance. Critics have their antipathies, and *Maggie Lauder* has never been a fancy of ours. We always thought her a quaint, forward, low-mannered damsel, not fit for best society. Mr. B. it must be owned, has been at great pains to make the lady appear in good and stylish attire, and in the fourth and sixth dress, we confess, he succeeded in lulling our aversion more than once; yet Maggie Lauder will peep through all the lace-work, fringe, and trimmings of Mr. B.'s providing. We are even inclined to suspect the Caledonian fair is not a decided favourite with her patron. Our suspicion is founded on the absence of a coda, an appendage which he has liberally granted to most of her companions. A bit of a train surely would have looked very becoming and genteel.

"*Step as soft as Zephyrs dying*," *a favourite Trio in the comic Opera "The Barber of Seville," composed by Rossini, arranged as a Rondo, with an Introduction for the Piano-forte, and respectfully inscribed to Miss Henderson*, by J. W. Holder, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Op. 55. Pr. 3s. (Goulding and Co. Soho-square.)

The air upon which the rondo is constructed is an old friend, "Zitti, zitti," more than once, in one shape or another, recorded in our musical critique. Mr. Holder has introduced it in its original key, F; but has taken some liberties, not unsuitable ones, with even the subject. In the 4th page we observe a string of attractive passages, in triplets, gradually modulating into three or more flats. The subject next (p. 5,) appears in C, and diverges, p. 6, into other well conducted harmonic combinations, until a trill is made with the note D upon G 7, next upon ♯ G 7, and we find ourselves, we scarcely know how, in the subject in A three sharps. This we call a bold leap, especially as the treble is a fifth to

the bass, thereby effecting the hard progression of two succeeding fifths, one a flat one, the other perfect, and the former resolving *upwards*. In this alien key, Mr. H. very properly tarries but a short time; he proceeds through some interesting modulations (p. 7,) to his original subject in F; plays with the theme in various keys, transiently as it were (p. 8), until he fixes more particularly upon G; and when the subject is rehearsed in that key, a sudden start is made to E three flats, and a set of able passages assigned to that key. Proper means of extrication reconduct us to the subject, and a spirited termination concludes the rondo.

A short andantino, of graceful texture and good harmonic arrangement, precedes the rondo. The whole publication deserves our best commendation; it presents great variety of good ideas, a well digested plan, and a style altogether classic.

"*The vale of Wythop*," *a Divertimento for the Harp, composed, arranged, and dedicated to Miss Lane*, by Henry Horn. Price 3s. 6d. (Goulding and Co. Soho-square.)

Four distinct movements in F, B ♭, and E ♭; the prominent character of which is pleasing melody, without any attempts at deep modulation, or studied harmonic combination. These features, joined to decided facility of execution, bid fair to render Mr. Horn's divertimento a favourite among rising pupils, to whom we can conscientiously recommend it. The title leaves a doubt whether Mr. Horn claims the whole as his own invention, and some of the ideas are certainly familiar to our recollection. The first movement, a pastorale, will unquestionably ingratiate itself by the sweetness and the innocence of its simple melody. The allegro in B ♭ appears to us more common, and of rather a light calibre. In the andantino in E ♭, we observe a natural flow of good melodious cantilena, and a more considerable variety of colouring: there is a neat employment of the extreme sixth in the beginning of p. 9; and the unisono bars in C minor (p. 10), afford proper contrast to the succeeding tasteful idea in A ♭ major; but the conclusion (p. 11) comes rather abrupt and unexpected. The 4th movement (moderato B ♭) is a variation upon a Spanish dance melody, neatly imagined, and not without its attractions.

*A Sonata for the Piano-forte, composed* by Edwin Atherstone Taunton. Pr. 3s. 6d. (Goulding and Co. Soho-square.)

We hold it to be a very essential and important part of our duty to devote a peculiar degree of attention to the productions of authors, whose name appears for the first time on our musical record. The probability is, that they are first essays; and, if so, the first question that suggests itself is, whether the work presents obvious or even latent indications of compositorial calling. If this be the case, it behoves the critic to encourage the exertions of the aspirant, but at the same time to point out their defects, with a view to future improvement.

On the present occasion, we proceed with satisfaction to the dis-

charge of our critical functions; for whether this sonata be a first compositorial *debût* or not, its complexion and general merit shew that the author is not a novice in his art. The movements are, a larghetto (D $\frac{3}{4}$)—an allegro (D $\frac{4}{4}$)—a siciliana (A $\frac{6}{8}$), and rondo (D $\frac{2}{4}$).

The larghetto blends great merits with some imperfections. The former consist in its select and well conducted harmonic combinations, some of which are decidedly beautiful; a high chasteness and even pathos of expression, and an unimpeachable grammatic purity. The imperfections are, want of rhythm and keeping between the successive ideas: there is no regularity in the periods; the periods themselves are frequently undefined; the melody wanders about from modulation to modulation, and modulates at the very outset; the general style is too solemn and ecclesiastical, the manner too plain or organistic for the occasion. As a free prelude on the organ, this larghetto would just be in its place. We have been the more candid in giving our opinion on this movement, as it has given us a very favourable idea of the author's talent. We wish to impress forcibly the necessity of rhythmical keeping: symmetry of parts is as essential in music as in architecture. The human mind, at least a mind well constituted, delights in order and good proportions. Without regularity of arrangement, the greatest individual beauties are lost; the parts must unite towards forming a well ordered whole.

The subject of the allegro is somewhat stiff, and in a taste of times past. After some meritorious counterpointing, it is repeated in the subdominant, p. 3. In the same page, we observe a line or two of able contrapuntal combinations, and a pleasing cantilena. As Mr. A. proceeds, he gains upon us: his style in the digressions assumes a more modern cast; his passages (p. 4) are select, and frequently very spirited. In the 5th page, every thing is as we could wish it, and some instances of quite classic harmonic treatment demand our applause. It would lead us beyond our limits to enumerate all the striking features in this allegro. The movement is throughout meritorious. The style wants sometimes the ease and freedom of modern taste; but the thoughts are good, and their harmonic treatment is unexceptionable at all times, and not seldom really excellent.

In the Siciliana, we do not see the exact object of the portion in the relative *minore*, especially so near towards the end, nor the impression meant to be conveyed by the few bars *ppp* in the last line; but barring this observation, which is of no great moment, and perhaps a matter of taste, we were much gratified by the whole movement. It is replete with sweet melody and graceful sentiment, and the harmony is rich and mellow.

The rondo, in its two first pages, partakes of the style of our old authors of sixty years and more ago, and repeats ideas, in their plain straight forward way, in the same or in an allied key. In this way, the theme itself is scarcely completed, when it appears, *totidem verbis*, in the subdominant. But as Mr. A. waxes warm, he ap-

proaches modern manners more and more. The modulations, amidst crossed hands, p. 12, are very interesting, and ably propounded; and the two last pages (14 and 15) present a richness of ideas and harmonic combination, an energy and climax of successive thoughts, that would do credit to names of established celebrity in the art.

To sum up in a few words the general impression which this sonata has left upon our mind, we are bound in the first instance to acknowledge the grammatical correctness of Mr. A.'s labour, and the skill with which he frequently treats his accompaniment. He appears to have drawn his knowledge from the good old school, the harmonies of which, while they must ever be pronounced as orthodox and unimpeachable on the score of purity, are at the present day found wanting in softness and flexibility, and the melodies of which frequently lack the graceful cantilena and feeling to which masters of more recent times have habituated our ears. But with the solid stock in Mr. A.'s possession, and with the taste which his work proclaims, it will be no difficult matter for him to write in the style in which men like Haydn, Mozart, Clementi, Steibelt, Beethoven, &c.—and indeed Mr. A. himself occasionally — have shewn it possible to combine sterling knowledge with the utmost feeling and grace of diction.

*Palinodia a Nice, in thirteen vocal Duets, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to H. R. H. the D. of Sussex*, by J. F. Danneley. Duetto V. (Royal Harm. Institut.)

The motivo of this duet (D major $\frac{2}{4}$) possesses considerable spirit; but there is want of rhythm in the second period, beginning from "Io mi difendo," &c. The pianoforte, here as well as in other places, is but a transcript of the two vocal parts; in other instances the accompaniment is thin (p. 3, l. 2), or too high (p. 3, l. 3). With these exceptions, we have no hesitation in delivering a favourable opinion as to the general merits of this number of Mr. D.'s Palinodia. The part in A major, p. 2, is one of considerable interest, and modulates properly: in the 3d and 4th pages we observe likewise some apt melodic ideas; and the conclusion is treated impressively, and well assisted by proper accompaniment.

"*The Minstrel's Bequest*," *a popular Irish Melody, with Variations for the Piano-forte, and Flute Accompaniment, composed, and performed on the Apollonicon*, by J. Purkis. Pr. 2s. (Hodsoll, High Holborn.)

The numerous critiques which this Miscellany has given from time to time on a variety of Mr. Purkis's works, must have conveyed to our readers a sufficient knowledge of the opinion which we entertain of this gentleman's high talents as a composer; and if they have witnessed his delightful performance on the Apollonicon, they will probably concur with us, in assigning to him a place among the most skilful and impressive performers in this country. We regret that it is not in our power to speak of the effect of the present variations on the above admirable instrument, although we can fully imagine the result. They are written with Mr. P.'s usual

good taste and correctness. The second variation presents an excellent set of passages for the left hand: fluent as they are, they meet the melody, in the right, with uncommon exactness. The third variation deviates more from the theme, in melody as well as harmony, yet maintains the character of the former. No. 4. (in the subdominant B b) offers still greater digression, in the most fanciful and attractive shape. But we shall abstain from entering into further detail, and content ourselves with adding, that interesting and select as the ideas and the style of this production appear, there is an ease of diction in the whole, which does by no means demand first-rate executive abilities.

*Himmel's celebrated Overture to "Fanchon," arranged for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello, ad libitum,* by S. F. Rimbault. Price 3s.; without Accompaniments, 2s. (Hodsoll, High Holborn.)

On this overture, and on the opera of Fanchon, we have given our opinion in a former critique. The overture is an absolute master-piece of composition; it has few rivals in excellence, and Mr. Rimbault has exerted his talent with diligence to give it every practicable effect on the piano-forte. Himmel, master of the Royal Chapel in Berlin, now dead, was a great musical genius, and, like many celebrated men in his profession, loved Bacchus as well as Apollo.—Previously to a professional trip to Stettin in Pomerania, he requested some of his Berlin friends to furnish him with letters of introduction. His wish was amply gratified; he set out with a pocket full of letters to various respectable houses in Stettin. The very first letter, however, which he delivered, together with his celebrity and talent, procured him such a cordial reception, that he did not at all conceive it necessary to make use of any of the others. On returning late at night from the jovial board of this first and only friend, the keen winter air soon exerted its wonted effects on the exhilarated composer: he zig-zagged the dark narrow street; he staggered; he fell in the snowy kennel, and lay a fixture.

By a ludicrous concurrence of circumstances, an inhabitant of this jovial Pomeranian city shortly afterwards came the same way, much in the same condition. Stumbling over the composer, he fell upon him in close contact. The shock roused Himmel from his lethargy. "Who is there?" exclaimed the stifled master of the Chapel Royal.—"My name is F***."—"You Mr. F.? I am rejoiced at this meeting. My name is Himmel: if you will get off my right side, I have a letter of introduction in my pocket from your friend N. at Berlin."—Ill humour was converted into as warm an embrace as the snow would admit of; they lent each other a friendly hand, and Himmel accompanied his new friend home to a cup of coffee, by way of restorative.

Our friends will pardon this digression. Perhaps it may be as entertaining as any thing we could have said of the periods and modulations of the overture to Fanchon.

*Haydn's favourite Overture adapted to the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello, ad libitum, by* S. F. Rimbault. No. 3. Pr. 3s.; without Accompaniments, 2s.—(Hodsoll, High Holborn.)

As we cannot give the theme of this overture, we shall state its movements, by which some of our readers may possibly recollect the work. They are, an allegro ♯ B b major, an allegretto ♯, and vivace ♯, all in the former key. The overture is not one of Haydn's elaborate compositions, nor of great extent; but it abounds with those attractive and spirited ideas which are quite the characteristic of Haydn's Muse; and it presents no intricacies beyond the easy reach of a piano-forte. Mr. Rimbault's arrangement is in every respect satisfactory.

*Hodsoll's Collection of popular Dances for the Piano-forte, Harp, or Violin.* No. 30. Pr. 1s. (Hodsoll, High Holborn.)

Of the nine or ten dance tunes collected, with their figures, in this number of Mr. Hodsoll's series, several are founded on subjects from favourite operas; sometimes with no very strict adherence to the authentic melody: others are more decidedly the property of the ball-room, and derived from good foreign dance tunes. Of the figures we presume not to speak, our dancing days being over.

# FASHIONS.

## LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 16.—HEAD-DRESSES.

No. 1. A BONNET composed of black *du cape:* it has a low crown and a very large brim, which is lined with pink zephyreene; the edge of the brim is ornamented with a wreath of black satin, disposed in scolloped folds. A full plume of black marabouts is placed at the right side of the crown, and a bow of the same material as the bonnet is attached to the base of the plume. Black *gros de Naples* strings.

No. 2. A *ponceau* velvet bonnet lined with white satin: the brim is deep, but sits close to the face; it is edged with a rouleau of *ponceau* satin; the velvet is laid in full folds on the crown, which is of an oval shape; a small piece of velvet falls into the neck; a bow of the same material is placed in the centre of the crown, and a wreath of full-blown roses goes round the bottom of it. *Ponceau* strings.

No. 3. A white satin hat: the crown is low; the brim is of a very novel shape; it is small, turns up, and is square on the left side, and rounded and much deeper on the right side, where a knot of white satin is placed just under the edge. A plume of white flat ostrich feathers, at the base of which is a full bow of white satin, is attached to the right side of the crown.

No. 4. A hat composed of white figured satin; the crown is low; the brim turns up in front; it is shallow at the sides, but deep over the forehead. A plume of white flat ostrich feathers is placed on the right side, and droops as low

as the left shoulder. This hat is worn over a *cornette* of tulle.

No. 5. A small round cap composed of British net, with a very full border of rich lace; a knot of green ribbon is placed at the right ear, and a similar knot over the forehead, with a bouquet of primroses surrounded with foliage.

PLATE 17.—EVENING DRESS.

A round dress composed of pale pink *soie de Londres*, trimmed with pink zephyreene fluted in a scroll pattern. The *corsage* is cut square at the bust, and so as to display the neck a good deal; the back is plain, and laced behind; the front is ornamented with a stomacher, broad at the top, but sloping in a good deal towards the bottom, and coming very little below the waist: it is decorated with pearls. The sleeve is a fulness of net over pink *soie de Londres;* the fulness is confined in the middle by a pink satin ornament. The hair is dressed in loose ringlets on the forehead, and falling low at the sides; the hind hair is cut partly behind, so as to curl in the neck; the remaining part is braided, and brought round the head. Head-dress, a tiara of diamonds and a full plume of marabouts. Necklace and ear-rings, diamonds. White kid gloves, and white satin shoes.

We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint, inventress of the *corset à la Grecque*, of No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden, for this elegant dress and the head-dresses which we present this month to our fair subscribers.

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## GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Velvet spencers, which are worn with poplin or *gros de Naples* dresses, are now as much, or in fact rather more, in favour for walking dress than pelisses, though the latter are still fashionable. Spencers are trimmed in general with satin of the same colour; the epaulettes are small but full; the sleeves rather straight, and the collars not so high as they have been worn: tabs have disappeared, but the waist is always ornamented either with a small jacket or with Brandenbourgs at the hips.

The mildness of the weather has induced our *élégantes* to adopt rather a lighter style of out-door dress than last month: thus the Angola shawl and the large fur tippet are at present seldom seen; but silk or China crape scarfs are generally worn with spencers, and India shawls are much in favour with high dresses.

Promenade bonnets have suffered no diminution of size: we refer to our print, Nos. 1. and 2. for the most fashionable, both in form and materials. Black velvet and black satin are also a great deal worn. Beaver, though not very fashionable, is nevertheless in favour with some *élégantes:* bonnets composed of it are always ornamented with a large plume of marabout or ostrich feathers, and a full feather trimming at the edge of the brim; when the hat is decorated with flowers, the brim is edged with moss silk, or with a mixture of satin and gauze.

We have noticed in carriage dress a pelisse remarkable only for its having a hood attached to it: the hood, like the trimming, was composed of ermine, and had certainly a rich but a very heavy effect; it was also, as our fair readers will readily conceive, extremely dis-

HEAD DRESSES.

[illegible] MANN [illegible] Ed. of Art. [illegible] Pub.d March [illegible]

EVENING DRESS.

advantageous to the shape. We have seen only one pelisse of this kind, and that was on a lady of very high rank.

Another, and a very elegant novelty, is a carriage pelisse composed of purple velvet, and lined with white sarsnet: the body is tight to the shape; the waist is the usual length; the shape of the back is marked by a slight embroidery in braiding to correspond in colour with the pelisse, and small silk acorns finish it at the hips. The trimming consists of a wreath of oak-leaves, formed of chenille and purple satin intermixed; it is laid on in a wave, and goes all round. A large pelerine, pointed like a *fichu* behind, and with two long ends in front, is trimmed in a similar manner. This trimming has an uncommonly beautiful effect.

Rose colour and black are, more than any other colours, in request for carriage bonnets: we appear in fact to carry our fondness for the former hue to as great an extreme as our French neighbours, for all the various shades of it may be seen in our fashionable bonnets. We observe in a good many instances the lining also is rose colour, of a shade corresponding to that of the bonnet. The present month does not furnish much novelty (with the exception of the head-dresses given in our print) in carriage hats or bonnets; but we have observed some trimmings for the edges of the brims of bonnets which we think novel and pretty. One of these is composed of puffs of transparent gauze, between each of which is a satin shell; another is a fall of blond set on full, and festooned at the very edge of the brim, each festoon being fastened by a small rose; a third trimming is composed of satin, disposed in the form of crescents, with *bouillonné* of gauze between.

We have noticed a pretty dishabille composed of cachemire: the body is loose, and made up to the throat with a falling collar, which is rounded, is very deep, and is cut in points so as to form a small pelerine; the body is confined to the waist by a girdle pointed in the middle of the back and under the breasts: the sleeve is very long and loose; it is terminated by a cuff, which turns up in a single deep point; these points, and also the girdle, are edged with a very narrow binding of *gros de Naples*, to correspond in colour. The bottom of the skirt is finished with a broad *bouillonné* of cachemire, adorned at each edge by a chain trimming composed of plaited *gros de Naples*. This dress is the only novelty which we have remarked in morning costume, the materials for which continue the same as in our last Number.

Crape continues to be getting still more into estimation in full dress. Coloured gauzes over satin slips of the same colour are also a good deal worn. Waists are a little longer, and we think the bust is rather more exposed than it was last month. Long sashes are not now considered very fashionable, though they are still worn; but girdles, of the same material as the dress, or of satin, if the gown be gauze, crape, or lace, are more in estimation: they are always fastened by a clasp composed of diamonds, pearls, or coloured gems.

Dress gowns are not, upon the whole, trimmed so high in general as they have been; although there seems no certain criterion of fashion in that respect, as a good many *élégantes* of distinguished taste still have their dresses trimmed very high; while other ladies, and those we think the greater number, adopt the moderate style of trimming given in our print.

A *toque* of a novel description has made its appearance, which looks at a distance like a crown of feathers: it is a low oval crown, composed of white satin, and is entirely surrounded by low plumes of marabouts placed close to each other; a very narrow band of wrought silk, which conceals the ends of the feathers, goes next to the face: this is a style of head-dress singularly becoming to a pretty woman, but by no means calculated for those ladies to whom nature has not been bountiful.

Fashionable colours are the same as last month.

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## FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Feb. 18.

*My dear* SOPHIA,

PELISSES made as I described to you in my last, are still in favour for the promenade; but though fashionable, they are by no means so exclusively so as they were last month: they are at present mostly made in *velours simulé;* the favourite colours are sea green, and a peculiar sort of yellow, about a shade deeper than primrose. The lining is of rose colour, and if there is any trimming, it consists in general of a band of rose-coloured *pluche* or satin; and in some instances, the hood is entirely of rose colour.

Spencers are equally in favour, and the materials for them are more various than for pelisses; satin, levantine, velvet, and *velours simulé* being all fashionable. The waist is long; the spencer is tight to the shape, and buttoned behind; the collar high, and standing up in the back of the neck, where it is buttoned, but it is open in front; a sash, which is in general of the same material as the spencer, fastens behind with bows and long ends.

The *chapeaux* which I described to you in my last letter are still in favour. An attempt has been made by some of our most dashing *élégantes* to revive the Polish hat: you recollect, I dare say, the shape that I mean—a high crown, with a little turned-up front: some seasons ago they were very fashionable in Paris, but they were then worn either with gold bands and tassels, or without any ornament; now they are adorned with full plumes of ostrich or down feathers. These *chapeaux* are not, however, adopted by many *belles;* and, in fact, they can never be generally becoming to Frenchwomen, as their features are not usually of that soft description which suits this kind of head-dress.

The crowns of some black velvet *chapeaux* are plaited in those full hollow plaits in which ruffs are generally disposed; a steel pin, the head of which is cut in points like diamonds, ornaments the crown, and a full knot of velvet with long

ends is placed at one side: these hats are usually lined with white or rose-coloured satin, or *pluche de soie*, but they never have any trimming at the edge of the brim.

The most fashionable undress bonnet is a *capote* of *ponceau* velvet; the crown is very low; the brim smaller than those of bonnets in general, and made to sit close to the face: it is lined with a sarsnet of the same colour, and has no other ornament than a satin band round the bottom of the crown, and satin strings.

The form of dinner and evening dress is nearly the same, but the materials differ a good deal: levantine, *velours simulé*, and *gros de Naples* are very much worn in the first. The trimming consists of chinchilla, swansdown, or bands of velvet. The *corsage* is either plain, and tight to the shape, or else it is made *à la Sevigné*. The sleeves of dinner gowns are always made long, and those dresses are generally worn with a *fichu*. Sleeves continue to be worn very straight; the epaulettes are usually full, and mostly come half way to the elbow. Where the dress is trimmed with fur, a little point is attached to the shoulder-strap; a band encircles the bottom of the epaulette, and another the end of the long sleeve. The skirt is trimmed with two, or at most three bands; the bottom one is very broad, and each of the others something narrower; there is rather better than a nail between each band.

Full-dress gowns are composed of velvet, satin, tulle, gauze, and crape: this last material, however, is not so much in favour as the former ones. Rose and white are the two colours most in estimation; blue and *ponceau* are also in request; and what will appear to you very singular, black is very much worn even for ball dresses: sometimes it is trimmed with rose colour, but in many instances the trimming is also black. I was lately at a ball where a lady who is noted for being the first to introduce singular fashions, appeared in a black tulle robe over a black satin slip; the *corsage* was a mixture of black velvet and satin ornamented with jet, and the bottom of the robe was trimmed with black satin ribbon twisted in a corkscrew roll, and laid on in a wave; between each wave was a rosette composed of black satin intermixed with jet beads. Out of above one hundred ladies who were present, there were fourteen with black robes, and twelve with black slips, over which they had either white or coloured gauze or crape dresses. I was not a little pleased to see that not one of our countrywomen adopted this style of dress, so unsuitable to a festive scene.

Some of those gowns that are not made with stomachers have a little fulness at the bottom of the waist in front as well as behind. The sleeves are universally short, much more so indeed than they have lately been worn. Trimmings are of three sorts: feathers, which are very much worn; flowers intermixed with *bouillonné* of *tulle*, and *bouffans* of this last material, or of gauze, which are formed by knots of silk cord. The feather trimmings have an uncommonly beautiful effect; they are composed not only of down and ostrich fea-

thers, but also of the plumes of different coloured birds, intermingled, in some instances, with ears of wheat formed of gold or silver, or with different coloured flowers. The head-dress is always ornamented to correspond. I shall describe to you some of the trimmings which I think most striking, though not with the idea of your adopting them; for pretty as they are, they appear to me too fantastical for the sober taste of Englishwomen. The most simple is a rouleau of white marabouts, interspersed with ears of corn composed of gold: this is fashionable, but not so much so as a trimming of marabouts, beneath which is a row of the eyes of peacocks' feathers, surrounded with curled ostrich feathers. Another, still more tonish, is a wreath of white smooth feathers, at each side of which is a row of gold lama: I should observe, that roses or fancy flowers of a deep *ponceau* colour are interspersed in the feather wreath, and that the lama is put at some distance from it. In some instances the plumes are the colour of the dress, and they then form three rouleaus of equal size, and placed at some distance from each other: but this style of trimming is not considered by any means so fashionable as the mixture of feathers with flowers and gold.

I saw lately at a ball given by one of our most distinguished fashionables, two dancing dresses, which I shall describe to you, as I consider them very appropriate and tasteful: the one was composed of tulle over a white satin slip; the bottom of the skirt was finished by a rouleau of rose-coloured satin, above which was placed a broad piece of tulle, formed into *bouillonné* by narrow rouleaus of rose-coloured satin, placed bias: immediately over the *bouillonné* is a row of roses, scattered at irregular distances; their stalks are inserted in the trimming; a second row, also placed irregularly, is put at a little distance above the first. The *corsage*, which is also composed of tulle, corresponds with the *bouillonné* at the bottom of the skirt, except that the satin rouleaus are placed perpendicularly instead of bias: there is a very narrow stomacher, which has no point at the bottom; it is cut square, and rather high round the bust; a single row of pointed blond is put on almost plain, and stands up. The girdle is of rose-coloured satin, rather broad, and fastened with a jewelled clasp at the side. Very short sleeve, made to correspond exactly with the trimming of the skirt.

The other dress is made of white transparent gauze over white satin; the bottom of the skirt is finished by three rows of *bouffans* of the same material, which are formed by full knots of *ponceau* silk cord; a broad rouleau of *ponceau* satin edges the bottom of the skirt, and the *bouffans* are placed at a little distance from each other, so that the trimming, though high, is not unbecomingly so. *Corsage à la Sevigné*, the lower part *ponceau* satin, the upper transparent gauze; a clasp of gold and rubies confines the fulness in the middle of the bosom. Very short full sleeve, ornamented in the middle with a knot of silk cord, to correspond with the

bottom of the skirt. This is really a pretty dress, but the bust is rather too much exposed.

Small steel spangles begin to be used for embroidering the bottoms of some ball dresses: they have a very brilliant effect by candlelight: these trimmings are in scroll patterns, or in wreaths of leaves.

Turbans and dress caps are a good deal in favour: the former are in general of a Turkish shape, and, as I before observed to you, decorated with the feathers of various birds, interningled with ears of corn in gold or silver, and sometimes with jewels and flowers. The caps are in general of a simple form, small and round, and pointed in front *à la Marie Stuart:* these caps are always decorated with flowers, of which the most fashionable at present are, roses, auriculas, hyacinths, heath blossoms, the blossoms of various kinds of fruit-trees, and several exotics, particularly the *camelia Japonica.* In giving you this list of flowers, I must observe that it is principally roses, auriculas, and hyacinths that are used for caps; two branches of the latter are generally employed, one white and the other rose colour. These flowers, as well as the others of which I have just spoken, are also used to decorate the hair. Garlands of roses intermixed with ears of corn in silver are very much in request, as are also *coeffures* composed of a mixture of gauze and flowers, disposed among the hair. Coral ornaments of every description are now very fashionable. We had, as you know, a perfect rage for coral about five years ago, and I think this mania is reviving. I have already told you the colours most fashionable for pelisses and dresses, but I must observe to you, that in full dress, white, with coloured trimmings, is considered more tonish than any thing else.—Adieu, my dear Sophia! Confess, that if you are not by this time an adept in the mysteries of dress, it is not the fault of your EUDOCIA.

# THE SELECTOR:

*Consisting of interesting Extracts from new popular Publications.*

## TARTARS, OR MONGOLS.

(From "*An Account of the various Tribes of Cossacks employed in the Campaign of* 1815, *with characteristic Plates.*")

THE Tartars, or, perhaps more correctly speaking, the Mongols, are inhabitants of Russian Daouria, or the province of Nertschinsk, in Siberia, near the frontiers of China, and consequently near neighbours to their ancient native country. In this province, however, a continual intermixture is taking place between the Mongols and the Russians, and particularly at Selinginsk. The Russians there marry Mongol females, and speak the language of their wives: hence springs a cross race, called *Karimki*, who display in their coun-

tenances the stamp of the Mongol character.

Some of the Mongols bordering on China have learned to cultivate a few plants, and to construct winter huts for themselves: in summer they lead a roving life, seeking pasturage, and dwelling in tents, like the rest of their countrymen. They would doubtless become husbandmen, if the soil of the tract they inhabit were more susceptible of culture. Unfortunately, the ground about Nertschinsk consists chiefly of high rocks, on which nothing is to be seen but the trees of cold climates, plains of sand parched by the sun, and deserts covered with salt. Rhododendrons, wild apricot-trees, water-melons, gooseberry-bushes, dwarf elms and acacias, forests of pines, small cedars, and willows, give great variety to the appearance of the mountains of that country, which abounds in beautiful landscapes.

The Mongols, by whom it is inhabited, make great use of the tea of the north of China, a particular kind, which grows upon a wild shrub resembling the service-tree. The leaves are gathered, and moulded up with the blood of animals into small cakes. The poor, who cannot procure this by no means agreeable commodity, make infusions with the leaves of liquorice and other indigenous plants. In boiling the tea, or the leaves that serve as a substitute for it, they mix with them fat or butter, or more commonly *koudchir*, which is the bitter salt that covers the surface of all the saline soils like snow. It is in fact a species of soap, and communicates that kind of taste to the beverage. However disgusting to Europeans, it is liked by the Mongols precisely on account of this taste; and if they cannot obtain *koudchir*, they substitute for it the ashes of birch bark, or of the rotten wood of that tree, which is astringent, and transforms the liquid into a lye. It is said that this extraordinary tea produces very serious disorders.

The Mongols on the frontiers of China have built several temples in the countries which they inhabit: one of these is near the river Tchikoi. It was formerly their principal temple, and the lama who officiated there had the superintendence of all the others. There is another spacious edifice of this kind, twenty-five wersts from the town of Selinginsk, to the south-west of the lake of Kulling Noor, which possesses the supremacy over four others.

The language of the Mongols of these parts differs little from that of the Bouraits.

These people are not choice in their food. As they have numerous flocks and herds, they eat a great quantity of animal food. The poor, who have not the same resource, live upon fish or roots, of which they lay up a store for winter. Those who possess the means of procuring grain, dry and pound it, for the purpose of making it into a kind of gruel. Their winter beverage is water, or snow, which they swallow by handfuls. In spring they use birch-water, and in summer regale themselves with the milk of their cows and mares. They do not absolutely neglect hunting, though they are not so passionately addicted to that occupation as their neighbours the Tunguses. They make their own

arrows, which they carry in a quiver nearly resembling the case of a violin, covered with ornaments of tin plated with silver. The occupations of the women consist in milking the mares, cows, and goats, cooking, tanning leather, making vessels and garments of skins, mattresses, pillows, and mantles.

The religion of the Bouraits is a mixture of Lamaism and Shamanism. In their huts they have wooden idols, naked or clothed; others are of felt, tin, or lamb's skin; and others again rude daubings with soot by the Shamans, who give them arbitrary names. The women are not allowed to approach or to pass before them. The Bourait, when he goes out, or returns to his hut, bows to his idols, and this is almost the only daily mark of respect that he pays them. He annually celebrates two festivals in honour of them, and at these men only have a right to be present. The priests preside at a sacrifice: a sheep is commonly chosen for the victim, which they slaughter by ripping open the belly; the heart is then taken out, and the Shaman places a small flock of wool cut from the back in the lungs, which ceremony is designed to preserve the other sheep from all kinds of diseases. The flesh is afterwards separated from the bones, dressed and set before the idols, where it is left the whole time the Shaman is singing. When he has finished, he repeats fresh prayers, with abundance of ceremonies, throwing into the fire four spoonfuls of broth, and as many small pieces of meat; the rest is distributed among the company. Before he dismisses the assembly, the priest sets up a fresh song, much more obstreperous than the first, accompanied with shivering, leaping, and howling, pronouncing the names of different demons, which makes the Bouraits believe that he is cursing them, and will thereby prevent those spirits from injuring them or their herds. Particular sacrifices take place on occasion of a journey, sickness, or accident.

Polygamy is lawful among the Bouraits; they take as many wives as they are able to purchase or maintain. The nuptials are celebrated in a new hut, built by the bridegroom for the occasion. During the festivities, which last five days, a horse is killed each day for the entertainment of the guests, who are supplied with no other beverage than ardent spirits. The young people spend the time in singing, dancing, wrestling, and horse-racing. Marriage is not accompanied with any religious act, and the priests attend neither weddings nor burials.

The garments of the common people are made of leather or sheep-skin, with or without the wool; but the most opulent dress in woollen stuffs or silks. They wear very wide breeches and boots; shirts are not generally used. The under garment reaches down to the heels; over this they have another not quite so long, with short sleeves, and closed before. In a leathern belt, adorned with small pieces of tin plated with silver, they carry a dagger, tobacco, and steel. They cut their hair very close to the head, leaving a single tuft at the crown; this is plaited, and hangs down the back. In summer they go bareheaded, but

in winter they wear round caps, made of blue cloth bordered with fur.

The women part their hair into two tresses, which fall down over the breast, and which they tie up in a cloth or velvet bag: they adorn the forehead with a bandeau of coral, which is partly covered with a round cap; and other strings of coral serve for a necklace.

The Bouraits are not distinguished for their intellectual faculties: they prefer idleness to every thing else; and their mildness itself seems to be but a natural result of their indolence. They are strangers to every kind of art excepting that of plating and damaskening iron: whence it might be inferred that they were formerly civilized. They will probably long continue to be a rude and ignorant, but gentle and hospitable, pastoral people.

## INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

Mr. Ackermann has nearly ready for publication, a Description of that part of *Western Africa* comprehending the Zahara or Great Desert, and the countries between the rivers Senegal and Gambia, in continuation of the work commenced by him under the title of *The World in Miniature*. It will form four volumes, with nearly fifty engravings, illustrative of the manners, customs, dresses, &c. of the inhabitants; also views, maps, &c.

Mr. Ackermann is also about to publish, in a distinct form, *The Sentimental Travels to the South of France* (part of which has appeared in the *Repository*), in one vol. royal 8vo. embellished with numerous coloured engravings, from designs by Rowlandson.

Mr. Haden, of Sloane-street, is about to publish a *Monthly Journal of Medicine*, addressed principally to unprofessional persons. It seems that in publishing this journal, it is not his intention to commit the common mistake of supposing, that he can teach the public how to distinguish and to cure diseases, for he well knows that they are incapable of being so taught; but whilst the varieties of diseases are infinite, the springs of disorder are very simple, and easily recognised. The work, therefore, will teach the prevention, rather than the cure of disorders; at the same time that it will point out how the friends of the sick may, in the best way, assist their medical men in his treatment, and otherwise shew how health may be preserved, and disease warded off.

Mr. R. N. Kelly will speedily publish *De Renzey*, a novel, in three volumes.

The Rev. John Hodgson is preparing for publication the second volume of his *History of Northumberland*, which will contain the History of the Parishes in Castle Ward.

*A Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Heart*, by Henry Reeder, M. D. Extraordinary Member of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, and Member of the Medical and Chirurgical Society of London, will be published immediately. In it is comprised a full account of all the diseases of that organ, as the inflammatory, organic, and sympathetic; together

with their appropriate modes of treatment: also an account of malconformations of the heart, aneurism of the aorta, pulsation in epigastrio, &c.

That eminent enameller, Mr. Muss, has favoured us with a sight of a splendid enamel, nearly completed, on a large scale, after Wilkie: the subject is, "Duncan Gray cam here to woo."

It is the intention of Mr. Frederic Hebbe shortly to open his splendid mansion in Langham-place with a weekly evening *Conversazione*, which will afford the literary and scientific world an opportunity of inspecting those numerous and valuable specimens of taste and virtû which have been collected by that gentleman during his late residence in Italy. Something of this kind has long been a desideratum in this metropolis; especially as a point of meeting and communication with those distinguished foreigners who may happen to be visiting this country.

Mr. Faulkner has issued proposals for publishing by subscription a series of Etchings, illustrative of his *History and Antiquities of Kensington*, from original drawings by R. Banks, comprising every object of antiquity and curiosity in that ancient and interesting parish.

# Poetry.

## WINTER SCENES.

*Written by* John Mayne.

How keen and howling is the storm!
Stern winter in its bitt'rest form;
Long cheerless nights, and murky days;
No sunbeam gladdens mis'ry's ways:
The frost has stopp'd yon village mill,
And labour ev'ry where stands still:
Ev'n birds, from leafless groves withdrawn,
Fall, torpid, on the frozen lawn.
Lorn, weary trav'llers, as they go,
Are wilder'd in the trackless snow,
And dread, each step, that drizzling sleet
And snow may be their winding-sheet.

To town or city if we turn,
What numbers weep, what numbers mourn!
Unshelter'd sons of toil and care,
Cold, shiv'ring, comfortless, and bare:
Poor seamen, erst in battle brave,
Half-famish'd, sinking to the grave:
Sad groups, who ne'er knew need before,
Begging for bread from door to door;
While helpless age, too frail to roam,
Is perishing, for want, at home!

Hard fate! when poverty and years
Assail us in this vale of tears,
Till death, the dismal scene to close,
In pity, terminates our woes!

Oh! ye whom Providence hath blest
With wealth to succour the distress'd—
Oh! lend your help in time of need;
The naked clothe, the hungry feed,
And great, from Heav'n, shall be your meed.

## THE MINSTREL MAID.

*By Miss* Mary Leman Redz.

She touch'd her harp so faint, so fleetly,
Preluding her enchanting lay,
That had she look'd less sad and sweetly,
She must have caught my heart away.

Her's was the eye of soft effulgence,
That glow'd unconscious of its light;
And woe to him, whose rash indulgence
Allow'd himself the dangerous sight!

She seem'd a truant angel weeping—
Too beautiful on earth to stay;
For her celestial eye was keeping
The tear that wept her fault away.

And still I seem'd to dread the minute
When kindred spirits would arise,
With song that had love's magic in it,
And bear her to the beaming skies.

She smil'd—oh! what a smile was there!
How soft, how radiantly it glow'd!
But when she sang, dumb, dead despair
Had melted while that sweet song flow'd.

"I will not weep—yet did ye know
The sorrows that oppress me,
Ye'd let the silent current flow—
'Tis all I've left to bless me!

" My tears preserve my fever'd brain
From wild and scorching madness;
Oh! let them fall, like moonlight rain,
And sooth me into sadness!

" There *was* a voice could calm my woe,
When woe was at the wildest—
There *was* a smile that us'd to glow,
Of all love's smiles the mildest;
That voice, that smile will never wake
Upon this heart of sorrow:
Oh! that the last fond string would break,
And death were mine to-morrow!

" That as life melted into air,
And all around grew dim,
I breath'd my last and fondest prayer,
And flew to heaven and him.
Then lay me with the harp I love,
In some obscure retreat;
And think, that blest in worlds above,
I touch a harp more sweet."

## LINES

*Addressed to Mrs.* H—GG—T, *at B—nt—ne, near F.*

" The poet's lay to beauty due"
I formerly address'd to you,
Gay Ackermann's *Repository*,
Where ye the Fashions have before ye;
I now for your perusal send
A present from your faithful friend.
In this gay Magazine of Arts,
Ye have from France and foreign parts
Adventures strange and stories tragic,
Astonishing like feats of magic;
Ye've also Sentimental Travels,
And Eastern Tales, which love unravels.
In poesy ye've there a tale
Descriptive of sweet Larga's vale:
In that sweet vale in youth ye sported,
By all the Loves and Graces courted;
In that sweet vale, though not fifteen,
Ye were admired like beauty's queen;
And when to years maturer grown,
Each beauty more refulgent shone;
Each beauty both of form and mind,
Grace, wit, and sense, and taste refin'd:
Then all admir'd, and those who knew
How to appreciate, felt for you
The glow of friendship thrill the heart,
Which such charms only could impart.
Then many a captive lovelorn swain,
O lady! gloried in your chain:
One out of forty-nine am I,
Your faithful friend,

JOHN CARNE—GY.

GLASGOW.

## AN EPITAPH,

*Or Elegiac Acrostic, to the Memory of a Daughter.*

Mournful my theme: midst tombs and graves I tread
In silent anguish; all around me dead!
See sad mementos grav'd on every stone,
Seeming to say, " My fate must be thy own."

Severe the pangs I feel! Alas! here lies,
Under this turf, my sweetest, dearest prize!
So fair, so blooming, virtuous, good, and kind,
Admir'd for person, and esteem'd for mind.
Nineteen fair summers scarcely had she seen,
Nineteen afflicted weeks closed life's gay scene.
Alas! Death's dart had struck the lovely maid—
Her fell disease baffled all human aid.

Ah me! all means were vain: what woes are mine!
No daughter left to cheer life's dull decline;
No more on me those eyes with lustre bright
Beam forth affection, nor that voice delight!
Ah! what avails or youth or beauty fair?
Relentless Death none from his grasp will spare;
Tears from our fond embrace whom most we love;
Leaves us to mourn—takes them to realms above.
Eternal Heav'n! to thy behest we bend;
Thy will be done; thy grace to us extend:
Teach us, like her, in thee to place our trust;

Death has no terrors for the good and just.
Under no dread she seem'd, so calm her mind,
Leaving her best affections quite resign'd:
While weeping friends her hapless fate bewail,
Indulging grief, alas! of no avail;
Consoled alone by hope to Christians given,
Her virtuous soul's for ever blest in heaven.

T. B.

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.

THE

# Repository

OF

# ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS, *Manufactures, &c.*

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. XI. APRIL 1, 1821. No. LXIV.

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L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.

## TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

*Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our* Selections, *will be acceptable.*

Macbeth's Castle *would no doubt prove an interesting subject; but we cannot pledge ourselves for its insertion till we have seen the drawing and description.*

*A continuation of the* Adventures of a Would-be Author *next month.*

*The translation from the Italian came too late for insertion in our present Number. In the mean time, we hope that the writer will favour us with a further specimen of his talents.*

*We find that we cannot make use of the article from* Chatterton's Miscellanies, *even with the proposed omissions.*

*In our next, we shall continue the article on* The Games and Pastimes of the ancient Inhabitants of Great Britain.

T. L. *if possible, in June.*

*The lines of* P. Q. R. *are inadmissible; besides, the metre is very defective.*

*We have to apologize to our poetical correspondents: we will endeavour to make amends next month under the head of "Miscellanies," or otherwise.*

---

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

A POULTRY HOUSE.

No 64 of R. ACKERMANN's REPOSITORY of ARTS &c. Pub.d April 1.1821

THE

# Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,

*Manufactures, &c.*

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. XI. APRIL 1, 1821. No. LXIV.

## HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

(Continued from page 130.)

PLATE 19.—A POULTRY-HOUSE.

ALTHOUGH this building properly belongs to the domestic offices, it may be so situated as to present one of its fronts to the pleasure-grounds, and thence become ornamental to them, and afford another interesting feature to the walks.

The annexed plan contains two divisions, surrounded by treillage fences, as feeding-yards for poultry, in which such separations may be made as would be found necessary; and a small stream is supposed to be conducted through part of one of the inclosures, that might be occupied by water-fowl. The entrance-front being in the kitchen-yard, the stable or farm-yard, there would also be side entrances in the treillage fences, from the shrubberies that would protect and ornament the flanks. These inclosures, covered by wire-netting, constitute a confinement that would be complete.

The building contains a pigeon-house, two nest-houses, two roosting-houses, a place to fat poultry, and accommodation for their food. This design is ample for general use; but for very large families, where the cultivation of poultry is considered as a leading object, there are many other accommodations requisite.

The pigeon-house has its approach by a trap-door and step-ladder through the ceiling of the apartment beneath, or from the roof itself.

# MISCELLANIES.

## ANECDOTES OF THE ROBBERS IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE DURING THE YEARS 1799-1800.

MONTPELLIER, Oct.

AT length, my dear friend, I have reached my first winter station, and what will be no less gratifying than surprising to you, without having been molested by any of those numerous gangs of robbers by whom this part of the country is infested. In the neighbourhood of Avignon especially, all was terror and alarm, from the circumstance of several of these daring depredators having been lately seen in the vicinity. They had already several times plundered the courier, and a day or two before my arrival, had even attempted to stop the *diligence*. Their insolence had indeed reached such a height, that notes were found upon the road, threatening death to every traveller who refused to leave two louis d'ors on the spot where he found the billet. Every one of us naturally felt interested in these details, which formed the principal topic of conversation for the evening.

Among many terrifying stories of murders and robberies, the celebrated anecdotes of the years 1799 and 1800 were brought on the tapis. At that period, these banditti were so numerous and daring, that scarcely a week elapsed without the occurrence of some scene of violence. In vain were the *diligences* escorted by *gens-d'armes*, and even soldiers placed on the roof and in the inside; the robbers appeared in large bodies, and never failed to accomplish their object. It was only, as I was informed, in consequence of a regular negociation being entered into with them, or rather perhaps by ordering large detachments of cavalry incessantly to patrole the roads, that the government were enabled to put a stop to their alarming depredations.

At first, the robbers contented themselves with what ready money the passengers chanced to have about them, taking nothing else; but, on the contrary, invariably behaving with the greatest politeness towards them, begging pardon for being under the necessity of delaying their journey for a few minutes, and handing the ladies back again into the coach with the utmost gallantry. Only a few passengers, either suspected persons, or those who offered resistance, were in some very rare instances murdered or ill used.

But when at length no person travelling in the *diligence* dared to carry money about him, the robbers began to extend their system of plunder, and demand from the passengers, in addition to their purses, their watches, rings, &c. They always refunded sufficient to defray the expenses of each traveller, at the rate of seven livres per day, according to the distance which he might have to proceed in the French territory: a generosity and consideration not often met with among this class of people,

and therefore the more deserving of notice.

Numerous anecdotes were soon related by the company as having occurred at this time. A band of these robbers once detained a *courier de malle*, with whom another person was travelling. The courier, without hesitation or resistance, gave up his purse, containing fifteen louis d'ors. The traveller asserted, that all his wealth consisted in a few crowns. "Well, sir, in that case, we must trouble you to part with your boots also," replied the plunderers, pulled them off without further ceremony, and found in them one hundred louis.

During this operation, one of the band perceived a strong smell of musk in the clothes of the unfortunate gentleman. "Holloa, we have got a fop here!" cried their leader: "leave him half his money; poor devil, he cannot exist without it." In fact, they returned him fifty louis, and rode off with a contemptuous laugh at the delighted traveller.

Another time they stopped a *diligence*, in which were three gentlemen and a lady; the former were plundered as usual, but when they approached the latter to search her, "What, gentlemen!" said she, with extraordinary presence of mind, and in a tone of the greatest confidence in the world, "is it possible that Frenchmen can insult a woman?"—"Certainly not, madam," was the reply: "we only request the favour of a salute." They kept their word, and the lady came off at the expense of about half a dozen kisses.

On a similar occurrence, a Swede happened to be in the *diligence*: when it came to his turn, he appeared surprised, and said, in a cool expostulatory manner, "I am a foreigner, gentlemen, and I travel in this country under the protection of the honour of the French." Upon this, they demanded his passport, and finding it correct, they returned it, saying, with the utmost politeness, "Go in, sir: you have not confided to French honour in vain."

In another *diligence* thus attacked was a merchant of Toulouse, who had 4000 livres in gold about him; when he got out, he threw the robbers a purse containing three or four livres in copper money, adding, in his Gascon accent, "If you had but come a quarter of an hour sooner, you would have found two hundred louis d'ors in my possession." His *bedi guarde d'uré (petit quart d'heure)*, together with his apparent gasconade, made the robbers laugh, and after cracking some jokes upon him, they suffered the poor devil to take up his purse again unmolested.

One of the best anecdotes, however, and one truly characteristic of the two nations, was a singular adventure, in which a crafty Italian overreached a party who stopped the *diligence* in which he was travelling: he had hidden his money in the seat of the coach, but kept in his pocket a large purse, apparently filled with louis d'ors. When the robbers came to him, he delivered up this purse without resistance, and merely requested the usual "travel money," to enable him to pursue his way to Nice. "Oh! certainly, that is always understood," was the reply. "You will, however, be good enough to take

it in silver." Upon this, they counted out to him twenty-four crowns, and departed with their booty, which, on examination, proved to be only card-counters, to the value of at most ten or twelve livres.

Many other stories were told of the cunning of various travellers: some had let their money slip into the window-frame, another hung his purse under a false lining in the coach, one put his louis into an apple, another into a penny loaf, a third carried his, after the manner of Sancho Panza's friend, in a hollow walking-stick, a fourth wore them sewed as buttons on his waistcoat, a fifth had tied his money under the belly of a large poodle dog, and another, with not less cunning, hid his gold under the nauseous drugs of a medicine-chest.

We continued relating or listening to these anecdotes until weariness compelled us to retire to our beds, there to ruminate on the dangers we were about to encounter on the following day. Every one had taken care to hide his superfluous money about his baggage in the best manner he was able, that is to say, no one retained more than two louis in his pocket. Thus prepared against all hazards, we continued our journey the next morning, and fortunately passed the dreaded ambuscades which our terrified imagination had supposed laid in wait to attack us, without even seeing a single robber.

Yours, &c. * * * *

## HISTORY OF THE SHEPHERD MARCELIO.

(From the *Diana Enamorada* of Gil Polo.)

The following little tale is taken from a work of one of the most celebrated pastoral writers of Spain, who has received the gratifying approbation of Cervantes. Gil Polo (termed by way of compliment *el mismo Apolo,)* wrote his "Diana" as a kind of addition to that of Montemayor. The goddess Diana is here supposed to be surrounded by her nymphs, and enjoying themselves in a shady grove while seated near her fountain.

"At this moment, a voice of exquisite sweetness approached. They listened with ecstasy to the delightful sound, and turning to the place from whence it came, they saw a shepherd, apparently much fatigued and dejected, coming towards the fountain: he seemed to have offered up some precious tears at the shrine of Diana, as an alleviation to his distress. The sun was now at its height, and the weary traveller enjoyed with delight the refreshing coolness of the shady spot; he was enamoured of the beauty of the scene which surrounded him, the verdure of the grass, the transparency of the fountain, and the exquisite beauty of Diana. All these exhilarating delights compelled him for a moment to forget his misfortunes. Diana herself was interested for the stranger, and shewed him all the courtesy that laid in her power: she observed the affliction by which he was overcome, and she expressed an ardent desire to know the cause of his distress. 'Console yourself,' she said, 'good

shepherd: relate to me your history, and perhaps it may be in my power, when possessed of a knowledge of your misfortunes, greatly to alleviate them.' The request was complied with, and seating themselves by the fountain, he thus began:

"My afflictions are not of such a nature as would induce me to relate them to every one, but the knowledge which I possess of your high merits, and the strength with which your beauty inspires me, obliges me to relate without disguise my life, if life that might be called which gladly I would exchange for instant death. Know then, sweet lady, that my name is Marcelio, and my condition is very different from that which my habit indicates. I was born in the city of Soldina, a principal town in the province of Vandalia, of parents of high lineage, and abounding in riches. In my youth, I was brought up at the court of the King of Lusitania, and there I was beloved, not only by the ladies of the court, but by the king himself, to such a degree, that he would not allow of my departure until the war on the coast of Africa called me into active duty. There I was intrusted with the command of many forts which were then in possession of the king: I remained principally at the fort of Ceuta, which, alas! was the source of all my future miseries. Here a noble and valorous knight, named Eugerio, who was governor of the place, resided: he had a son named Polydoro, a courageous youth, and two daughters, Alcida and Clenarda, both celebrated for their beauty. Clenarda was most dexterous in the management of the bow; but Alcida, who was the eldest, greatly surpassed her sister in grace and beauty. This earthly goddess so enamoured me that my life was despaired of, and cruel death had nearly deprived me of all hope. Her father was so fond of her, that he would scarcely allow her to depart from his sight; and I, from this circumstance, was unable to declare my passion to her. My mind was inflamed with love, and sighs stole from my bosom in abundance, without the power of repressing them, or of alleviating the torment which I suffered. At last I summoned up sufficient resolution to dictate a letter to her.

"The letter reached the hands of Alcida, and although she became in some measure altered in her manner, and was somewhat offended at my audacity, she yet deigned to take some slight notice of my affection. I began to signalize myself as her lover, and was present at all justs and tournaments, achieving gallant and heroic actions for her sake. This I continued for a considerable space of time, at the end of which Eugerio, at the intercession of many men of rank and distinction, offered me Alcida for a wife. It was agreed that the marriage ceremony should be celebrated at Lisbon, as the King of Lusitania was then in that city. A messenger was dispatched with all possible haste to inform the king of the intended marriage, and to supplicate him for his royal approbation. Throughout the whole city and the suburbs, the fame of our intended marriage was widely spread; every one was rejoiced that so beautiful

and accomplished a lady was to become the wife of so faithful an adorer. This was the moment of my greatest happiness, and this also was the commencement of my subsequent afflictions: from that instant I was cast into that depth of misery in which you now find me. O Fortune, thou art ever transitory! O Delight, thou art ever changeable! O inconstancy of earthly objects! What further afflictions can be heaped upon my overburthened head? What can I suffer more than I have endured? You will not command me, shepherdess, to detail the whole circumstances of my heart-rending story. Content yourself with the knowledge of my past sufferings, without compelling me to relate my present cause of grief.'—Diana replied, 'I desire not to know the whole history of your life; I wish only to enjoy your pleasures, without afflicting you by an unnecessary repetition of your sorrows, unless indeed it will be an alleviation to your sunken spirits.' —'Beautiful shepherdess,' said Marcelio, 'how happy should I be if I could speak of nothing but pleasures and delights! That which weighs heaviest on my spirits is. that my misfortunes are so great, that the knowledge of them will cause in your heart the acutest pain. Know then, sweet shepherdess, that after my happy union was finally determined upon, the licence arrived from the king, and the father Eugerio, his son Polydoro, his two daughters Alcida and Clenarda, and the unhappy Marcelio, embarked at Ceuta on our voyage to Lisbon, to celebrate (as was previously determined) the marriage in the presence of the king. Our joy at the expected nuptials made us blind to all the dangers which surrounded us; we feared not the tempestuous waves which rolled like mountains above us, or the furious winds, which, in that part of the year, raged with unconquerable impetuosity. We were launched into the wide ocean in a fragile vessel, without the fear of encountering any misfortune. A very short space of time, however, elapsed before we were made to regret our temerity. Before the arrival of night, the pilot discovered manifest signs of an approaching tempest. Thick clouds began to cover the sky, the winds began to murmur, and the waves to foam. 'These are sad and dangerous signs,' said the distressed and fearful pilot; 'and we and the ship will be sacrificed to the waves, unless succoured by Divine Providence.' Scarcely had these words escaped his lips, than the winds began to blow with impetuous fury; the ship became unmanageable, and was carried through the sea at the mercy of the winds. The tempest increased, the mountainous waves were covered with white foam, the rain poured down in torrents, the furious lightning illumined the sky, succeeded by the loudest claps of thunder, which made the very world to shake. The fearful rattling of the shrouds was heard in the midst of the tempest; the vessel was nearly ingulfed by the foaming ocean, and the strongest timbers were rent asunder. At one moment, the ship was raised to the clouds, at another, it fell into the lowest abyss, and now the deepest sands dis-

played themselves to our view. The men and women ran about the ship in a state of distraction, every moment expecting their death; while one was sending forth the most heart-rending sighs, another was offering up his prayers, and the others drowned themselves in their own tears. The captain, trembling with fear, and nearly bereft of his senses, was unable to govern the ship, and it was left to the mercy of the waves. A thousand directions were given at once, while the sailors, half dead with fear, were unable to execute them; nor could the hoarse and breathless pilot, with all his strength, make his mandates audible. Some lower the sails, others turn the yards, some repair the broken tablets, others run to the helm, and all endeavour to their utmost to rescue the ship from her perilous situation; but all their efforts were in vain, nor were their sighs and tears able to soften the violent passion of old Neptune. The nearer the night approached, the fiercer blew the wind, and the more the tempest raged. At length, the dreaded darkness came, and the father Eugerio, despairing of all relief, looked fearfully at his children. The old man, bathed in tears, with a trembling voice thus spoke to those around him: 'Oh! mutable Fortune, the enemy to human happiness, why do you thus afflict me in my old age? Oh! how blessed are those who die gloriously fighting in the blood-stained field of battle, before the cares of age have oppressed them! The sight of my poor children perishing before me is too much for an old man to bear. Oh! wretched fate! oh! sad destiny! why have you heaped these manifold afflictions upon my head? What hope is left to console me? My noble lineage is gone, and I shall die amidst those who ought to perform my obsequies. Oh! my dearest children, since fate has so decreed, we must part with life together, for the same sad lot has fallen upon us all. My only wish now is, my children, to console you in your afflictions, and to give as much relief as so old and so dejected a man can afford. Prepare yourselves for death, and let the whole of your afflictions fall upon my devoted head. I would, if I were able, die a thousand deaths for you.' Thus having spoken, the old afflicted father, sobbing and half choking with grief, embraced his children one by one with great affection. Think then what torment I felt at perceiving the agony of Alcida, and with what difficulty I repressed my anguish! That which gave me the most affliction was, the thought that that life which was devoted to me would suffer equally with my own. The ship was still completely at the mercy of the storm in the narrow strait of Gibraltar during the whole of the night and the following day. Many leagues we wandered through the Mediterranean sea, and were carried whichever way the wind directed us. On the second day, the storm began to mitigate its rage; but the cessation was of very short duration, and it recommenced with redoubled fury, so that every one on board expected he had scarcely an hour to live. The vessel was encircled by a furious whirlwind, and all

were in momentary danger of being buried in the gaping ocean, the whole left side of the ship being ingulphed in the sea. I, who saw the imminent danger in which we were placed, loosened the sword from my side, and clasping Alcida in my arms, jumped with her into the small boat which lay by the side of the ship. Clenarda, a girl of a daring spirit, followed us, not forgetting her bow and quiver, which she esteemed above every other treasure. Polydoro caught his father in his arms, and endeavoured to jump into the boat, but the captain and one of the sailors were too quick for them, and leapt first into the boat. When Polydoro and Eugerio were about to jump from the vessel, a squall of wind completely separated the boat from the ship. In a short time, the vessel was out of human sight, and in the course of the night it sunk, and all the souls on board miserably perished on the rocky coast of Spain."

*(To be continued.)*

## CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

I WISH, Mr. Sagephiz, you could advise me how to lose my character. You will say that this is an odd request, but have patience to read my letter, and you will find that it is a very rational one. You must know, sir, that a few years ago I was a man of handsome property, without a trouble or care in the world; now I am almost ruined, and into the bargain, am tormented to death with other people's business. Both my time and my money are literally the property of my friends, while I have not half an hour in a week at my own disposal, nor a guinea to spare for my own pleasure.

All this, sir, proceeds from my being reckoned the best-natured fellow in the world. Confound good-nature! say I; if these are to be the fruits of it, a man had better be looked upon as a savage. But to convince you that I do not complain without cause, I will briefly relate to you a few of the miseries which the possession of this unlucky virtue has drawn down upon me.

I shall not detail the vexatious scrapes into which my good-nature drew me while a boy. The various mischances which it occasioned me at Westminster School would alone fill a volume; however, it did me one good office there, for I acquired the reputation of being an excellent fag. To be sure I purchased this character at a terribly dear rate, for the boy whose fag I was, employed me almost incessantly, and being of an extremely haughty and arbitrary temper, he was sure to pound me black and blue whenever he caught me doing the least thing for any body else: nevertheless, such was the easiness of my temper, that I never could refuse to help any of the other fags whenever they asked me; and in consequence of running in all weathers upon every body's errands, I was nearly worried into a consumption.

While I was at college I got

acquainted with my present wife, between whom and one of my fellow-collegians a secret courtship was carried on for some time, and at length an elopement was projected. The lovers took me into their confidence from the beginning, and I furnished in fact the money necessary for their flight; but on the very day on which it was to take place, my friend informed me that, for prudential reasons, he had changed his mind, and begged of me to go in his place to meet the lady, and prevail upon her to return to her friends. I tried all I could to alter his determination, but he was inflexible, and he declared that if I refused to see her and explain the matter, he would send a letter by a common messenger.

I undertook the task, in order to spare her feelings; but the poor girl cried so much, and declared so often that it was impossible for her to return home, as the reason of her flight was by this time made public, that, purely to console her, I offered to take the place of her perfidious lover. She immediately accepted my proposal, and we eloped and were married.

Of all the scrapes that my good-nature ever brought me into, this was the worst, for my wife takes advantage of my constitutional foible to make me do whatever she pleases. She is excessively extravagant, and is passionately fond of dress and dissipation. There is not a day passes without her asking for some new bauble, or some expensive piece of furniture, or else desiring to give a good entertainment to her friends; which means, by the bye, to feast the whole town. If she insisted upon these things with the air of a termagant, I could easily muster up courage to refuse her, for I am not void of spirit neither; but she comes to me with a beseeching look, tells me she wants to ask a little favour; it is a trifling thing, but she has set her heart upon it, and she is sure I will not make her unhappy by a refusal. When she says all this in a tone of the most confident reliance upon my good-nature, I cannot for the soul of me give her a plump denial, and any thing short of that she always takes for an absolute consent: so we go on, getting every day more deeply involved.

Some time ago I received a very pathetic letter: the writer stated that she was a foreigner, and formerly of some consequence in life, but being now reduced to very great distress, she was induced, by the well-known liberality of my character, to apply to me for relief; and would I allow her the honour of seeing me, she believed she could satisfy me that she was not unworthy of my generosity. I called at the address mentioned in the letter, and saw a very modest-looking elegant woman; she was dressed in widow's weeds, and far advanced in pregnancy. She told me a very plausible story: her husband, she said, had come to England upon a literary speculation, and his sudden death had reduced her to absolute beggary. I could not think of wounding her feelings by asking for any proofs of the truth of her story, so I supplied her with money sufficient to support her till after her *accouche-*

*ment*, when she had informed me it was her intention to go abroad with her child, to some relations whom she had living in Russia.

Shortly after she had got safely over her confinement, I received a letter, in which she told me that she was going to depart, and was anxious to bid me farewell; but upon my going to her lodgings, the servant of the house put a note into my hand, in which, after many thanks for the assistance I had afforded her, she informed me that circumstances compelled her to throw her infant upon my protection.

This was almost too much: I began to question the servant very angrily; but I was soon obliged to change my tone, for I saw clearly that my generosity to the mother had procured me the reputation of being father to the boy; and though Heaven knows I was as innocent as yourself, Mr. Adviser, yet as I had no means of proving it, I thought it was better to avoid scandal by taking upon me the expense of the child's maintenance.

Some years before this affair, a debtor of mine died: the sum he owed me was not large, and I would very willingly have relinquished it; but an acquaintance of mine, whose nephew had just begun business as an attorney, pressed me so much to employ him in recovering the debt, that I could not find in my heart to refuse. The lawsuit lasted several years; at last my attorney obtained a decree in my favour, but the costs of the suit have swallowed up not only the original debt, but some hundreds of pounds besides.

This was bad enough, you will say, but I once met with a much more serious misfortune through endeavouring to do a good turn to my friend Dr. Drenchem. This gentleman, who is a physician of no great eminence, came to me one day with a countenance full of joy, to inform me that he had just discovered an infallible remedy for the gout. He assured me with the greatest confidence, that his medicine was sure to afford instant relief, and if persevered in, would effect a cure even in the last stage of the disorder; and as he knew that I had a regular fit every year, he besought me so vehemently to try the effect of it, that I promised him, if my next attack was a violent one, I certainly would.

He took care that I should not forget my promise; for the moment he heard of my being confined, he hastened to present me with his remedy, assuring me, at the same time, that, in the then state of my disorder, a single dose would be sufficient; and to say the truth, I had nearly found it so, for it threw the gout into my stomach, and I very narrowly escaped with life. These, Mr. Adviser, are a few, and but a few, of the mischiefs to which my good-nature has exposed me; and as I believe that you will agree with me, that it would be highly desirable to get rid of the reputation of it, if you can put me into the way of convincing people that this virtue of mine is at last worn out, you will at once oblige and serve your very humble servant,

BARNABY BONCŒUR.

I am sorry for the case of this correspondent, but I fear it is without remedy; for advice can be of no use to a man who has himself acknowledged, that he never was proof to persuasion.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

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## CURIOUS TRADITION OF THE ASHANTEES RELATIVE TO THE CREATION OF MAN, AND CHARACTER OF THEIR KING.

THE History of the Mission to Ashantee by Mr. Bowdich contains, with a large mixture of egotism, much curious information relative to the people whom he visited. He gives the following as their notion respecting the creation of man:

"The Negro tradition of the book and the calabash, cited by St. Pierre, is familiar to every native of these parts, and seems the source of their religious opinions. Impressed that the blind avarice of their forefathers inclined all the favour of the Supreme God to white men, they believe themselves to have been committed to the mediating care of subordinate deities, necessarily as inferior to the primary, as they are to the Europeans. As the Ashantee manner of relating this tradition differs a little from that of the Fantee, I will repeat it, on the authority of Odumata, and other principal men. In the beginning of the world, God created three white and three black men, with the same number of women: he resolved, that they might not afterwards complain, to give them choice of good and evil. A large box or calabash was set on the ground, with a piece of paper, sealed up, on one side of it. God gave the black men the first choice, who took the box, expecting it contained every thing, but, on opening it, there appeared only a piece of gold, a piece of iron, and several other metals, of which they did not know the use. The white men opening the paper, it told them every thing.

"God left the blacks in the bush, but conducted the whites to the water-side (for this happened in Africa), communicated with them every night, and taught them to build a small ship, which carried them to another country; whence they returned, after a long period, with various merchandise to barter with the blacks, who might have been the superior people.

"With this imaginary alienation from the God of the universe, not a shade of despondency is associated: they consider that it diminishes their comforts and their endowments on earth, but that futurity is a dull and torpid state to the majority of mankind."

The character of the reigning sovereign, though he would be considered in Europe as a monster of cruelty, whether from natural disposition or from the sanguinary customs of his country, we shall not pretend to decide, is delineated upon the whole in very favourable colours by Mr. Bowdich.

"The king's private character," says he, "is amiable; the children of his brothers share the fondness and indulgence which endear him to his own, and his few moments

of recreation are the liveliest of theirs. The circumstances connected with the various instances which we witnessed of his generosity to others, justify me in ascribing it to the benevolence of his disposition. His admiration of ingenious rather than splendid novelty, has frequently imposed the appearance of a covetousness, scarcely culpable from his reverence for invention, and the amazement its extent excited. To present him with the trifles which attracted his notice when he visited us, offended him; he told us we must only answer his questions, and let him examine them: to make dashes on the occasion of a visit, was to vitiate the motive of the condescension, which could not be repeated, unless we paid more respect to his dignity and friendship. The king is certainly capricious, and his liberality of mind is stained by prejudices against individuals, which he confesses to be unaccountable; and to several of the principal actors in his brother's deposition (which, desirous to extend his prerogative, he would tacitly censure,) he has been unjustly severe. His humanity is frequently superior to his superstition and policy. He offended Quatchi Quofie, one of the four, by limiting the human sacrifices at his mother's funeral, and resisted all the importunities, founded on precedent, for the allowance of a greater number. He dismissed us twice with apologies for not proceeding to business, confessing, the first time, that he had been unusually irritated just after he sent for us, and had not recovered his calmness; the latter, that some agreeable news had induced him to drink more than fitted him to hear great palavers like ours. In his judicial administration, a lie always aggravated the punishment, and truth generally extenuated, and sometimes atoned of itself for the offence: he invariably anticipated the temerity of perjury, where convicting evidence was to be opposed to the accused. The king's manners are a happy mixture of dignity and affability; they engage rather than encourage; and his general deportment is conciliating, though repressive: he speaks well, but more logically than most of his council, who are diffuse; but his superior talent is marked in the shrewd questions by which he fathoms a design or a narrative. He excels in courtesy, is wisely inquisitive, and candid in his comparisons: war, legislature, and mechanism were his favourite topics in our private conversations. The great but natural fault of the king is his ambition: I do not think it has ever proved superior to the pledge of his honour; but it certainly has, and that frequently, to his sense of justice, which is repressed rather than impaired by it. This sketch of his character being narrowed to my own knowledge, will be assisted by the following history of Agay, the second linguist.

"Agay, when a boy, carried salt from Aquoomo to Coomassie for sale; he was afterwards taken into the service of Aquootoo, caboceer of that place, against whom the government had instituted a palaver, but wrongfully. Agay accompanied the caboceer when he was sent for to Coomassie for judg-

ment. After the king's messengers had spoken, misrepresenting the case, in preference to confessing the king to be in the wrong, and the caboceer was confused, this boy suddenly rose and said, to use the words of the narrators, 'King, you have people to wash you, to feed you, to serve you, but you have no people to speak the truth to you, and tell you when God does not like your palaver.' The assembly cried out unanimously, that the boy might be hurried away, and his head taken off; but the king said, 'No, let him finish;' and Agay is said to have spoken three hours, and to have disclosed and argued the palaver to the king's conviction and his master's acquittal. He was retained to attend the king, but treated with no particular distinction. A serious palaver occurring between two principal men, it was debated before the council, who were at a loss to decide, but inclined to the man whom the king doubted: judgment was suspended. In the interim the king sent Agay privately to the house of each, to hear their palavers in turn *tête-à-tête:* he did so, and when the king asked him who he thought was right, he confirmed his impression. 'Now,' said the king, 'I know you have a good head.' Agay was then made a linguist, and presented with a house, wives, slaves, and gold. Some time afterwards, the king, confessing a prejudice against a wealthy captain, his linguists, always inclined to support him, said, 'If you wish to take his stool from him, we will make the palaver;' but Agay sprang up, saying, 'No, king, that is not good; that man never did you any wrong: you know all the gold of your subjects is yours at their death, but if you get all now, strangers will go away, and say, only the king has gold, and that will not be good; but let them say, the king has gold, all his captains have gold, and all his people have gold, then your country will look handsome, and the bush-people fear you.' For this the king made him second linguist, and much increased his property. When Amanqua had the command of the army against Cudjo Cooma, the king asked him which linguist he would take: he replied, 'Adoosee or Otee.' The king said, 'No; I will give you this boy: he has the best head for hard palavers.' Amanqua urged that he was too young: the king told him he was a fool to say so. He then made Amanqua take Fetish with him, to report the merits of Agay faithfully, who distinguished himself so much, that he is always employed in difficult foreign palavers."

Here follows an anecdote illustrative of his ambition, and at the same time proving that he is capable of appreciating merit even in an enemy.

"The king had sent to demand the royal stool of Buntooko or Gaman, which was thickly plated and embossed with gold: it was given up by Adinkara, the king, from fear; his sister, a woman of masculine spirit and talent, and the soul of the government, being absent. On her return, she reproached her brother severely, and ordered a solid gold stool to be made to replace it. That being also demanded, as the right of the superior, with a large gold ornament in

the shape of an elephant, dug out from some ruins, the sister, receiving the ambassadors, replied, that the king should not have either; and added, impressing it with more force than delicacy, that her brother and she must change sexes, for she was more proper for a king, and would fight to the last, rather than be so constantly despoiled. The king of Ashantee sent word that she was fit to be a king's sister, and a strong woman, and he would give her twelve months to prepare for war. Several embassies have been sent, however, to negociate; two during our stay: the latter, it was said, with an offer of 400 bendas, 3200*l.*; but the aristocracy were obstinate, and urged to the king, that his tributaries would laugh at him, if he did not get the king of Gaman's head."

## PICTURESQUE TOUR IN THE OBERLAND OF THE CANTON OF BERNE.

PLATE 20.—SOUTH-WEST VIEW OF THUN.

The valley which leads from Berne to the banks of the lake of Thun is one of the most delightful in Switzerland. The easy circumstances of the inhabitants, the neatness of their dwellings, the look of content and the generous pride expressed in their faces, are a high eulogy on the government of the canton of Berne, which was never equalled by any other in its paternal concern for the welfare of the husbandman.

Cheered by the sight of the prosperity and content of the inhabitants of the beautiful villages through which the traveller passes after quitting Berne, he arrives at Thun, to enjoy a spectacle of a different kind, bearing on all its parts the striking impress of that mighty hand, which spreads it before us as if to give us some idea of its power. It is impossible, especially in entering the Oberland from the north, to suppress astonishment and admiration, when, in a serene day, on issuing from the valleys which prevented the eye from ranging beyond the nearest hills and a few distant peaks, it all at once discovers the magnificent plain of Thun: the rocks which on the south and west rise perpendicularly to the height of nearly six thousand feet above its level; the lake which bathes it on the east, and reflects in its waters the heights by which it is bordered; the amphitheatre rising from its banks to everlasting snows; the hills on the north and west, with their numberless undulations, covered with crops of every kind; habitations of all sizes and at all elevations, amidst innumerable orchards, and adorned with every tint of green. The sun itself seems to acquire new lustre for the purpose of enlivening this magic scene, and the spectator feels encompassed by the presence of Him who alone could decorate it with such magnificence, who alone could raise the majestic ramparts by which it is surrounded.

The Stockhorn and the Niesen, two mountains rising to the height of seven or eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, more

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particularly attract notice by their remarkable form. The beautiful plain bounded on the south by these colossal masses, gives them a still more imposing appearance. They seem to be placed there to guard the country: the Stockhorn looks like a giant supporting the vault of heaven; and the pyramidal figure of the Niesen, on the border of the lake, and at the point of junction between the secondary chains and the high Alps, seems to belong to two different worlds, and to be stationed on their confines at the entrance of the sanctuary of Nature.

The Stockhorn, which strikes the imagination most forcibly, is remarkable for its abrupt acclivity to the height of more than five thousand feet above the lake of Thun. It overlooks the whole north of Switzerland, which beyond it grows more and more level, till its extreme branches subside on the banks of the Rhine in Alsace. Its summit, rounded into the form of a dome, rests upon ridges of rock, which run out to the right and left on the same line and at equal distances. The top and sides of the mountain being defined upon the azure firmament with not less boldness than regularity, and the section of them presenting, by its resemblance to the neck and shoulders of a man, the image of an Atlas, the idea of a gigantic phantom involuntarily occurs. This circumstance, however, is not sufficient to explain the impression made by the sight of this mountain on the mind of the spectator. The Kamor in the Rheinthal, and the Tour d'Aï, above Vevey, have forms as striking as that of the Stockhorn, but not standing so much detached from surrounding objects, they are far from producing the same effect.

The majestic figure of the Stockhorn, and the beauty of the Niesen, do not lay hold of the imaginations of persons of cultivated minds only. There are no mountains in Switzerland, the names of which are more popular, and the picturesque beauties of which are more generally appreciated. If the inhabitants of the Oberland had been endowed with the imagination of the Greeks, they would no doubt have created a particular mythology for mountains of an elevation and forms infinitely more striking than the humble hills of Thessaly, piled up by the Titans against the gods of Olympus. All that exists of this kind, as far as the writer knows, is an absurd dialogue on the formation of the globe, in which the Stockhorn and the Niesen are the interlocutors. The author, whose name was Müller, of Rellikon, lived in the 16th century. The names given to the mountains of Switzerland, and the popular traditions of their inhabitants, indicate not a spark of that exquisite imagination which has immortalized the meanest of Arcadia and Phocis. Traces of the influence of the magnificent spectacle of the Alps upon the minds of their inhabitants are to be found only in a profoundly religious sentiment, and in an extraordinary attachment to their native country. The absolute failure of all traces of mythological ideas relative to so august a spectacle may perhaps be deemed a new proof of the correctness of the opinion of those

historians who suppose, that the primitive race of the inhabitants of the central chain was exterminated, or that it was first peopled only by the Burgundians and the Germans, shortly before the period at which those barbarians adopted Christianity, the tenets of which are irreconcilable with the fictions of mythology.

The annexed engraving exhibits a view of Thun from the south-west. The mountains in the back-ground are mere hillocks in comparison with those of which we have been treating, and which are to be seen on all the other points of the horizon. The hills on the right are covered with vineyards, and connected by a continued chain with the shore of Oberhofen. In the centre, appear the church and the castle; and behind them is seen another range of hills, which communicates with those of Emmenthal and Eriz, by means of intermediate branches. Steffisburg, and some other villages remarkable for the beauty of their environs, are situated at the foot of them, or in the valleys which separate the neighbouring branches. On the left is the plain, which has been already mentioned, and where M. Tralles measured, in 1788, the base which was to serve for the principal geometrical operations undertaken in Switzerland to the present time. On the same side, but at a greater distance, is seen part of the chain of the Gurnigel: this chain connects the Stockhorn with the hills which extend to the environs of Berne (the Längenberg and the Belpberg), and which have accompanied the traveller to the gates of Thun. The fore-ground is occupied by the river Aar, which has just issued from the lake, and which, after forming a pretty little island covered with habitations and orchards, divides the town into two parts, and pursues its course through the valleys situated between Thun and the plains of Berne. Its current in these valleys, in which the traveller rarely loses sight of it, its bed being nearly parallel with the high-road, is as calm and placid as it is impetuous in the Oberland. From Thun to Berne its fall is only 219 feet, in a distance of eighteen miles; and it has no appearance of that rapid torrent which forms the tremendous cascade of Handeck in the valley of Guttannen.

The Aar, the basin of which, though inferior to that of the Rhine, occupies the greatest part of Switzerland, has its source in three magnificent glaciers situated at the foot of the Finsteraarhorn, not far from the Grimsel. Its waters are at first extremely turbid, and though, on issuing from the lake of Thun, they are more limpid, still they retain the coldness and sharpness which they owe to their primary origin, the melting of snows and ice.

Fredegaire, surnamed the Scholastic, in his Continuation of Gregory of Tours, makes mention of a singular phenomenon which occurred in the year 598-9, and which seems to have been a volcanic eruption at the bottom of the valley covered by the lake of Thun. His words are: *Eo anno* (*i. e.* A. D. 598-9, quarto regni Theodorici) *aqua calidissima in lacu* Dunensi *quem Arola fluvius influit, sic valide ebullivit, ut multitudinem piscium*

*coxisset.* "In that year, the water of the lake of Thun, into which the river Aar flows, became so hot as to boil a great quantity of the fish in it." This water, boiling and throwing on shore a multitude of fish, indicates the existence of a volcanic crater at a great depth below the lake, and reminds us of similar phenomena attending eruptions, the circumstances of which are recorded in history. Dion Cassius relates, that in the eruption which buried Herculaneum, A. D. 79, the birds were suffocated in the air, and the fish perished in the infected waters.

In the 17th century, the volcano of Gonapi, situated in one of the Banda islands, after burning for several successive years, burst, and ejected with a loud noise a great quantity of stones: the water bubbled round the shore and boiled, after which great numbers of fish were left floating on the surface. In the month of July 1707, a range of black and calcined rocks suddenly appeared in the gulf of Santorin, between the island of Hiera, which rose from the sea in the year 197 before Christ, and the island of Little Carmeni, formed in the same way in 1573. These rocks joining a bank of white earth cast up two months before, formed a new island; the neighbouring water became hot, boiled, and on the shore was found a great quantity of dead fish. We know also that Cotopaxi, one of the highest volcanoes of the Andes, a chain which probably has a communication with the sea, has frequently thrown out fish in similar commotions.

It were the more to be wished that we had some particulars concerning the event related by Fredegaire, as well as by a later historian, Aimoin of Fleury sur Loire, because the environs of the lake of Thun still exhibit phenomena indicative of a volcanic origin. On its southern shore, we find sulphureous springs near Leissigen; and on the opposite shore, near Beatenberg, soft bitumen is to be seen in the gypsum (sulphate of lime) close to strata of breccia, of which the rocks of the Wandfluh are composed. On the same coast also petroleum is found floating on the surface of the rivulets in the valley of Habcheren. M. de Choiseul Goulfier, who was at the pains to collect all the geological data of this kind, observes that the matters composing the island of Little Carmeni, in the gulf of Santorin, are a species of breccia: he conjectures, with great probability, that the oily substance of different colours with which the gulf was covered at the time of the eruption of 1707, was bitumen, petroleum, naptha, and melted sulphur, which the volcano projected from its abysses, either by its inflamed crater, or by clefts in its sides, through the boiling waters of the sea.

The mines of coal and the bituminous matters found on the banks of the lake of Thun are well calculated to give us some idea of the dreadful revolutions which have convulsed the surface of the globe, especially if we adopt the hypothesis of Rouelli, as explained by the author of the "Tour in Greece." "That able chemist," says M. de Choiseul, "has observed, that in all volcanoes, as well those which

are still burning, as those that formerly burned, we meet with nearly the same substances, and particularly inflammable ones, such as sulphur, petroleum, bitumens, &c. The nature and uniformity of the matters resulting from these conflagrations, have furnished him with evidence of their real origin. He attributes them to immense forests, the accumulation of ages, which the revolutions of the sea have buried to a prodigious depth. There subterraneous fires consume, or distil, and then throw them out upon the surface of the globe in the same state in which we see the oily matters extracted from pit-coal. Every greasy and oily substance dug out from the bosom of the earth must therefore be considered as an usurpation of the mineral upon the vegetable kingdom, and it must of course belong to the latter."

The learned Haüy has expressed the same opinion, but with somewhat more reserve. The existence of strata of calcareous stones covering substances, the origin of which might be ascribed to the ancient action of a volcano situated at a great depth, would not affect the probability of our conjecture. It is well known that Dolomieu found in several places at the foot of Etna, a quantity of lava and volcanic productions buried under horizontal strata of shelly calcareous stones to the depth of more than 500 feet.

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## ANECDOTES, &c. HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

No. III.

### GREENLAND POETRY.

The natives of Greenland are not unacquainted with different sorts of poetry, but satire is their principal study. An invidious, malicious song, replete with the sharpest terms, is, according to them, the master-piece of human wit. The author of libels of this nature, instead of choosing to conceal himself, steps boldly into public view, sings his stanzas in the presence of him whom they are meant to satirize, and custom demands that his antagonist should answer upon the spot. It is an altercation upon which these people pique themselves.

A Greenlander, when he is offended, challenges his opponent to meet him such a day in such a place, where he intends to sing against him: if the other fails to answer, he loses his reputation; though it sometimes happens that a noted victor keeps the stage to himself, and will not find any one daring enough to contend with him. Thus do we see, that there are poltroons in poetry, as well as in battle.

The two adversaries being met in public, and the people gathered round them, the aggressor rises, and approaching his enemy with his drum in his hand, begins to sing. The latter also rises at the same time, listens attentively till the other has finished; then in a song answers his raillery, and ridicules him as much as possible. When he has done, the other replies; and thus a poetical altercation is continued, till one of them

being exhausted, quits the field, and the other is declared conqueror.

Their songs are rather prosaic than poetical, having neither cadence nor rhyme, and yet less reason. However, that the Greenlanders have an idea of cadence and rhyme, may be perceived by the following fragment of a Greenland song, written in the year 1729, on the anniversary of King Christian IV. then prince royal. Every verse finishes with these words: *Amna, aja aja; aja aja; aja aja: hei:*

*Kongingoromamet, amna aja, &c.*
He will be king
*Anguncoglokkopet, amna aja, &c.*
After the death of his father:
*Tipeitsokigogut, amna aja, &c.*
We rejoice as yet,
*Attatit asseigalloarpalit, amna aja, &c.*
Because that we love him like his father,
*Pellesille tamannga inekaukit, amna aja, &c.*
Who sent us priests,
*Gudimik ajosiarsakullugit, amna aja, &c.*
To instruct us concerning God,
*Torngarsungmut makko innuille pekonagit, amna aja, &c.*
So that we might not be delivered over to the devils.

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ANCIENT MONUMENTS.

The monuments of ancient Rome, of which we possess many perfect and well engraved designs, are particularly useful in facilitating the studies of young persons. By them there is acquired very easily, and in a pleasing mode, a knowledge of mythology, the Roman history, and particularly the genealogies of the most illustrious persons of that empire. They shew the forms of their temples, altars, tombs, courts of justice, circuses, hot baths, and public bagnios; the dresses of the emperors, priests, magistrates, soldiers, and slaves; the head-dress of the women, leg-covers, bracelets, and every other ornament with which the Romans decorated themselves; also the forms of their beds, chairs, dishes, vases, lachrymatories, urns, lamps, torches, cars, vessels, arms, war machines, and the musical instruments which they invented or brought to perfection.

These monuments describe their triumphal entries, sacrifices, festivals, banquets, sea and land battles, public games, and an infinite number of curious things, which, if considered singly and with attention, will enable the young student clearly to understand the greater part of the Latin authors, and render them more intelligible than all the commentaries which have been written on them; for they generally render the author more obscure, and lead the reader into greater embarrassments, by what they attempt to explain, than by what they leave untouched.

Vigneul Marville, of whom I am only the translator of these remarks, concludes with saying, that what he has asserted is the result of experience; and by this mode of receiving instruction by the sight, he obtained more knowledge on these subjects in ten days, than what he acquired in many years by having recourse to commentators and dictionaries.

These resources, however, should not be neglected and despised, notwithstanding they may not be entirely adequate to the end proposed.

CURIOUS WILLS.

During the reign of Charles V. an attorney at Padua, when he was dying, made his will, constituting one of his relations sole heir, under the following conditions: First, he was to invite all the musicians in the city to the funeral. Secondly, he was to get twelve young women dressed in green to sing burlesque songs, in order to make those laugh who might assist at the burial. Thirdly, that the Easter mass, with the allelujah's, should be sung just before his body was interred.

When the will was opened, every person present was astonished at such absurd orders; but the judges, without considering that the execution of them would subject the deceased, and even religion, to ridicule, decreed, that the constituted heir could not be considered as such unless he acted up to the letter of the will.

A German lord left orders in his will, not to be interred, but that he might be placed upright in a pillar, that he had ordered to be hollowed, and fastened to a post in the parish, to prevent any peasant or slave from walking over his body.

A lady of quality made the following singular will: "Convinced that my dog has been the most faithful of my friends, I declare him the sole executor to this my last will and testament, and to him I trust the disposal of all my fortune. I have great cause of complaint against the men; they are of no value, either physical or moral: my lovers were weak and deceitful; my friends false and perfidious. Of all the creatures that surround me, I have found no one to possess good qualities but my dog. I dispose of all my property in his favour, and that legacies be given to those who will receive his caresses."

When Sir —— Stagemore, a rector in the county of Leicester, died, there was found among his papers a will to this purpose:

"I leave to my heirs fifty dogs of various colours, one hundred pair of breeches, four hundred pair of shoes, one hundred pair of boots, eighty wigs, eighty waggons and carts, thirty wheelbarrows, two hundred spades and shovels, fifty saddles and harnesses, and eighty ploughs.

"*Item*, a great number of canes and little sticks, to walk with, which have been valued at eight pounds, sixty horses and mares, two hundred pickaxes and pitchforks, seventy-five ladders, and thirty bayonets, pistols, and swords.

"*Item*, a large waggon full of books in quires, and a little casket, in which there is one thousand pounds, &c."

This rector had a man and a maid servant, whom he used to lock up in their rooms at eight o'clock in the evening. The last thing that he used to do before he went to bed was to fire a pistol, and let loose his dogs. One morning he was found dead in a pond; but as he was upon his knees, and the water was not higher than his breast, it was thought that his dogs, with their caresses, had thrown him into the water, from which he had not strength to get out, in consequence of his age.

Besides the thousand pounds which he left in ready money, he possessed landed estates to the

amount of seven hundred a year. All this fortune was inherited by a common porter in London, who was his nearest relation.

For the authenticity of these anecdotes, I cannot answer: they are taken from an anonymous writer.

### A SON OF RICHARD III.

It is on the authority of an anonymous French writer, that I relate the following anecdote. I do not think it has been noticed by any historian.

In rebuilding Sir Edward Dering's house, situated in the county of Kent, there was found among the ruins a Latin manuscript, the author of which was Richard III.'s son. The contents of it are to this effect:

Richard's son was brought up privately in the country; he neither knew his birth nor fortune. The evening preceding the battle of Bosworth, the king ordered him to come to his tent, where he revealed to him the important secret of his birth, and presenting him with fifteen hundred pounds, said, "My son, the success of to-morrow's battle must decide your fate. If fortunately I should be victorious, I will give you a dukedom. If, on the contrary, I am conquered, forget what you are, and choose some retreat, where the sum which I have given to you will enable you to live."

The king's son concealed himself in a place near the spot where the battle was fought. Richard was defeated. The young prince immediately departed for London, and bound himself apprentice to a celebrated architect. He was now sixteen years of age; but the gracefulness of his person, his elegance of manners, and his noble actions, announced him to be of illustrious birth.

It was not long before his master perceived that he possessed an uncommon genius, and intrusted to him the execution of the most difficult work. This house of Sir Edward Dering, in the ruins of which this manuscript was found, required some repairs, and our young prince was employed to overlook the workmen; in which situation he acquired Sir Edward's good opinion so much, that he permitted him to build a small hermitage on his ground.

In this retreat he consecrated all his time to reading and contemplation; his knowledge, his mildness, and modest behaviour, gained him the esteem of all the neighbourhood. It was in this place that he wrote these Memoirs; and the manuscript, says our author, is now in the possession of the Dering family, who probably will not favour the public with a communication of the whole.

### ASH-WEDNESDAY.

Among various nations, ashes were formerly employed as a mark of grief and repentance. The Hebrews covered their heads with ashes in time of public calamity. The inhabitants of Nineveh expiated their crimes by the use of sackcloth and ashes. In the primitive church, the bishop marked the sinner's forehead with ashes, at the beginning of his penitence; and from thence is derived the custom (ordered by the council of Benevento in the year 1091) of going to receive the ashes on the Wednesday preceding Lent.

Menage says, he believes he was

the first who discovered these verses in Virgil, which are applicable to Ash-Wednesday:

Hi motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta,
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescent.
GEORG. I. 4. v. 86, 87.

The editor of the *Menageana* tells us, that he heard a Capuchin preach on Ash-Wednesday at Dijon, who very seriously quoted these verses from Virgil, and applied them to the ceremony that takes place at the church on that day; saying, that the idea of our being dust, and that we shall return to dust, ought to allay all the irregular movements of the soul, and the contests of the flesh against the spirit.

The most curious observation on Ash-Wednesday was that made by a Turk, who, on his return from France, told the Grand Seignior, that on certain days of the year (he meant the Carnival) the French went mad, and that a little of a certain powder applied to their foreheads, brought them to their senses again.

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## THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

*(From the German.)*

AFTER a fatiguing up-hill journey through a sultry day, I was rejoiced by the sight of the venerable steeple of St. Pierre. While they were preparing a ragout of marmot's flesh for supper, I took a short stroll to the fall of the Dransse, which need not fear a comparison with the magnificent cascades of Switzerland, although no traveller, excepting Saussure, has expressly noticed it. The scene around reminded me in its rude sublimity of one of the wildest landscapes of Salvator Rosa, where an overwhelming torrent confined between rocks plunges into the depths beneath, while the surrounding masses impede its descent. The Dransse rises in the glacier of Valsorey, remarkable for a spacious grotto of ice, and falls into the Rhone not far from Martigny.

From St. Pierre, the last village on the road over the Great St. Bernard into Italy, in three hours you reach the convent. I began my march with the rising sun. Not far from the bridge you are struck with the appearance of a rock, which rises in the form of an obelisk in the midst of the impetuous torrent of the Dransse. It is clothed with the purple rhododendron, as with a royal mantle, and a cross on the summit completes its romantic appearance.

Every minute the scene assumes a character still more rude and terrific; the trees no longer overshadow the road, and the turf, sprinkled with the tender blue-bells, soon disappears beneath the innumerable flakes of snow. The soft song of the lark is exchanged for the shrill voice of the chamois. These sounds at length also ceased, and till I arrived at the convent, no sound reached my ear in this fearful solitude, but the distant thunder of an avalanche. It is here that travellers frequently perish in snow storms, or are overwhelmed by an avalanche; and that the monks, those heroic men, with their dogs and their poles, often discover the

unhappy beings, and restore them to life. The toil of making my way through the snow at length overcame my strength. I had perceived a mossy fragment of stone, on which I could rest, when the sound of the convent bell, which sounded heavily from above, instantly renewed my strength.—High above me in the dusky air, appeared the convent itself, built on the edge of a steep rock, which seemed to form an impregnable fortification. The appearance of this edifice, regularly built, and of considerable importance, has an indescribable effect in the midst of a scene, where the eye, accustomed to the sight of gardens, meadows, woods, and streams, can distinguish nothing around but gigantic peaks, whose bases are enveloped in clouds, and perpetual ice and snow cover the surrounding vallies and abysses.

The hospitable gates of this most venerable structure opened instantly to the weary pilgrim of the Alps, and a refreshing draught from the vintage on the shores of the Dora, revived by its cheering influence his failing spirits.

In these elevated regions, 1246 toises above the level of the sea, the atmosphere maintains a perpetual winter. The little lake which lies south of the monastery, on whose dreary shores not even a green rush is visible, is never entirely free from ice, and in August the thermometer, even at noon, is not unfrequently below the freezing point. Fuel, which is here of course one of the first necessaries of life, and consumed in incredible quantities, is obliged to be brought on mules through the most rugged and dangerous roads, which are only passable during two months of the year.

I found the monks, in whose conversation and manners a superior degree of education was apparent, assembled at breakfast. The refectory is spacious, and although not magnificent, is ornamented with some taste, and (which in my eyes is more attractive than thrones of crystal, mirrors, marbles, and tapestry.) the utmost cleanliness spread its charm over every thing around. With the most cordial openness the stranger was besought to consider himself, during his abode with them, as one of the fraternity.

It was to me the fulfilment of an anxious wish, to find myself in the midst of a society which had long been so estimable in my eyes, and of whom many members had deserved more than a civic crown. With what a sacrifice of all the enjoyments of life, with what heroic self-denial of all which renders life desirable, do not these men practise, in one of the most inhospitable corners of the world, cold and unfriendly as the climate of Greenland, the duties of humanity! Without inquiry into rank and religion, without the power of remuneration, the weary traveller is sheltered and fed, the sick are attended till their recovery with the most tender care, and the benumbed and frozen are rescued from death.

Every day during the severest weather, and whenever it snows or hails, some of them set out, furnished with long poles, and accompanied by their faithful dogs, which are never known to fail amidst the thickest snows or the darkest mists.

If a traveller is overwhelmed by an avalanche, or buried beneath the flakes of snow, the dogs discover him by the scent, if the depth of snow which covers him is not too great, and do not lose a moment in pointing out the spot, and in scratching and digging till they discover him. The perishing wretch is drawn forth and conveyed to the monastery, where he is rubbed with snow, laid in a warm bed, and every possible means employed to recall his fleeting life. The number of those who fall on the field of battle is known to all Europe, but no one can give an account of the number of those recalled to life in these solitudes by the humanity of their inhabitants. Yorick's recording angel in the chancery of heaven appears on these inhospitable heights in all his godlike glory.

Notwithstanding the continual researches of these philanthropists, scarcely a year passes, when the melting of the summer snows does not discover the corpses of some travellers, who have here miserably perished, far from all they held most dear. As nature, in these stony regions, denies an earthly grave to the dead, they are deposited in a small chapel to the eastward of the monastery, the walls of which are perforated, so as to admit of a free current of air. I was deeply penetrated by the sight of these collected remains of beings from various parts of the world, here, by a destiny so singular, united in death. They are all covered by a pall, and as in this dry and piercing air the bodies are not subject to corruption, but only liable to a very gradual shrivelling of the skin, the features remain so long unchanged, that, even after the lapse of two years, they may be recognised by their friends and relatives. They are not piled one upon another, but set upright, and every new-comer is placed with his head resting on the breast of the last. This arrangement has in it something extremely mournful, and has altogether the appearance of a common slumber. Four rows of these sleepers are seen by the side of one another. The colour of their faces, and also of their hands and feet, where the covering partially displays them, is of a dusky brown, like that of the Egyptian mummies.

An air of hearty cordiality presided at dinner, and all which I had afterwards an opportunity of observing with respect to their internal regulations, confirmed me in the desired belief, that these monks live together in the most perfect brotherly harmony. Their inquiries concerning the events which were passing in the world, prove that they have but an imperfect conception of them. But instead of consuming their days in reconciling the contradictions of the writers of past times, or designing, with prophetic pencil, monstrous events on the curtain of the future (which was so often the case with those who, before the breaking out of the Revolution, gave themselves up in these retreats to the pursuit of learning, with the fondness of a bridegroom for his bride), they employ their leisure hours in some favourite study; for instance, physic, mineralogy, or botany. But no sooner is the voice of suffering humanity heard, than

PREPARING THE LEAD FOR THE PACKING OF TEA.

every one hastens to his post, with a punctuality truly military. Monsieur Daleve, the steward of the convent, an agreeable and estimable man, accompanied me to the plain of Jupiter, where a celebrated temple was consecrated to the Thunderer, from which the mountain derives its ancient name *(Mons Jovis)*. At different periods, the foundations of this temple have been sought for, but always without success. Some coins of trifling value only were discovered, and a considerable number of votive tablets of copper, which, as proofs how dangerous the journey over the Great St. Bernard was considered by the Romans, are well worthy the attention of the antiquary.

My limited time prevented me from visiting the Looking-glass rock, one of the most remarkable natural curiosities of the surrounding district. This perpendicular wall of stone possesses so perfect a natural polish, that, as M. Daleve assured me, you can actually see yourself reflected in it, as in a real mirror. No traveller, Saussure and Dolomieu not excepted, has arrived at the solution of this miracle. With the most delicate hand, and in mysterious silence, Nature has accomplished the polishing of this rock.

In spite of stormy weather, I reached, the following morning, the southern side of the mountain. An eagle soared over the exact spot where the temple of Jupiter was supposed to stand. I thankfully accepted the omen.

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## Plate 21.—CULTIVATION AND PREPARATION OF TEA.

(Continued from p. 163.)

The different kinds of teas imported into Europe are distinguished as follows:

| *Black Teas.* | *Green Teas.* |
|---|---|
| Bohea. | Hyson Skin. |
| Campoy. | Singlo. |
| Souchong. | Tonkay. |
| Paochong. | Hyson. |
| Peko. | Pearl tea. |
| Sonchay. | Gunpowder tea. |
| | Tchulan tea. |

We shall proceed to consider the distinguishing characteristics of each of these sorts of tea, commencing with

Bohea Tea *(Mouni Tcha.)*

There are two kinds of bohea, namely, the genuine and ankay. Bohea has a large, brown leaf, not much rolled; it is mixed with some yellow leaves, resists without breaking the pressure of the hand, and seems to rise up with a sort of elasticity; its smell is herbaceous and strong; the infusion, of a fine gold colour, is not disagreeable, without being decidedly sweet.—Such is what bohea tea ought to be, and such without doubt it formerly was; but what is now imported into Europe by this denomination cannot be considered as the same commodity. What is now called bohea, is a coarse mixture of all sorts of leaves taken indiscriminately. If they are but susceptible of assuming a twist and a colour somewhat like that of the genuine tea, the Chinese pass them off by mixing with them a certain quantity of fresh bohea, or even of that which is annually

left after the departure of the ships. This mixture is trodden down in bamboo baskets, each containing about a *pic*, which comprehends one hundred *catis*, or about one hundred and twenty-three pounds.

These baskets are stowed away in warehouses, that the leaves may be made to sweat and adhere together by the action of the heat, kept up by several furnaces placed in the middle of these buildings. Such is unfortunately the bohea tea now exported by the Europeans.

The bohea teas were formerly distinguished into first, second, and third leaf, according to the three different gatherings already mentioned. It was then customary to stipulate, in bargaining for bohea teas, that they should be of the first leaf; but this delicacy of choice is so fallen into disuse, that the bohea teas of the third leaf are not less esteemed than the others, and form nearly one third of the present cargoes.

The bohea teas are gathered in the province of Fo-kien, and more particularly in the district of Mouni, whence their Chinese name is derived. They generally reach Canton in the first days of November, in bamboo baskets, lined with very thin sheet lead, which is manufactured in the district where the tea is cultivated.

The plate represents workmen engaged in the various operations requisite for the preparation of sheet lead for this purpose.

Great pains are taken with this covering; for, in the first place, some large well dried bamboo leaves, and next to them, several sheets of paper are introduced, to keep the tea from touching the lead; the metal is then hermetically soldered: but notwithstanding these precautions, the Chinese dealers assert that the bohea tea, on its arrival at Canton, is not in a state fit for sale, but ought to be placed over the fire, to free it from the damp contracted during the voyage. The tea, if of inferior quality, is apt when cold to resume the bad smell which this process is intended to take from it: but it is very probable, on the contrary, that it may tend to the preservation of teas of good quality. It is usually performed four or five days before the delivery, when it has time to cool; though sometimes, when the season is too far advanced, the purchasers agree to receive it warm.

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## VICISSITUDES OF HALF-A-GUINEA.

(Continued from p. 133.)

Never perhaps had either of the lovers enjoyed such pure and unmixed happiness as they tasted that evening. Horatio acknowledged to his beautiful mistress, that the dread of her supposing him a mercenary wooer had given that constraint and coldness to his manner which had made her doubt of his affection. She listened to him with a pleasure which she did not attempt to conceal; and before they parted, the day was appointed for their union. I did not witness the nuptials, for my mistress parted with me the

next morning, in payment of a tradesman's bill.

My new possessor had stood behind his counter for forty years, without meeting with any thing that he could call an adventure. He jogged through life quietly and contentedly, went regularly to church, attended punctually to his business, and was seldom known to be out of humour, except when his dinner was not upon the table exactly at one o'clock, a circumstance which he said would ruffle the temper of a saint.

In a few minutes after he received me, he gave me to a gentleman, whose physiognomy struck me at first sight as indicative of unhappiness. His features were regular and striking, but a dark cloud sat upon his finely arched brow, and though he was still young, traces of thought and care were visible in his countenance.

Soon after he put me in his purse, he went out, and he was sauntering with a listless step down Bond-street, when he stopped to speak to a fine-looking young man, whose open and cheerful countenance formed a singular contrast to the gloom of his own.

"Where are you going, Willoughby?" said he to my master, after they had shaken hands.—"In truth," replied the other, "I don't know."

"Don't you? why then come along with me. I am going to pay a visit which I think will amuse you."

"It will be strange if it does," replied my master, "for it is long since I have found amusement in any thing."

"That I deny, for I really think it is an amusement to you to grumble continually at poor human nature, which is not so bad after all. But come, for once in your life put on a civil face, and I will introduce you to my favourite sultana."

"Pshaw!" cried the other; "I suppose, as usual, you are going upon some quixotic expedition of charity, and having emptied your own pocket, you have a design upon mine."

"No, for this time your money is safe: the charming creature to whom I shall introduce you, must not be indebted to any one but myself."

The other made no reply, but he suffered his friend to take his arm, and they walked on at a quick pace down Piccadilly, and past Hyde Park Corner, till they reached a pretty cottage, the door of which was opened by a venerable old woman, whose neat though homely garb was in unison with her years. She seemed rejoiced at the sight of my master's friend, whom she addressed, with maternal fondness, as her dear Henry, and told him, she had been expecting him for several days. "I only arrived in town this morning, nurse," replied he, "and as I thought you would be anxious to see me, this is the first visit I have paid, and I have brought my friend here to taste your home-made wine."

She bustled away directly to get them some refreshment. "So," said my master, "this is your Dulcinea, is it? I see how it is, Clayton: while you have a guinea left, you will fool it away in what you call humanity: however, I can more easily forgive you for lavishing your mo-

ney on an old woman than on a young one."

"You are mistaken, Willoughby: what I do for this poor soul is not an act of humanity, but of justice."

"Explain youself."

"My mother, like most fashionable mothers, delegated the task of suckling me to a hireling; the person who was selected for that purpose was strongly recommended, and appeared to perform her duty zealously: it was, however, afterwards discovered, that she was addicted to drinking, and one night, in a fit of intoxication, she placed her candle so near the bed-curtains, that they caught fire. Liquor rendered the wretched woman insensible to the danger, and we should both have infallibly been burnt to death, but for the courage and presence of mind of this woman, who was then my mother's housemaid: she rescued me at the imminent hazard of her own life from the flames. She had afterwards the care of my infancy, and you will not wonder that I charge myself with that of her old age."

"Happy fellow!" said my master, with a sigh, which evinced that strong and keen feeling was concealed under his apparent apathy, "you have at least one being who loves you; while I——But, pshaw! I have long thought there was nothing worth loving in the world, and neither you nor your old woman shall seduce me into a contrary opinion."

At that moment the room-door opened, and a little girl of about three years of age, who might have served a painter as a model for a cherub, entered with the old woman. My master started, and inquired eagerly who she was. The nurse said she was the child of a poor dying widow who lodged with her. "Her name?" cried my master?—"Lumley." He looked disappointed, but again gazed eagerly upon the child, and taking her on his knee, he parted the auburn curls which clustered thickly on her forehead, and surveyed her countenance with such intense attention, that the child, abashed and frightened, held out her little arms to the nurse and burst into tears.

"The resemblance," cried my master, "cannot be accidental: tell me, good woman, can I see the mother of this sweet babe?"

"Impossible, sir; she is now too ill to see any one. Poor young creature, if it were not for her child, she might think herself happy in dying, for she has neither relations nor friends! There is indeed one gentleman who she thinks will provide for her child, but she has strictly charged me not to send to him till all is over."

"Tell me his name," cried my master, eagerly grasping her arm; "this instant tell me his name: consequences you do not suspect may depend upon your answer."

"Willoughby."

"Oh, Heaven!" exclaimed he in a loud and agitated voice, "it is indeed herself! Oh! Fanny, wretched Fanny, is it thus then I have at last found you?"

At that moment a piercing shriek from the next room made the old woman hastily throw open a door of communication, and rush into it, followed by my master and his friend; but the latter speedily drew the former back into the room they had quitted, for one look at

a female who was in bed convinced him that she was dying. I cannot paint the feelings of the wretched Willoughby, for he too had beheld that face livid with the hue of death, and the glance convinced him that it was indeed the countenance which first lighted the flame of love in his young and ardent heart. He could not be deceived in the features, changed as they were; he recognised the lineaments of her, whose perfidy, though it had separated them for ever, could not erase her image from his breast; but his sorrow was too great for words, or even for tears, and throwing himself on a couch, he sat with his arms folded, the picture of despair.

Nearly half an hour elapsed before the old woman again made her appearance. Clayton asked her in a low tone, if all was over. "No," replied she, "the poor soul yet lives. I am inclined to think that an abscess has burst, and——"

"She may be saved," cried my master. "Let me fly for assistance!"—"I will accompany you, my dear Willoughby; you are not fit to go alone," said his friend; and they hastened to the house of a medical man, who was as much distinguished for his skill as for his humanity. They fortunately found him at home, and he returned with them. He confirmed the conjecture of the nurse, that an abscess had broken; but he declared also, that the patient's recovery was scarcely possible. The disorder had reduced her to a state of such extreme weakness, that it was only by miracle she survived the shock which had occasioned the bursting of the abscess, and the smallest additional emotion might have fatal consequences. Her only chance was perfect quietude; for if fever came on, her dissolution would probably be immediate.

Feeble as was the hope thus held out, my master clung to it as to a certainty. He put a sum far exceeding the usual fee into the hand of the physician, intimating, at the same time, that he wished his visits to be as frequent as possible: the other readily promised a compliance with this request, and took his leave.

"And now, my dear Clayton," said Willoughby, "let me account to you for the interest I take in this unfortunate, whom the hand of Heaven has perhaps brought me hither to save. Oh! my friend, in that poor dying object you behold the cause of those melancholy and unsocial habits, of that misanthropic spirit, and distaste to life, which neither your arguments nor your raillery could shake. Unhappy lost one! for years have I mourned over her, and I must ever mourn, for to me she is indeed lost for ever: yet it will be an alleviation to my wretchedness, if I can preserve her from sinking deeper in guilt, and enable her to end her days at least in penitence and peace.

"My father died while I was too young to remember him, but his loss was made up to me by my mother's tender care. I was educated under her own eye, and during the first twenty years of my life, I may say I had not a thought concealed from her.

"I was just turned of my twentieth year, when chance threw in my way the orphan daughter of a country curate. She was about

three years younger than myself, and when I tell you, that the little cherub whose infantine charms excited your admiration so strongly this morning, is a perfect miniature of what Fanny then was, you will not wonder that I could not gaze upon her with impunity. I struggled for a long time with my passion, for I loved my mother too tenderly voluntarily to give her pain, and I was well aware that my union with Fanny would give a mortal stab to her pride, which was in fact excessive. But circumstances threw me off my guard, my secret escaped me, and though Fanny was too timid to own a mutual flame, I saw enough to convince me, my passion was returned. I acknowledged to her all the difficulties of my situation, difficulties which increased hourly, for my mother's health had been for some time declining, and I besought her to keep herself disengaged at least till after I became of age. She readily gave me this promise. For some months, we saw each other privately; and as my mother's health got better, I began to consider in what way I could break the matter to her; but a wish which she expressed to visit a relation in Scotland, induced me to defer my communication till after our return from thence.

"I charged Fanny to write to me frequently; she promised compliance; and I set out for Scotland with a weight at my heart which I could not shake off. Immediately on my arrival I wrote to Fanny, but no answer ever reached me; I wrote again and again; at length, unable to bear the agonizing suspense which her silence caused, I quitted Scotland abruptly, leaving a note of apology to my mother, and promising a speedy return. I hastened to the cottage where Fanny resided; the owner of it, a respectable woman, who had been the friend of her parents, was in our secret. Let me not dwell upon the horrid tale she told. Fanny, whom I believed pure as an angel, had voluntarily embraced a life of infamy. Mrs. Stratton observed, that, soon after my departure, she rambled out a good deal by herself, and thinking it was to indulge in melancholy reflections, she one evening followed her; but she stopped in astonishment at seeing her joined by a gay and fashionable-looking young man. A hedge, which was between them, permitted Mrs. Stratton to overhear their conversation without being observed, and, to her inexpressible consternation, she heard enough to convince her, that the destiny of the wretched girl was already sealed, and that she had fallen a victim to the arts of a libertine, to whom she could be but slightly known.

"She abruptly approached the guilty pair, and bitterly reproached Fanny, who preserved a sullen silence; but in the course of the next day, she contrived to elude the good woman's vigilance. Mrs. Stratton, on missing her, made immediate search in the village, but she could only learn, that the wretched girl had been seen in a chaise with a gentleman, driving furiously along the London road.

"Almost maddened at this intelligence, I determined upon going instantly to London, to trace, if possible, the guilty fugitive; but

I had proceeded only a few miles upon my journey, when my progress was arrested by a violent fever. My mother, the moment she was apprized of my danger, hastened to me; and to her incessant care, I am probably indebted for the preservation of a life, which has since then been worse than a blank.

"I am inclined to think, that in my delirium I must have betrayed my secret; for, during three years that my mother lived afterwards, she was very solicitous to see me married. Married! gracious Heavens! where could I have found purity and truth, when she, in whose bosom I thought they were enshrined, so cruelly deceived me?"

As he ceased speaking, the nurse entered with a packet. "The lady, sir," said she, addressing Willoughby, "has told me, that as Heaven conducted you hither before she breathes her last, she wishes you to read this. He broke the seal in silence; but the moment he cast his eyes upon some letters which were inclosed, he exclaimed, "Gracious Heaven! is it possible? My mother's hand!" As he perused them, an excess of emotion shook his frame; and clasping his hands together, he burst into tears, the first he had shed since his meeting with the unfortunate Fanny.

They were indeed such tears as had long been strangers to his eyes, for they were those of joy. The packet contained a complete justification of the conduct of his beloved. She, as well as himself, had been sacrificed to his mother's pride. Mrs. Willoughby discovered her son's secret attachment, and by bribing Stratton, prevailed upon her to assist in a plan for separating the lovers. By her connivance, Fanny was carried off by an emissary of Mrs. Willoughby's, a young man, whose want of principle and broken fortunes made him, for a handsome reward, agree to become the gaoler of the unhappy girl. Her beauty, however, soon inspired him with a wish to marry her. Mrs. Willoughby eagerly caught at it, and promised, in the event of his success, to double the reward she had before offered him, on condition of his taking his wife to America. Thus stimulated by avarice and what he called love, he did not hesitate at any means to compass his purpose: force made the wretched girl his wife; and as soon as the ceremony was performed, he received the reward of his iniquity, and quitted the kingdom.

The money he had so nefariously obtained was as foolishly squandered, and to the other miseries of her marriage, that of penury was speedily added. At the end of four years she became a widow, and she saw herself nearly destitute; but hope whispered, that Willoughby might still be faithful. Her husband, on his deathbed, had confessed all, and had put into her hands the letters of Mrs. Willoughby, that she might have the means of exculpating herself. She hastened her return to England, but she grew so much worse during her voyage, that when she landed, she believed her existence drew towards a close.

Her first wish was to see Willoughby; but he was then in Ireland, and his return uncertain. She hesitated whether to summon

him instantly; but the thought that he would not probably reach London till all was over, made her determine not to apprize him of her fate till hope was at an end.

She prepared accordingly a packet, in which she briefly narrated her sufferings, and bequeathed her little Fanny to his care. Chance, however, or rather I should say Providence, led him on the very day after his return to England, to the humble habitation where she was patiently awaiting her expected dissolution.

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## ESCAPE OF CHARLES II.

*Mr.* EDITOR,

I QUOTE, for your acceptance and insertion, the following interesting particulars regarding the extraordinary escape of King Charles II. from a work of considerable curiosity and rarity. It was published in the year 1660, and is entitled "Boscobel, or the History of his sacred Majesty's most miraculous preservation after the battle of Worcester, 3 September, 1651." The relation is made by one who was an eye-witness of the greater part of the transactions to which his narrative refers. The main facts are of course known to all your readers, but they will now, probably for the first time, have the means of reading the precise authority on which they rest. I remain yours, &c.

ANTIQUARIUS.

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The day being over, his majesty adventured to come again into the house, where having for some time refreshed himself, and being furnished with conveniences for his journey (which was conceived to be safer on foot than by horse), he, with his faithful guide Richard, about eleven of the clock at night set forth towards Boscobel.

About three of the clock on Saturday morning, being come near the house, Richard left his majesty in the wood, whilst he went in to see if no soldiers were there or other danger; where he found Colonel William Carlis, who had seen, not the last man born, but the last man killed, at Worcester, and who having with much difficulty made his escape from thence, was got into his own neighbourhood, and for some time concealing himself in Boscobel wood, was come that morning to the house to get some relief of William Penderel, his old acquaintance.

Richard having acquainted the colonel that the king was in the wood, the colonel, with William and Richard, go presently thither to give their attendance, where they found his majesty sitting on the root of a tree, who was glad to see the colonel, and came with him into the house, and did there eat bread and cheese heartily, and (as an extraordinary) William Penderel's wife made his majesty a posset of their milk and small beer, and got ready some warm water to wash his feet, not only extremely dirty, but much galled with travail.

The colonel pulled off his majesty's shoes, which were full of gravel, and stockings, which were very wet, and there being no other shoes in the house that would fit

his majesty, the good wife put some hot embers in those to dry them, whilst his majesty's feet were washing and his stockings shifted.

Being thus a little refreshed, the colonel persuaded his majesty to go back into the wood (supposing it safer than in the house), where the colonel made choice of a thick-leafed oak, into which William and Richard helped both the king and the colonel, and brought them such provisions as they could get, with a cushion for his majesty to sit on: in this oak they continued most part of that day, and the colonel humbly desired his majesty (who had taken little or no rest the two preceding nights,) to seat himself as easily as he could in the tree, and rest his head on the colonel's lap, who was watchful that his majesty might not fall; and in this posture his majesty slumbered away some part of the day, and bore all these hardships and afflictions with incomparable patience.

In the evening they returned to the house, where William Penderel acquainted his majesty with the secret place wherein the Earl of Derby had been secured, which his majesty liked so well, that he resolved, whilst he staid there, to trust only to that, and go no more to the royal oak, as from hence it must be called, where he could not so much as sit at ease.

His majesty now esteeming himself in some better security, permitted William Penderel to shave him, and cut the hair of his head as short at top as the scissars would do it, but leaving some about the ears, according to the country mode. Colonel Carlis attending, told his majesty, "Will was but a mean barber:" to which his majesty answered, he had never been shaved by any barber before. The king bade William burn the hair which he cut off, but Will was only disobedient in that, for he kept a good part of it, wherewith he has since pleasured some persons of honour, who keep it as a civil relic.

Humphrey Penderel was this Saturday designed to go to Shefnal, to pay some taxes to one Captain Broadway; at whose house he met with a colonel of the rebels, who was newly come from Worcester in pursuit of the king, and who being informed the king had been at White Ladies, and that Humphrey was a near neighbour to that place, examined him strictly, and laid before him as well the penalty for concealing the king, which was death without mercy, as the reward for discovering him, which should be one thousand pounds certain pay; but neither fear of punishment nor hope of reward was able to tempt Humphrey into any disloyalty: he pleaded ignorance, and was dismissed; and on Saturday night related to his majesty and the loyal colonel at Boscobel what had passed betwixt him and the rebel colonel at Shefnal.

This night the good wife (whom his majesty was pleased to call *My Dame Joan**) provided some chickens for his majesty's supper (a

* D. Parkes, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1792, p. 893, says there is the following epitaph at White Ladies:

"Here lieth
the bodie of a friende
the king did call
Dame Joane;
but now she is
deceast and gone.
Interred anno Do.
1669."

dainty he had not lately been acquainted with), and a little pallet was put into the secret place for his majesty to rest on; some of the brothers being continually upon duty, watching the avenues of the house and the road-way, to prevent the danger of surprise.

After supper, Colonel Carlis asked his majesty what meat he would have provided for to-morrow, being Sunday: his majesty desired some mutton, if it might be had; but it was thought dangerous for William to go to any market to buy it, since his neighbours all knew he did not use to buy such for his own diet, and so it might beget a suspicion of his having strangers at his house; but the colonel found another expedient to satisfy his majesty's desires. Early on Sunday morning he repairs to Mr. William Staunton's sheepcote, who rented some of Boscobel grounds; here he chose one of the best sheep, sticks him with his dagger, and sends Will for the mutton, who brings him home on his back.

On Sunday morning (September the 7th), his majesty got up early (his dormitory being none of the best, nor his bed the easiest), and near the secret place where he lay, had the convenience of a gallery to walk in, where he was observed to spend some time in his devotions, and where he had the advantage of a window, which surveyed the road from Tong to Brewood: soon after his majesty coming down into the parlour, his nose fell a bleeding, which put his poor faithful servants into a great fright; but his majesty was pleased soon to remove it, by telling them, it often did so.

As soon as the mutton was cold, William cut it up, and brought a leg of it into the parlour; his majesty called for a knife and a trencher, and cut some of it into collops, and pricked them with the knife's point; then called for a fryingpan and butter, and fried the collops himself, of which he ate heartily; Colonel Carlis the while, being but under-cook (and that honour enough too), made the fire, and turned the collops in the pan.

When the colonel afterwards attended his majesty in France, his majesty calling to remembrance this passage among others, was pleased merrily to propose it as a problematical question, whether himself or the colonel were the master-cook at Boscobel; and the supremacy was of right adjudged to his majesty.

All this while the other brothers of the Penderel's were, in their several stations, either scouting abroad to learn intelligence, or upon some other service; but it so pleased God, that though the soldiers had some intelligence that his majesty had been at White Ladies, and none that he was gone thence, yet this house (which proved a happy sanctuary for his majesty in this sad exigent,) had not at all been searched during his majesty's abode there, though that had several times, this perhaps the rather escaping, because the neighbours could truly inform none but poor servants to be here.

His majesty finding himself now in a hopeful security, spent some part of this Lord's-day in a pretty harbour in Boscobel garden, which grew upon a mount, and wherein there was a stone table, and seats

BULBOUS ROOTS.

about it. In this place he passed away some time in reading, and commended the place for its retiredness.

His majesty understanding by John Penderel, that the Lord Wilmot was at Mr. Whitgreave's (for John knew not of his remove to Bentley), was desirous to let my lord know where he was, and in what security.

To this end John Penderel was sent on Sunday morning to Mosely; but John finding my lord removed thence, was much troubled, and then acquainted Mr. Whitgreave and Mr. Huddleston, that his majesty was returned to Boscobel, and the disaccommodation he had there; whereupon they both resolve to go with John to Bentley, where having gained him an access to my lord, his lordship designed to attend the king that night at Mosely, and desired Mr. Whitgreave to meet his lordship at a place appointed about twelve of the clock, and Mr. Huddleston to nominate a place where he would attend his majesty about one of the clock, the same night.

Upon this intelligence, my lord made stay of Mrs. Jane Lane's journey to Bristol, till his majesty's pleasure were known.

John returned to Boscobel in the afternoon with intimation of this designed meeting with my lord at Mosely that night, and the place which was appointed by Mr. Huddleston where his majesty should be expected. But his majesty having not recovered his late foot journey to Madely, was not able, without a horse, to perform this to Mosely, which was about five miles distant from Boscobel, and near the mid from thence to Bentley.

It was therefore concluded that his majesty should ride upon Humphrey Penderel's mill-horse (for Humphrey was the miller of White Ladies mill); the horse was taken up from grass, and accoutred, not with rich trappings or furniture, befitting so great a king, but with a pitiful old saddle, and a worse bridle.

When his majesty was ready to take horse, Colonel Carlis humbly took leave of him, being so well known in the country, that his attendance upon his majesty would in all probability have proved rather a disservice than otherwise: however, his hearty prayers were not wanting for his majesty's preservation.

Thus then his majesty was mounted, and thus he rode towards Mosely, attended by all the honest brothers, William, John, Richard, Humphrey, and George Penderel, and Francis Yates.

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## Plate 24.—BULBOUS ROOTS.

The annexed plate represents that useful root the turnip, which is converted into an ornamental suspended reservoir, of the Grecian form, for holding the hyacinth: the application is of French origin, and is at this period of the year to be met with in the best furnished rooms in Paris; but in this country may be viewed as a novelty. We cannot do better than to add the description given by the gentle-

man who so kindly furnished us with the drawing.

The turnip is capable of being pleasingly transformed, for the amusement of our fair botanists, into the character of the accompanying sketch for receiving the hyacinth, which is usually suspended in windows facing the south. In this situation it majestically shoots its perpendicular blooming stem, while the humble nourishing turnip is vegetating downward, forming a verdant tassel, which has a very curious and pleasing effect.

It is necessary for this purpose to select the largest, clearest, and best shaped deep turnip, free from external specks or blemishes. The green is to be cut nearly close, leaving it of a convex form, as represented at A, round which it is to have a hoop of narrow twopenny ribbon, the colour according to the taste of the decorator, to be sewed at certain distances, so as to keep it in its place. At the same time, care must be taken not to let the needle penetrate to the inside of the turnip, which would cause the water to leak out. The connecting ribs of ribbon B B may be brought up the sides, terminating towards the upper part of the turnip in fanciful bows, according to the sketch.

Great care must be observed in scooping out the inside of the turnip, leaving it half an inch thick in substance, and still thicker at the bottom, in a convex form, according to the dotted line CC in letter A.

The wire-stand D is very simple, and can easily be made out of a piece of bonnet wire: it requires to be made less than the bulb, which is to rest upon it when placed in the turnip, as is shewn in the plate: the turnip is there represented as if it were transparent, to give a perfect idea of the whole when together. The interior of the turnip must be supplied with fresh water every two or three days, otherwise it may acquire an unpleasant smell. It should be kept filled nearly to the top of the inside of the turnip, and hung in a southern aspect.

E, the turnip as it should be trimmed before the ribbon is bound round it. F, the turnip suspended and growing downwards, while from the cavity the hyacinth is seen to shoot upwards, modestly hanging down its azure blue bells, and filling the room with a delightful fragrance. The double light blue hyacinth is denominated *Globe Terrestre;* the single dark blue is named *Don Gratuit;* and *Velour Pourpre* is the dark double blue hyacinth, with green at the edges of the petals: that which is all white and double is called *la Heroine:* the *Diana of Ephesus* is a double white hyacinth with small red spots. Ovid, as is well known, describes Hyacinthus as a youth accidentally struck by a quoit flung by Apollo, and killed on the spot: he was afterwards metamorphosed into the flower that bears his name; while the grief of the god was allayed by viewing the beauties of this charming flower.

I die, I die, young Hyacinthus said,
Sunk on the earth, and droop'd his lovely head.
Quick to his aid distress'd Apollo flew,
And round the hero's neck his arms he threw:

But whilst he held him to his throbbing breast,
And all the anguish of his soul exprest,
His polish'd limbs, by strange enchantment's power,
Shoot into buds, and blossom into flower;
His auburn locks in verdant foliage flow,
And wreaths of azure florets shade his brow.

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## ANECDOTES OF BERNARDIN DE ST. PIERRE.

(From an "*Essai sur la Vie et les Ouvrages de* Bernardin de St. Pierre," par L. Aime-Martin, just published at Paris.)

(Continued from page 153.)

Although St. Pierre refused the offer made him by Mr. Mustel, he contrived nevertheless to procure the friendship of that worthy man. He soon, however, became tired of Holland; the manners of the Dutch did not assimilate with his volatile and susceptible temper. Catherine had just mounted the throne of all the Russias; and in the hope of finding in her a protectress that would discern and reward his merit, St. Pierre borrowed some money from his friend Mustel, and went to Russia.

He never gave himself the trouble to reflect upon his plan till he had actually arrived in St. Petersburg; but in descending from the vehicle that brought him there, a sense of his isolated condition gave a severe pang to his heart. He looked round; the street was filled with people, whose long beards and thoughtful air forcibly reminded him that he was in a land of strangers. "And I only," thought he, "am alone in this multitude; every one, even the poorest of these whom I see, has a home where he is expected, where he will be welcomed: I alone am neither expected nor beloved, and were death at this moment to overtake me, I should expire without a tear being shed, or a sigh heaved for my fate. Ah! my country, it is only in being exiled from thee, that I learn how dear thou art to my heart!"

Circumstances did not tend to banish these gloomy reflections from the mind of our young adventurer: obliged to live upon a mere trifle, he had not the means to dissipate his *ennui;* but he sought to lose it by absorbing his attention in the study of mathematics, to which he devoted the principal part of his time, frequently occupying himself for whole days together with it in the solitude of his chamber.

Fortune mean time was at work for him: a nobleman accosted him one Sunday after mass; he conversed with him for a good while, and before they parted, offered to introduce him to Marshal de Münich, governor of Petersburg. The marshal recommended him to the grand master of artillery: our young engineer was in consequence obliged to go to Moscow, but he performed the journey without any expense to himself.

Providence, in raising up for him a protector, bestowed upon him also the still greater blessing of a friend. A native of Geneva, named Duval, who was jeweller to the empress, frequently visited his

hostess: by this means they became intimate. Duval could not see unmoved the confined circumstances of St. Pierre; he frankly offered him pecuniary assistance: his generosity was not abused; St. Pierre would only accept of fifty francs: this little sum was, however, of great service to him. Nor was it only in a pecuniary way that he found Duval useful; he was always ready to give him good advice, without ever being offended when it was not taken; and whatever scrapes St. Pierre brought himself into, he was sure to be comforted and assisted by his new friend.

Soon after he formed this intimacy, an under-lieutenancy in the corps of engineers animated his hopes of promotion; and they were considerably elevated by his friend, M. de Villebois, the grand master of the artillery, announcing to him one evening, that the next day he would be presented to the empress. No sleep visited that night the eyes of our young castle-builder; he passed the hours in composing a memorial to present the next day to Catherine. He detailed in it a plan which he had formed of founding, on the eastern banks of the Caspian Sea, a great establishment, under the modest title of a Company, which should put into the hands of Catherine the riches of India, and the commerce of the world. At last the memorial is finished, and in the opinion of its author his fortune is made. The hour of audience approaches; he gets into M. de Villebois's carriage, ruminating all the way to court on the manner in which he should present his memorial; before he had settled the point, he finds himself in a magnificent gallery, and in the midst of the principal nobility: Catherine advances towards the young engineer, who, dazzled and confounded, bends his knee, kisses her hand in silence, and the memorial remains in his pocket.

It will easily be conceived that he returned from court sufficiently disconcerted with himself. Some time passed without his being honoured with any particular notice from the empress: the most gloomy reflections succeeded to his lively hopes; abandoning his late brilliant projects, tired of employment, fatigued with repose, discontented with others and with himself, he wished for nothing so much as to return to his native country; but how was this to be accomplished? In ruminating upon the means, he recollected that the Baron de Breteuil was then ambassador in Russia from the court of France; and he resolved to try whether the baron would assist him with money to return to France. He addressed accordingly a letter to that nobleman, in which he painted in lively colours his faults, his regrets, and his situation. He received no answer from the ambassador, but two days afterwards, M. de Villebois said to him, with a smile, "Mons. de St. Pierre, the empress has just granted you the sum of 1500 francs, and the brevet of captain: but," added he, in a serious tone, "I warn you, that here they are not fond of complaints."

Soon after this, St. Pierre went into Russian Finland, to examine the fortifications, and to put that country into a state of defence.

He remained there for four years, and then abruptly quitted Russia, and went to Warsaw; where he announced that he had resigned the protection of the empress, in order to serve the interest of Poland, which was then menaced by Russia.

Here the *Essai* takes the colour of romance. The Princess Marie, young, witty, accomplished, uniting every talent and every grace, makes the young stranger feel, the moment he sees her, the double power of beauty and genius.

An opportunity of distinguishing himself occurred; Bernardin seized it with eagerness; he even found charms in the excess of the danger, when he thought of the Princess Marie. Ah! what would he not encounter in order to distinguish himself in her eyes! Like the Paladins of Ariosto, he fell into the snare, and comforted himself, like them, because he had not been vanquished. On his return, the Princess Marie said to him, "Fortune has betrayed your hopes; but you must not complain: it is thus that she always in the beginning treats those whom she afterwards loads with her favours."

All the ladies were curious to see this young Frenchman, who exposed himself to the danger of being exiled to Siberia in order to serve the cause of Poland. Admitted familiarly into the circle of the young princesses, he had no eyes but for the Princess Marie: in the midst of the most brilliant fêtes, he looked only for her; and she, who with every body else was lively even to giddiness, seemed, in conversing with him, to have assumed a new character: full of feeling and reflection, she appeared to partake of his tastes, and even to divine his thoughts.

This happiness was too great to last; the buzz of scandal soon came to disturb it. Suffice it to say, that St. Pierre had powerful reasons for quitting Warsaw. His friend, the Comte de Mercy, advised him to offer his services in Germany, and gave him letters to the minister, and to one of his relations, first lady of honour to the empress.

The first care of St. Pierre on his arrival at Vienna, was to send his letter to the lady. His imagination, still full of the young Polish princesses, and their gallant and brilliant court, led him to anticipate a second Princess Marie in his new protectress. The latter granted him the honour of an interview, and at the appointed hour he hastened to her house. Six footmen, dressed in rich liveries, received him at the gate of the vestibule, and introduced him with much gravity into a Gothic hall, where he was met by six other servants attired in black; these last conducted him in silence across several apartments ornamented with escutcheons, and through a gallery hung with family pictures, in full court dresses, whose severe countenances and formal costume gave a shock to the gay visions in which he was indulging: arrived at last at the door of the lady's apartment, a stentorian voice announces M. de St. Pierre; the folding doors are thrown open, and seated upon a sort of throne, the drapery of which was crimson velvet, adorned with gold fringe, he beholds the lady, who sat as immoveable as a statue.

All the Loves and Graces that had been sporting about in his imagination instantly fled at the sight of her: she was a little old woman, with a face covered with rouge and pearl powder, which, however, could not conceal her wrinkles. Nor was her reception of our young adventurer much more engaging than her appearance: she promised, in an indifferent and haughty tone, that she would see and do something for him, out of respect to the recommendation of her noble cousin. St. Pierre made his bow and departed, secretly vowing never to repeat his visit.

This disappointment completely disgusted St. Pierre with Austria, and he determined to offer his services to the great Frederic of Prussia. His brevet of captain of engineers in the Russian service gave him a right to the rank of major; he flattered himself with obtaining a command in Polish Prussia, which would bring him nearer to his mistress. But this project did not succeed: Frederic had decided that the commissions in the infantry should only be confided to Prussian officers. But though the king refused the request of St Pierre, he offered him a post in the engineers, and a considerable pension. St. Pierre refused this offer, partly because it would give him no opportunity to forward the interests of his passion, and partly from his natural fickleness and caprice, which did not permit him to estimate properly the advantages thus held out to him.

He remained, however, several months at Berlin, where he formed a friendship with M. de Faubenheim, a gentleman in easy circumtances, and of the good old stamp; his manners and habits had in fact something patriarchal about them. He opened his house to St. Pierre, and soon conceived for him the affection of a father; but Bernardin, though touched with his kindness, rejected his flattering offers, and without consulting prudence, suddenly determined to return to France.

He paid a visit to Havre, his native place; but how changed did every thing appear! The town seemed to him smaller, the houses not so high, the streets narrower. He looked round in vain for a welcome, nobody came to receive him.—"Where," thought he, "are my brothers, my sister, the friends of my youth—is there not one left?" In the midst of these reflections, he saw an old woman sitting spinning at a door, whose features appeared familiar to him: it was Marie Talbot, who had had the care of his infancy; he learned from her that his father was dead, his brothers were gone to the Indies, and his sister had taken the veil.

Marie was overjoyed to see him, and she insisted upon giving him a dinner: a piece of coarse bread, an omelet, a little cheese, and a pitcher of cider, formed the homely meal, which was sweetened by the kindest welcome. She put him in mind how fond he had been of his books, and how often he lost them. "Yes, my good friend," said he, "I lost them, and you bought me some more with your money." It was with great difficulty that he could prevail on this

woman, who only earned six sous a day, to accept a present from him.

The Baron de Breteuil, who had been his friend in Petersburg, received him kindly at Paris, and procured him a situation in the engineers in the Isle of France. He spent two years there, and returned in 1771. People in general make fortunes in that country, but the only treasures St. Pierre brought from it were, shells, plants, insects, and birds. M. de Breteuil having learned that he intended publishing an account of his voyage, recommended him to D'Alembert, who had then risen to great eminence in the literary world. D'Alembert introduced him to Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, and, in a short time afterwards, he got acquainted with Rousseau: disgust to the world served to unite them, and their mutual taste for nature formed the charm of their friendship.

Both these authors have written much on the qualities of women, and each of them have, by the most opposite means, gained the suffrages of the fair sex. Rousseau attacked incessantly their frivolity, inconstancy, and coquetry. No one has spoken worse of them, or is more beloved by them. He treats them like grown children, and amuses himself with displaying their failings. Vainly does he write whole volumes to form a wife for his Emile: of what use so much preparation, so many cares, and such great solicitude? The fruit of this master-piece of education is the faithless Sophie. Nevertheless, the accusations with which he loads the lovely sex cannot extinguish the enthusiasm with which he inspires them; because, in spite of himself, they read his heart in his writings; they see that his are the reproaches of love, and not of hatred; that while he abuses, he adores them: he renders even their failings amiable, and by a contradiction the most flattering to their vanity, deifies them while he loads them with faults. One recognises even in his bitterest reproaches the language of a lover, who wishes, but in vain, to break his chains. He may be said to resemble a savage, who, seeing fire for the first time, is enchanted with its light and heat, and approaches to kiss it; but being burnt, he alternately curses and prays to it, not knowing whether it is a demon or a divinity.

St. Pierre has more softness, with equal fire. Woman appears in his writings such as she presents herself to us in the day dreams of our early youth, adorned with virgin beauty, pure, celestial, having no tie to earth but love. It is under her mild influence that he would replace man, in order to bring him back to virtue; he sees only her innocence, he paints only her graces. Rousseau kindles in our hearts a flame the most dangerous to virtue, by the example of Julia forgetting every thing in the arms of her lover. Bernardin de St. Pierre penetrates us with a divine sentiment in offering to us the image of the tender Virginia. No breath tarnishes this delicate flower, which gives a celestial perfume; she loves, but it is with a love pure as that of angels, and her last action is indeed sublime; for at the moment when the happi-

ness for which she had so long sighed presented itself to her, she sacrificed her life rather than outrage her virgin modesty.

From the time of his forming these connections, St. Pierre appears to have given himself up more ardently than ever to the delights of literature. His *Etudes de la Nature* was published in 1784, and its success made him amends for all he had suffered. He was now regarded as the friend and consoler of mankind, and no longer passed for a whimsical humourist. Several celebrated men of letters wrote to him, to engage him to continue his sublime speculations. The great, in the hope of turning his talents to their own advantage, gave him pressing invitations to their houses. He inspired, in short, a general enthusiasm, so much so, that many mothers, captivated by what he had written on marriage, offered him the hands of their daughters.

Four years afterwards, he published Paul and Virginia. This delightful work would never perhaps have been given to the world but for the marine painter, Vernet. St. Pierre had one evening read it aloud in an assembly at M. Neckar's; the Abbé Galiani, Thomas, and Buffon were present, and from the manner in which these distinguished literati listened to his production, Bernardin was persuaded that it was not worthy to see the light. Vernet, who soon afterwards came to visit him, reanimated his hope, dissuaded him from the idea which he had formed of burning his MS., and prevailed upon him to publish it: its success even surpassed that of *Les Etudes de la Nature*, and the produce of it enabled the author to buy a small house and garden in the fauxbourg St. Masceau.

In 1792, St. Pierre was made intendant of the *Jardin des Plantes*, and the *Cabinet d'Histoire Naturelle*. In the midst of his employments, he began to experience the want of a companion, to share his pleasures and his pains, and every day made him more sensible of this want. His fortune had till then been too bad to permit him to think of marriage, and now that that obstacle was removed, his age made him fear it would be difficult to find a woman whom he could love. Unknown to himself, however, he had engaged the heart of an amiable young person. Mademoiselle Didot had not been able to see the author of so many excellent works, without feeling a lively admiration of his talents, which was soon ripened into love by his virtues and the amiable simplicity of his manners. St. Pierre discovered the secret of her heart, and soon convinced her that he partook of her sentiments. They were married, and he enjoyed some years of happiness, which was cruelly disturbed by the death of his amiable wife in the flower of her age.

This event was the more deeply to be regretted, as Madame St. Pierre left behind her two children, one aged four years, the other eight months. St. Pierre, who was then in his sixty-third year, determined to marry again, in the hope of procuring a mother for his children: it was again an admirer of his writings, and a young person, who became his wife. He was as fortunate in this second union as in

the first; nay, he often said, that, except the days of his childhood, the most happy moments he ever passed were those of his second marriage.

In November 1813, he felt that his end was approaching. "You must not let yourself be cast down," said he to his wife: "your task does not finish with my life. I confide to you in dying, my fame, my works, and the fate of my children."

## ON TUNING PIANO-FORTES, AND KEEPING THEM IN TUNE.

*Mr.* EDITOR,

A PIANO-FORTE out of tune is one of the greatest miseries in music; it might be compared to a wife out of humour, were it not that with the moderate sacrifice of 4s. a person is to be found whose particular profession it is to remedy the first of these evils. But however great the sagacity and speculative ingenuity of the present age may be deemed, no one has yet been bold enough to engage in a calling devoted to the cure of the latter. The fortune of such a person, if successful in his career, would be most rapid, and exceed all conception; for the remedies which an attentive husband occasionally derives from Waterloo-House, Urling's, or Cranbourn-Alley, are acknowledged to be precarious and uncertain in their effects.

Upon the latter important subject, it is my intention to offer some curious and novel observations at a future period, unless the more powerful pen of the "Female Tattler," whose province I would by no means infringe, should feel induced to take the matter into early consideration. My present more humble purpose is, exclusively to put piano-fortes in tune.

As this object can be attained at an expense of a few shillings, the utility of my labour may perhaps be questioned, or I may be suspected of an intention to supersede the necessity of this expense, and thereby injure an industrious class of society. This objection it is therefore proper to meet *in limine*, by stating my view to be directed to cases where tuners are not easily or frequently to be met with. And even to those persons who may never choose to interfere with the tuning of their instrument, I flatter myself that the following pages may not be altogether useless. They will at least see the principles upon which the matter rests, and probably gain a step or two in general musical science.

In the heart of London, and in country towns of some consequence, my remarks may probably remain unapplied to any practical use; but in my summer strolls through the suburbs and environs of the capital, I often imagined that a person gifted with a good ear might, with eyes blindfolded, almost judge of the distance he has wandered from Temple-bar, by the increasing mis-tune of the piano-fortes that assails his sensitive organs through the open window-sashes. The sort of music heard on such an excursion forms another curious kind of guide to

judge of distance. Thus in a walk last summer, as soon as I had escaped noisy St. Giles, my course was arrested in Bloomsbury-square by a sonata of Beethoven, played with proper style and expression on a well-tuned grand piano. In Bedford-place, Parnassus seemed quite in an uproar; the German Apollo and his juvenile Pierides concerted sweetly on half a dozen instruments at once, all in tune. In Russell-square, a rondo of Kalkbrenner's left nothing to be wished for. Near the end of Tavistock-square, a sonata of Pleyel escaped through the parlour-window, decently enough, but certainly not metronomically: the lady had various tempos at her command; she "suited the action to the word;" the minims exhausted her patience, and the semiquavers her fingers. Here, two or three of the additional keys began for the first time to sound sickly, and the great C in the bass was any thing but orthodox. I longed for two or three twists with the hammer, or even the key of the door.—One word before I go on! The thought is excellent—it might slip me.

Mr. Editor, we have our "Chairs to mend"—"Kettles to mend," and other ambulant proclamations, for instant, off-hand repairs; the French have their "ambulances," or flying establishments for the cure of broken limbs. Why might we not have ambulant tuners, announcing their approach—I will not say by a vulgar street-cry, but by a harmonious twitch of the common chord, or if you please, the dominant seventh? The circumstance of finding such persons unsought, prepared to our wishes, would, I am confident, gain them a world of customers.

But to our peregrination! On leaving Tavistock-place, I soon perceived that I came within the purlieus of suburban harmonics. A rural row of humble but neat dwellings towards which I accidentally shaped my course, would have formed a blank in this musical itinerary, had it not been for one solitary flute. This was a conspicuous case! The window of the first and last floor, embowered in jessamine, served as a frame to a half-length exhibition of a thick-set young man, with a full moon face—one of Roubillac's Cupids—a clerk in office, to judge by the cuffs supporting the instrument. This Æolus, with puffed cheeks like the chamber of an air-gun, seemed to have breath enough for a set of organ bellows; and a patent mouth-piece served to convey the whole blast into his darling tube. The artificial conductor hung from his graceful lip like the organic remains of some antediluvian giant's tooth. There was nothing selfish in this amiable amateur's performance. Such as it was, it was, with apparent self-satisfaction, given, through the open casement, *pro bono publico*; and an audience of ragged *polissons*, and nursery-maids not much bigger than their bantlings, endeavoured by saltatory efforts to find out the true measure of the tune. It was neither Drouet, Nicholson, nor Hoffmeister. The little pocket volume, ingeniously stuck to the corner of the sash, probably formed a cornucopiæ of all that was deemed delicious thirty or forty years ago. Flattered perhaps

by the notice of a connoisseur like me, the chubby virtuoso left "Crazy Jane" to her fate, and leafed over to that magnificent never-enough-to-be sung bravura, "The soldier tired of wars alarms;" but all the fluency of his roulades and cadences proved incapable of fixing my patience for more than a few seconds.

In proceeding through Somerstown, piano-fortes were heard in various directions, and in various ways, I may add of various dates. Here my itinerant tuner might have found some days' work, if withal his services were deemed requisite by the parties. Pitch and temperament seemed of very secondary consideration in this region: so the keys performed their office, no matter what they "gave out." I had no conception of the musicality of the place. Even the daughter of a broker, in the exposed vestibule of her papa's Repository, practised on a *ci-devant* piano (for sale) the much admired air of "Molly, put the kettle on," with the accompaniment of a *basso continuo* of her own inditing. Further on, an elderly French gentleman—perhaps a relic of the emigrant colony whilom congregated in this unassuming part of the world—gargled, in loyal accents, "*Vive Henri quatre, vive ce roi vaillant.*"

Fear nought, Mr. Editor, the reader's patience shall not be put to the test in accompanying me to Kentish-town. Enough has been said to illustrate my assertion respecting musical longitude and latitude. Enough, to shew the propriety of tuning piano-fortes that are out of tune; and if the subject has been treated with unbecoming levity, amends shall be made by a gravity and decorum of didactic style more suitable to my purpose. We can be serious, if need be.

Without entering into any abstruse calculations, it seems requisite to say a word or two in explanation of some few of the causes which render it difficult to put into proper tune the twelve notes composing the octave on the piano-forte. The little I mean to offer on this matter shall be given with full liberty to skip it, if any of my readers should deem it unnecessary or tedious.

1. Suppose a piano were to be tuned in *perfect* fifths upwards, C—G, G—D, D—A, &c. (going occasionally down to a lower octave, whenever this process should lead us too high into the upper notes), it will be found that twelve fifths would be required to bring us back to a key of C again. If we write these twelve fifths upon paper, the twelfth fifth will be E ※—B ※*. This B ※, then, we are obliged to take on the piano with the key of C: whereas, in reality, the former is a sound somewhat higher than C. E ※ likewise must be taken on the key of F, although in fact they are two sounds differing a little in pitch.

2. Again, some sounds which, even on paper, are designated by the *same* note, are in reality of a different pitch: for instance, E as major third to C, is absolutely a lower sound than the same E as fifth to A.

* C—G, G—D, D—A, A—E, E—B, B—F sh. F sh.—C sh. C sh.—G sh. G sh.—D sh. D sh.—A sh. A sh.—E sh. E sh.—B sh.

Further, it will readily be conceived that C ♯ and D ♭ cannot in reality be the same thing, although we represent them by the same key on the piano-forte; and the same remark holds good in regard to F ♯ and G ♭, G ♯ and A ♭, &c. With respect to double sharps and double flats, our representation of them on the piano-forte is equally imperfect; for F × is not the same sound as G, nor is C ♭♭ the same as B ♭.

As I have pledged myself to be quite popular, *i. e.* to avoid any detail or intricacy in regard to this subject, I shall abstain from pursuing the matter. The above, it is hoped, will be sufficient to shew the nature of the question, and some of its difficulties. It will appear obvious that the twelve successive keys in an octave are the representatives of a much greater number of sounds. If we only consider that each letter may have a sharp or a flat to it, we shall already have twenty-one sounds, not including any double sharps or double flats, which would still more increase the number. And a further augmentation arises from the circumstance (explained above in paragraph 2) of the sound expressed by the same letter, or even note, being different, according as it stands for a major third, or a perfect fifth.

If the fingers of a violoncellist, who plays in perfect tune, were to leave marks on the finger-board, it would be found, that in the space of one octave, he takes many more distinct sounds than he himself is aware of. Fifty and more!!

The grand problem therefore is: *TO TUNE OUR TWELVE KEYS SO THAT THEY SHALL SERVE* TOLERABLY *WELL TO PERFORM THE FUNCTIONS OF ALL THE MANIFOLD SOUNDS OF WHICH THEY MAY, AS OCCASION ARISES, HAVE TO PERFORM THE FUNCTIONS.*

Upon this problem books have been written, and warm disputes maintained, in every age. Some have said, Let us make every one of the keys a *very little* wrong, and the very little distributed among all will not be perceived: others insisted, that as some keys or tonics are more played in, than others, it is most rational to render those notes which frequently occur as perfect as possible, and throw the dissonance, or *wolf*, as it is termed, upon those which are rarely used.

A wolf or flaw there *is;* and it cannot be got rid of; just like a parcel of dust on the floor of a room closely shut up. Whether this nuisance is to be slightly spread over the whole floor, or swept into three or four corners, or at once into one corner, is the question.

Without fatiguing the reader with a discussion of this unprofitable sweeping question, we shall at once proceed to the purpose.

The first and most essential requisite in tuning a piano-forte is a GOOD EAR. Whosoever lacks that precious gift of nature, let him beware of ever touching peg or hammer. An ear capable of tuning a piano-forte ought to be able to judge:

1. When one wire is in exact unison with the other. Whenever this is not the case, the discordant vibrations of the two wires will create a very perceptible jarring, or beating as it is called.

2. He ought to feel the moment when a key is in exact octave with another.

3. When two notes form perfect fifths, or two others perfect fourths.

4. When two notes form major thirds, or two others minor thirds.

If a person be capable of judging of the above consonances, he may fairly make the attempt.

Some mechanical directions will facilitate his proceedings.

1. Some persons are in the habit of considerably lowering or heightening a string at random, with a view to watch the moment when it comes to the pitch required. This is a bungling method, and productive of evil consequences. We ought, on the contrary, to make it our study, to turn the peg, one way or another, as little as possible. The less it is moved, the less it will move itself hereafter, and the firmer it will remain.

2. In turning a peg, we ought to lean strongly on the hammer; let the twist to be given, however inconsiderable the turning may be, be attended with energy and steadiness.

3. Sound the key which is under the process of tuning, powerfully, so as to give full vibration to the wire. Do not leave off the very moment the desired pitch appears; but keep the hammer on, while you continue striking the key several times after it has arrived at the proper pitch: for the wire will not instantly remain where you brought it to; there is a reaction, for which a few moments' allowance must be made. It is only after the wire has stood this test that you may proceed to another key.

4. In grand piano-fortes, which have three unisons or wires to each key, it is best, by means of the pedal, to stop two out of the three, and tune one wire first, of all the keys; assimilating afterwards the other wires to their tuned companion. In a square piano-forte, persons not very conversant, may, by the insertion of bits of leather or card, cut like a wedge, stop one of the wires in the octave (or more extended compass) which is to be tuned as the standard for the rest.

5. After having tuned the instrument, it ought not to be played on for at least some hours. If it can be left alone overnight, so much the better. In the morning, a cursory examination will be advisable, since some wires will probably be found to have yielded more or less. These are easily rectified, as the fellow wire of the same key will generally have remained steady in tune.

6. Whatever be the place selected for your instrument, there let it remain a fixture as much as possible, and at all times in a *firm* position. If it totter, or be often moved, it cannot stand well in tune. Servants ought not to be suffered to clean it.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. LXIV.

'Tis not a set of features or complexion,
The tincture of a skin, that I admire:
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.

ADDISON.

I PROCEED to consider the interesting, engaging, and difficult subject which occupied the preceding paper. I say difficult, not merely from my own inaptitude to examine into and reason upon abstruse subjects, but from the apparent impossibility of possessing a decided standard and acknowledged definition of what beauty is: but that, as I have already observed, has never yet been settled, probably never will be settled; nay, it will not, perhaps, be too much to add, and never can be settled. Here then arises the perplexity which attends the subject. By way of example, every one is capable of giving an opinion respecting the features of the face; whether a nose is too long or too short, too large or too small; whether the mouth is too wide or too narrow: but who can describe the exact figure of a beautiful nose or mouth? Complexion is so dependent on circumstances, that it is scarcely to be reconciled to any rule; and the exact proportions of red to white are subject to no scale; we only know where they are to appear, and that pale lips and a red nose are striking defects in the human countenance.

There is also a decided difference between beauty as consisting of form, colour, and proportion, and the effect which character, or the impressions of the mind, produce by sudden or habitual operations on the features of the face; and this I shall beg leave to denominate *charm*. This power may have additional force when working upon what is considered as beauty; but who is unacquainted with its predominating influence, when it gives action even on a countenance that has no claims to beauty, but even approaches to ugliness?

A fine countenance, we all know, may be rendered not only unpleasing, but even hideous, according to the nature of the passions which convey their expressions to it. The same result may of course be produced on an unpleasing combination of features by amiable feelings, so as to produce what I have called a *charm*, that is frequently known to create an effect on the beholder, superior even to the fascinations of what is considered as beauty. The smile occasioned by the joy of fond affection, the down look of virtuous humility, the compassionate regard of pitying sensibility, the tear of sympathetic tenderness, will, as they all appear, according to the distinctive impulses by which they were produced, create an attractive character, which, more or less, no virtuous mind can or would wish to resist. Hence it is, and I would wish my young female readers to attend to the observation, that I have frequently known a plain face bear away the palm, if not of transient

admiration, yet of lasting affection, even from the splendid beauty. By an interchange of terms and of sexes, there is a remarkable, though by no means a solitary example, in the History of the celebrated Madame de Maintenon, the most beautiful and accomplished woman of the age in which she lived, or indeed of any age. She married the famous Scarron, a man distinguished for his wit, talents, and virtues; but who was afflicted with almost every defect that an original mal-conformation and successive years of sickness could produce. It may indeed be said, that inferior circumstances might impel her to such a union: but be that as it may, her conduct as a wife was one unvaried scene of tender affection, which is recorded by several of her contemporaries; and she is known to have declared at the close of life, that the years she passed with her poor little, decrepit, sickly, but delightful husband, were the happiest of her life; though she was afterwards the wife, the unacknowledged one indeed, of Louis XIV. the most accomplished and powerful prince in Europe, as well as a most enamoured and impassioned husband to her.

But in thus considering the exterior charm of character alone, as produced by the amiable qualities of the heart, and the admirable attainments of the mind, I have been steering away, though I hope not unprofitably, from my subject. I shall now return to it.

The different ideas of beauty in different countries would lead to an endless state of comparisons, which, familiar as they must be to those who are, in the smallest degree, acquainted with the surface of the globe, would become a tedious and a tiresome subject. I shall therefore, by adhering to some general proposition, bring my reasonings, I trust, to something of a reasonable and intelligent conclusion.

Suppose then that we consider beauty in the human species to consist of those distinguishing traits, whether in man or woman, that express those qualities which are adapted to the end proposed by nature. By pursuing this idea, we may, perhaps, come to something of a satisfactory result upon the subject.

What then, we may ask, was the intention of Nature with respect to the human race? Is it not apparent that she decreed man for labour and contention, to be the support and guardian of the family which may be his allotment? All that announces vigour, agility, and courage in his stature and features; pliant and nervous limbs, and the forms which denote a free and ready action suited to inforce or to repel; a figure, the shape and height of which are equally remote from feebleness and heaviness; in which the equilibrium is such, as to render its mechanical movements unobstructed; all this combined with a countenance in which the right operation of all these powers are depicted: such is the masculine beauty of man, and when we see such an example of it, we may be justified in considering, that Nature was not obstructed in her original design when she thus produced him.

If, on the other hand, we would

inquire what is the beauty of woman; it may be answered, Nature formed her to be a wife and a mother; to soften the manners of man, to interest, and to sooth him. This is indeed rather the employment of beauty, than the definition of it; and it is much better to recommend the right mode of employing it, than to attempt to describe it, in any other way than as possessing the form, figure, and features, in which the best means consist to attain the best ends; and they are those ingredients which fill up the measure of domestic happiness.

An interesting sensibility attaches man to her he loves, by exciting the idea that she stands in need of his protection: the beauty of the female, therefore, should be timid, and to render it more touching, the sentiment of it should exist in the soul; it must be depicted in her looks, breathe upon her lips, and impart softness to all her features. Hence, I think, we must acknowledge, that beauty is the expression of perfections adapted to a particular object; and thus we are able, in a great measure, to account for the difference of sentiments and opinions respecting beauty, of which there must be as many different kinds, as there are different qualities which men look for in women. Thus a man of a simple and tranquil character, of a delicate and tender soul, will probably prefer the beauty with fair hair, blue eyes, and lily complexion; with an elegant and stately figure, who seems to have little material about her. He whose character is all life and gaiety, will think that beauty consists in sparkling eyes, rosy cheeks, and roundness of form; while the more ardent personage will prefer the brunette with a large black eye that seems to flash fire, while he laughs at the fair and frigid beauty.

Thus it appears, and I believe the observation is founded in truth, that if two men differ essentially in their taste with respect to the character of beauty, they will differ as essentially in their moral notions.

The subject which I have chosen is of a nature that envelopes much more consideration, than the space allotted to me will allow; nor have I been able to do more than to offer a few desultory thoughts upon the subject: but I trust, nevertheless, that they will be found to throw some light upon a topic of universal interest, and which has engaged, does engage, or will engage every rational being.

F—— T——.

## MUSICAL REVIEW.

*A Collection of Hymn and Psalm Tunes, sung in the Chapel of the Asylum for Female Orphans; composed, selected, and arranged, with an Accompaniment for the Organ or Piano-forte*, by Wm. Horsley, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Organist of the Asylum and Belgrave Chapels. Pr. 1*l.* 1*s.*—(Clementi and Co. Cheapside.)

MANY of our readers, no doubt, have derived the purest delight from the hymns sung by the children of the above charity; the chaste and

affecting innocence of their pious strains makes its way to the heart much more surely than the studied execution of a skilled vocalist. The simplicity, therefore, of the hymns contained in this collection, instead of requiring any thing like an apology*, constitutes probably one of their pre-eminent titles to the favour of the public. Several of the hymns are of Mr. Horsley's own composition, and evince, in all their plain garb, a degree of feeling and good taste, amply compensating for scarcity of elaborate melodic embellishment, or deep contrapuntal combination; qualities which would been totally out of place in a work of this nature. The accompaniments, and the second parts in the duets, which are entirely Mr. H.'s production, are written not only in a style of great harmonic purity, but with due attention to the obvious character of the respective melodies. There is nothing artificial, nothing affected or harsh; every thing proceeds in mellow connection, and the effect is precisely that which a cultivated ear would have wished for or anticipated.

In the selection of melodies from other writers, Mr. H. appears to have used that judicious discretion which the object in view rendered desirable. Simplicity and good melody were the most essential requisites, and these have invariably been attended to. Besides some good compositions of Dr. Arnold, we perceive the German, Portuguese, and Sicilian hymns; and the names of some living authors of merit, such as Messrs. Linley, Webbe, and Burrowes, likewise appear as contributors to the collection.

Twenty-four psalm tunes, arranged as duets in a simple form, make up an appendix to the work.

The price of this book, considering its great volume, cannot but be deemed highly reasonable, and the circumstance of its being published for the benefit of the Institution must act as a further powerful recommendation. The amateur, in providing an ample store for his gratification, is contributing his mite towards the support of one of the most deserving and well-conducted charities in the metropolis.

"*Sorrow has the soothing tear,*" *a favourite Song, written by Miss Leman Rede, composed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte*, by J. Wilkins. Pr. 2s.—(Clementi and Co. Cheapside.)

Although the ideas in this ballad are neither novel nor striking, the composition of it evinces a fair degree of taste and knowledge. The melody proceeds with regularity and proper connection, and the accompaniment is in general satisfactory and effective. Less modulation in the outset of the vocal part would have been an improvement.

"*The White Lady's farewell,*" *the Poetry from "The Monastery;" the Music composed, with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano-forte*, by W. T. Parke. Pr. 1s.—(Hodsoll, High Holborn.)

With the exception of the observation concerning premature modulation, this air might be introduced to our readers with nearly the same criticism as the foregoing. We would, however, give it the

* See Preface.

preference, on account of its greater simplicity. The melody too has a stronger tint of nature and innocence in its strains, and the successive ideas are more nearly allied to each other in spirit and character.

*Petite Marche et Valce for the Piano-forte, and Flute Accompaniment, composed, and respectfully dedicated to Miss Mary-Ann Maubert of Norwood*, by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 2s.—(Hodsoll, High Holborn.)

Very fit for the practice of juvenile performers. The march, as well as waltz, is of the most simple and easy construction, but sufficiently interesting to secure the pupil's attention and good graces. In the fifth bar, p. 3, there is a slight eye-sore. The fifth and sixth quavers move in Fifths, not palliated by the retarding dot in the treble.

*Paer's admired Overture, " de Sargino," arranged for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello, ad lib.* by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 3s.; without Accompaniments, 2s.—(Hodsoll, High Holborn.)

*Beethoven's celebrated Overture to the " Men of Prometheus," performed at the Concerts of the Philharmonic Society, arranged for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello, ad libitum*, by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 3s.; without Accompts. 2s.--(Hodsoll, Holborn.)

As we have so frequently had opportunities of stating our opinion on Mr. Rimbault's meritorious adaptations of the dramatic overtures of Mozart, and of many symphonies of Haydn, Mozart, Pleyel, &c. we deem it unnecessary to say more on the present occasion, than to express our unqualified approbation of the increasing zeal and spirit evinced both by Mr. R. and the publisher in this laudable undertaking. The collection has already grown voluminous, while the choice of the pieces has been confined to the most classic productions, the demand for which will continue as long as music retains the high rank it now holds among the accomplishments of a cultivated education. These considerations, added to the very moderate price of the works in this collection, leave no doubt in our mind, that the enterprise will meet with the success to which it is richly entitled.

*An old favourite Air, with Variations for the Piano-forte, composed for, and dedicated to, his Pupil, Miss Guthrie*, by W. H. Cutler, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Pr. 3s.

The theme selected by Mr. C. possesses all the requisites for variation; simplicity, regularity, and good melody. The choice, therefore, is excellent. The variations are *stated to be* six in number; but some of these we can hardly admit to the distinction conferred upon them by that appellation. No. 6. for instance, is a sheer pretender, nothing but the bare theme; nay, more bare than the theme itself. No. 5. contains here and there *a note* differing from the theme, and that's all. It is as if the author had felt tired in the middle of his labour.

This is the more to be regretted, as the other moiety of the variations is of quite a different stamp. No. 2. is a very proper and effective amplification of the subject. No. 3. *alla Turca* (in the minor key), possesses real originality, and is

ingeniously adapted to another measure, $\frac{4}{4}$. To render it still more in character, the cadence in the fourth bar might advantageously have been made minor, by giving the accidental sharp to F instead of G. The *Ecossaise*, No. 4. has our entire approbation; the tune is as Scotch as Scotch can be, and does credit to Mr. C.'s inventive faculty. Variations devised in this manner *are* variations in the true sense of the word.

*Variations sur l'Air favori "Brulant d'amour et partant pour la guerre," pour quatre mains sur le Piano-forte, avec Accompagnement de Harpe et Flute (ad libitum), composées pour et dediées aux Demoiselles Fitz-Clarence*, par N. Ch. Bochsa. Pr. 6s.—(Goulding and Co. Soho-square.)

To prevent mistake, it may be proper to observe, that, of the accompaniments, the flute alone may be dispensed with; the harp is essentially requisite. The variations are preceded by a short introduction in the style of a march, in which we perceive more general good taste and fulness of effective harmony, than originality of invention. The French air selected for the theme of the variations, is probably well known to many of our readers; it is attractive, and breathes in a considerable degree that pathetic sentimentality which is not uncommon in the French style of lyric composition. Of the general effect of the variations, we are constrained to speak from inspection alone, not having had an opportunity of hearing them executed in full. They are five in number—just enough!—and they maintain a happy mean between the lighter style of musical diction and the elaborate intricacies of counterpoint. The first variation is a favourite with us; its uninterrupted tranquil flow of quavers is calculated to lull the mind into a state of placid enjoyment. The variation in F minor has many features of decided merit; and we are aware of the skill and ingenuity with which the $\frac{4}{4}$ subject has been moulded into triple time, in the last variation. Such changes of measure are frequently to be met with, but it is rare to see them accomplished with equal success.

*Pas redoublé, or March, composed for Lord Grantham's Military Band, and arranged for two Performers on one Piano-forte*, by Fred. Kalkbrenner. Pr. 2s.--(Goulding and Co. Soho-square.)

The effect which this quick march must produce with a full band, may, in some degree, be judged of by its present arrangement in the form of a duet: it is in E♭ $\frac{3}{8}$; rather an unusual tempo, which, as it requires a bar for each step, must be taken proportionally quick. The march is full of proper precision and energy, and its constituent parts, with an exception or two, are in the strictest symmetrical keeping. This exception applies to p. 3, l. 6, and perhaps to the last line in p. 5. In the former case, there is a period of five bars, instead of four. We are aware, that these are employed in desultory cadenzing, and on that account could offer no objection if the passage occurred in a rondo, &c. but in a quick march we think every thing ought to be measured out in strictly rhythmical portions. Our observation in

regard to the concluding line is founded on the same grounds. An excuse, or even justification, may perhaps be pleaded on the ground of the licence being taken in the winding up of the piece; but we conceive that a termination may be equally and more effective, if it be in exact rhythmical keeping, especially in a practical military movement. The ideas in this march are well varied; the intervening minor tint in the second part (p. 3, l. 2,) produces a good contrast; the few unison bars of G's afford a fine preparation for the trio in C natural, and the coda is impressive.

The whole of this duet comes within the sphere of moderate players; but care must be taken to execute it with proper life and spirit. The tempo accordingly is marked metronomically.

*Air, "See the conquering Hero comes," arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-forte, with an Introduction, composed, and inscribed to Miss L. O'Farrall,* by Edwin Atherstone, Taunton. Pr. 2s. 6d. (Goulding & Co. Soho-square.)

In the last Number of the *Repository,* a sonata of Mr. A.'s afforded an opportunity of stating, for the first time, and at some length, our sentiments on the compositorial merits and qualifications of this gentleman. Our opinion was favourable in the aggregate, and it is in all respects confirmed by the perusal of the present rondo.

The introduction, an adagio in G $\frac{4}{4}$, has strong claims to our liking; it is written with much taste and delicacy of feeling: we here see no traces of the obsolete style of diction to which we referred in our former critique, and with which the present rondo is likewise occasionally tinctured. The cause of the latter circumstance, no doubt, is to be sought in the theme of the rondo, the choice of which we cannot applaud. The air possesses in a great degree the stiffness and hard-featured character of the age from which it sprang. Against these disadvantages it is difficult to contend with success: the Gothic structure is either set out with Gothic embellishments, or if the decorative part be in a more modern taste, a discrepancy of style and want of unity ensue.

Mr. A. we must own, has done his best to dress his "Hero" in becoming attire; he has varied his theme ingeniously, has introduced some good modulations, represented the subject under other keys, devised several interesting ideas with crossed hands, and has added in its proper place an appropriate cadenza. To those, therefore, who are partial to the air he has chosen, Mr. A.'s labour is calculated to afford a pleasing and instructive exercise.

# FASHIONS.

## LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 22.—PROMENADE DRESS.

A HIGH dress composed of cambric muslin; the bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a very deep flounce of work, above which is a fulness of thin jaconot muslin let in in a

broad wave, at each edge of which is a row of embroidery. High body, tight to the shape, made without a collar, but finished at the throat with a full trimming of work. Plain long sleeve, terminated with a triple fall of work. The pelisse worn over this dress is composed of lavender-coloured zephyreene, and lined with white sarsnet; the bottom of the skirt is trimmed with two folds of satin to correspond, and each fold is adorned with a silk cord at the edge. The pelisse wraps a little to the right side, and is fastened down with full bows of zephyreene, corded at the edges with satin. Plain tight body; the waist rather long, and finished in the middle of the back with a full bow and ends of zephyreene. High collar, very much sloped in front. The long sleeve is finished at the bottom with a fulness of satin, above which are satin folds. The half-sleeve is uncommonly novel and pretty: we refer for its form to our print. Head-dress, a bonnet of the same material as the pelisse, mixed with satin: it is of a moderate size; the zephyreene is laid full on the crown, the top of which is adorned with shells; the brim is fluted, and finished at the edge with satin bands, intermixed with small bows: it is lined with pale pink zephyreene. A full plume of round ostrich feathers, lavender and white, is placed to one side, and a broad ribbon to correspond ties it under the chin. British lace veil in imitation of Brussels. Half-boots of lavender-coloured kid, and Limerick gloves.

PLATE 23.—FULL DRESS.

A round dress composed of Urling's lace over a white satin slip; the bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a full flounce of lace, headed by a broad rouleau of white satin, and surmounted by demi lozenges of lace, edged with rouleaus of satin. Plain tight body, cut square round the bust; a full plaiting of net goes round; there are three rows behind, but only one in front: it is quilled, so that a part stands up and shades the bosom. A broad white satin sash is tied behind in short bows and long ends. The sleeve is composed of white lace over white satin; the former is disposed in demi lozenges: there are two rows arranged in such a manner as to form a singularly pretty sleeve. The hind hair is plaited, and brought round the crown of the head; the front hair disposed in ringlets, rather low at the sides, and much parted, so as to display the forehead. Head-dress, a pearl crescent, placed over the forehead, but put very far back, and a very full plume of ostrich feathers on the left side. Necklace and earrings, pearls. White satin shoes, and white kid gloves.

We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint, of No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden, inventress of the *corset à la Grecque*, for both these dresses.

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## GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Rich silk pelisses of those gay hues which suit the time of year, are now considered as the most fashionable out-door dress; they are always lined, but are no longer wadded. The bodies are uniformly made tight to the shape; the backs have been gradually sloping more and more at the sides, till

they are now become, generally speaking, much narrower at the bottom of the waist than they were a few months ago: this change is certainly very advantageous to the shape. Sleeves are not made so tight to the arm, and collars have decreased in height. Satin, either by itself, or intermixed with the same material as the pelisse, is now the most fashionable article for trimmings. We observe that a fulness of satin, headed by a broad chain trimming, composed of the same silk as the pelisse is made of, is much worn at the bottom of the skirt; but this kind of trimming does not go up the fronts. A fulness of satin with a slight intermixture of velvet at the bottom of the pelisse, is still very fashionable. Many pelisses are fastened up the side in the same manner as the one given in our print; others are fastened with bows exactly in front; and a good many are left open, to display the dress worn underneath.

The warm cloth and velvet pelisse is not, however, yet entirely discarded; but as they are always left open in front, and are worn with white dresses, they do not by any means appear heavy. Velvet spencers are still in requisition; they are now much more frequently worn with white than coloured dresses, but we have not observed any novelty in their form.

Leghorn begins to be very much in request for walking bonnets: the crowns are still low; the brims have diminished a little in size; they do not now come so low, and they are very seldom square. They are always ornamented with flowers: different kinds of roses are most in favour; the damask rose, the full and brilliant coloured Provence rose, and the small deep red roses of Dijon, are all in equal estimation. The ribbon always corresponds with the flower. We have observed, in a good many instances, a *bouillonné* of gauze interspersed with ribbon at the edge of the brim: sometimes the ribbon is laid full on the brim; a row of blond falls over it, and another row is attached to the edge. Violets, blue-bells, and primroses are also used to ornament Leghorn bonnets; but they are not so fashionable as roses.

Coloured silk bonnets are in favour both in carriage and walking dress: in the latter, they correspond with the pelisse or spencer; but in the former, we have already noticed some in white *du cape*, *velours simulé*, &c. &c.: they are, however, always intermixed either with the same material as the spencer or pelisse, or else with rose-coloured silk plush. The only novelty that we notice in carriage head-dresses is a small hat, the form of which is exceedingly singular, but far from becoming: it is composed of white *gros de Naples;* the crown is low, and of an oval shape; the *gros de Naples* is laid on full; the fulness is intersected with a rouleau of rose-coloured satin, which is twined in a serpentine direction round the crown: the brim is a little pointed in front; it is shallow, and comes no farther than to the ears at each side: the hat fastens under the chin with ears shaped like those of a *cornette*, but much broader; they are corded with white satin, and tied under the chin with a full bow of white ribbon.

Silk pelisses are also a great deal

PROMENADE DRESS

worn in carriage dress. We have seen a good many trimmed with swansdown: the trimming went all round the pelisse; the cuffs and epaulettes corresponded. Spencers composed of *pluche granit*, *velours simulé*, &c. &c. are also very much worn: the only novelty we observe in their form is, that tabs, which have been for some time discarded, appear to be reviving: in some instances, there is a little jacket composed of tabs, three rows deep behind, but only one round the front; those which form the jacket are a little longer than the others, and rather full: they have a very smart effect.

Morning dress is now composed of cambric and jaconot muslin, but very little novelty is as yet observable: the bottoms of dresses are trimmed with *bouillonné* intermixed with embroidery, or else with flounces composed of work; there are seldom more than three flounces, and as they are put pretty close together, the trimming is but moderately high. The mixture of *bouillonné* and embroidery is also three rows, but they are deeper than the flounces.

Plain and full backs seem equally in favour in morning dress. There does not appear to us to be any general alteration in the length of waists, but fashion in that respect is by no means arbitrary; for while some *belles* have the bodies of their dresses made a moderate length, others wear their waists extravagantly and ungracefully long. Some morning dresses are made with a pelerine, which comes no further than the shoulder in front; it is very shallow on the shoulders, but broad and rounded behind: it is almost needless to observe, that it forms at once the pelerine and the epaulettes.

Silks still keep their ground in dinner dress; and we are glad of it, because our fair fashionables, very much to their credit, give the most liberal encouragement to our own manufactures. In effect, as we heard an Irish lady say the other day, the very best French silks are those made in England. Notwithstanding her apparent blunder, our friend was right: our imitations are really superior in many instances to the original manufacture. The reason is obvious: some years ago we had a passion for foreign silks, some of which were then made of extraordinary thickness as well as beauty, but by degrees our neighbours finding that we did not know very well how to bargain, began to make their silks more slight, though equally showy; while our own weavers, on the other hand, spurred on by emulation, increased the richness of theirs, in the hope of their rivaling the foreign ones; a hope which, we are happy to say, has been completely realized.

But to return from our digression. Dinner gowns are cut moderately low round the bust; they fasten behind: the backs are plain, and narrow at the bottom. Girdles and sashes appear equally fashionable. Sleeves are made full, but not so short as they have been worn a couple of months back. Gauze or blond, mixed with satin zephyreene or *gros de Naples*, is now most in favour for trimmings. One of the prettiest that we have seen was composed of oval puffs of gauze, which were formed by

narrow bands of satin disposed in folds; at each edge of the puffs, but at a little distance from them, was a broad band of satin, also disposed in very narrow folds.

Head-dresses *en cheveux* are still most prevalent in full dress: where the *toute-ensemble* of the dress is very rich, feathers generally form the *coeffure;* they are mixed with diamond or pearl ornaments: in some instances, we have observed gold combs, surmounted with small wreaths formed of coloured gems, the effect of which was very beautiful.

When the dress is elegant, without being splendid, flowers are most in favour for the head-dress.

Fashionable colours are, lavender colour, emerald green, rose colour, Clarence blue, chesnut, and azure.

## FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, March 18.

*My dear* SOPHIA,

PELISSES made in the form of mantles are now seldom seen, but there are a good many of those in the usual shape, and a still greater number of high dresses composed of different kinds of silk: there is so much uniformity in these dresses, that if I describe one to you, you will have a general idea of them all. The skirt is made as long as it can be worn for walking without inconvenience; it is a good deal gored, and hangs in easy folds round the figure: the waist is long; the body tight to the shape, and fastens in front with small silk buttons; the fronts are ornamented with frogs and braiding; the sleeve is very tight, and falls a great deal over the hand; the epaulette is pointed in the middle of the arm, and is made without fulness. The trimming is either velvet or swansdown; there are two broad rouleaus placed at a little distance from each other at the bottom of the skirt; the epaulette is finished by a single row, as is also the bottom of the long sleeve; and the hips are decorated with Brandenburgs. There is something singularly formal in the appearance of these dresses, but they are nevertheless very fashionable.

Pelisses have no novelty at all; and spencers have altered very little. Those made *en fichu* are now but little worn; the greatest number are made with plain tight backs, and the fronts very long and pointed at the ends; they wrap across, and are tied in the middle of the back in short bows and ends. The collars of all walking dresses are made very high, and are partially open in front, to display the throat. Ruffs are for the present discarded; falling collars, composed either of rich lace or embroidered muslin, are substituted in their place; and certainly, in most instances, these collars are infinitely more becoming than the voluminous ruff which has been so long in favour.

White dresses begin to be a good deal worn under pelisses, and very generally with spencers: the skirts are usually trimmed with an infinite number of little flounces; sometimes there are tucks between the flounces, and sometimes work,

but they are frequently worn without any mixture of either; in that case, they are put pretty close to each other, so as to have the appearance of a *ruche*.

Promenade bonnets are now made considerably smaller: there are two shapes in favour; those that come very far under the chin are rounded at the corners, and sit moderately close to the face: the crown is low, and in general fluted. These bonnets are lined in general with satin of a corresponding colour; it is fluted either in a straight or bias direction; a row of blond is laid almost plain on the lining, just under the edge of the brim; two rouleaus of satin are placed, one at the edge of the brim, and another at a little distance from it. A full plume of short curled ostrich feathers is put at the right side: the ends of the feathers are concealed by a satin bow.

The other *chapeau* has a crown something higher than the one of which I have just spoken: if it is made in velvet, the material is laid on plain, but if of a lighter stuff, it is disposed in folds or fluted: the brim bends down over the forehead, and stands out from the face at the sides; it goes all round, but is very shallow behind, and is sloped out at the back of the neck, so as to leave it pointed at the ears: it is lined with satin to correspond, and has no trimming at the edge. It is ornamented with a large plume of ostrich feathers, which almost entirely conceal the crown in front; they are placed so as to fall very low at the left side.

Velvet, satin, gauze, crape, and all the different kinds of rich silks which I have so frequently mentioned to you under the appellations of *velours simulé*, &c. &c. are in estimation for *chapeaux;* but I must observe to you, that when the hat is made either in gauze or crape, the material is always laid on over silk or satin of a corresponding colour; and even then it looks much too light for the season.

We no longer see promenade bonnets adorned with flowers; some few are made in a very plain style, and trimmed with ribbon only, but by far the greatest number are decorated with feathers: curled ostrich plumes are the most in favour; they are white in general, but one sometimes, though rarely, sees them of the same colour as the *chapeau*.

There are a few *élégantes* who seem determined to patronise the Polish hat: it is not, however, more generally adopted than when I wrote last: the few that appear in that shape are made in black velvet; the crown is square, and lower than last month; the edge of the brim is trimmed with a row of steel beads; a narrow velvet band goes round the crown, which is generally fastened by a steel buckle at the base of a plume of feathers. Short veils are very generally worn: they are of white or black lace, or for very young people, of black gauze.

*Perkale* is particularly in favour for morning dress: the most fashionable form for dishabille, is a loose robe somewhat shorter than the petticoat; it is trimmed all round with a full flounce of thin jaconot muslin, headed by a narrow *bouillonné* of the same material; it

is made up to the throat without a collar; the pelerine turns over, and falls almost to the waist; it either wraps or meets in front, according to the fancy of the wearer, and is confined to the waist by a broad sash. The long sleeve is rather loose, and is finished at the hand to correspond with the trimming of the robe. The petticoat also, which is worn with it, is trimmed in a similar style. There is nothing novel nor remarkably tasteful in this dress, but, upon the whole, it has a neat and appropriate appearance; it has also a very powerful recommendation to such indolent mortals as myself, that is, that it can be put on in an instant, and without the least trouble.

There has been no change in dinner dress since I wrote last; in fact, the invention of our fair Parisians is at present almost entirely engrossed with the *costume de bal*. We have not yet lost our fondness for black dresses, but they are less generally adopted, and I hope will soon be out of favour. Crape begins to be much in estimation; gauze and tulle over satin are also fashionable; and satin, very profusely trimmed with blond or tulle, is equally in favour. I saw some dresses at a very splendid ball the other night, which I think you will find worthy of your attention, and I shall endeavour to describe them to you.

The first is a white crape skirt over a white satin petticoat; at the bottom of the skirt is a full rouleau of white satin fancifully wreathed with a silk trimming made to imitate strings of coral; above this, and at some distance from it, is a small rouleau, with the same kind of trimming twisted in a corkscrew roll round it. The *corsage* is white satin; it is cut square round the bust, and comes rather high in front; three rows of coral silk trimming put lengthwise form a small stomacher. The waist is moderately long behind and under the arms, but slopes down at each side of the front, till it terminates in a point before. The bottom of the *corsage* is edged with coral-coloured trimming, and a *cordon*, composed of it, and finished with tassels, depends from the point in front. Short full crape sleeve over white satin; the fulness confined in two or three places by coral-coloured trimming, placed lengthwise, but in a bias direction: the bottom of the sleeve is finished with a row of white crape shells; and I had forgot to observe, that a row of the same goes round the bust. This is an extremely elegant dress; the effect of the trimming, though somewhat showy, is striking, and the manner in which the *corsage* is cut is infinitely more becoming to the shape than any of the pointed bodies I have seen.

The next is a novel, but I am afraid you will say a very formal dress: it is composed of white satin; at the bottom of the skirt is a very broad trimming of puckered tulle, which comes at least half way to the knee; this is headed by a satin rouleau disposed in waves, with a bow at the point of each. The *corsage* is composed of embroidered tulle, with wreaths of white satin leaves placed perpendicularly, one in the middle of the bust, and one at each side; the shape of the back is also formed by a wreath at each side: the body is cut square round

the bust, which is trimmed with a row of narrow pointed blond, standing up all round. The sleeve is also of tulle, interspersed with wreaths of leaves put round it in a bias direction, and confined to the arm by a very narrow band of white satin.

The last, which I have reserved as a *bonne-bouche* for you, *ma chère Sophie*, is exactly that light and elegant style of dancing dress which would suit your pretty sylph-like figure: it is a white satin petticoat, trimmed at the bottom with a rouleau of tulle, laid on very full, and intermixed with roses and grape blossoms. The robe is of transparent gauze, made short enough to display the trimming of the petticoat, open at the left side, and rounded at the corners; it is trimmed down the sides and round the bottom with a wreath of roses. Plain body, tight to the shape, cut low, and square round the bust. Short full sleeve, finished by a row of blond at the bottom, and a single rose in front of the arm. A gauze drapery is disposed in folds on the right shoulder, and brought across to the left side, where it is fastened by a small knot of white satin; the ends hang as low as the knee, and are terminated with pearl acorns. A bouquet of roses is inserted in the drapery, where it fastens at the side.

There are two sorts of turbans in favour: the one called the Ceres turban is made of gauze; it has a very full roll round the bottom of the crown; this roll is formed in front like a diadem, and projects a little. The other is called *coeffure Moabite*; it fastens under the chin, and displays very little of the hair, which is braided across the forehead. I should have said, that it is made of soft crape disposed in folds, and ornamented with a bunch of gold wheat-ears on the left side; it is cut out on the right side, in order to let the ear pass through it. It is hardly possible to conceive any thing more unbecoming than this turban, and lovely indeed must be the face which it cannot spoil.

The *coeffures* of which I spoke to you in my last, composed of a mixture of gauze and flowers intermixed with the hair, are more than ever in favour; as is also a mixture of the hair with ears of corn composed of gold, and small plumes of birds' feathers of various colours. Vanity has every where her martyrs, but perhaps the number is greater in Paris than any where else; for some of our fair fashionables, who, on ordinary occasions, never think of rising before noon, have actually made the incredible exertion of getting up at eight o'clock in the morning, because it was only at that hour that they could have their hair dressed by the most fashionable hair-dresser. Our friend Miss P. complained to me with great *naïveté*, of her ill luck in taking such trouble for nothing; for she was obliged to sit still half the evening, and was tired to death during the remainder by a disagreeable partner. I have little to say to you about colours: out of doors we see only rose colour, black, or cinnamon; and in full dress, white without any mixture, or else trimmed with rose or coral colour.

Adieu, my dear friend! Believe me truly your

EUDOCIA.

# FINE ARTS.

## INTELLIGENCE REGARDING WORKS OF ART.

On the 2d of April, Sir John Leicester will again open his splendid Gallery of British Art to the public, by tickets. An admirable catalogue, by Mr. Young, of the above gallery, with engravings, is on the eve of publication, similar to that of Lord Grosvenor's collection.

The Society of Painters in Water Colours (removed from Spring Gardens,) will open their Seventeenth Annual Exhibition on Monday, the 30th of April, 1821, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, opposite Bond-street.

About the middle of April will open the Exhibition of Engravings by living British artists, at No. 9, Soho-square, the King's Most Excellent Majesty Patron.

Mr. Ward's grand allegorical picture, 35 feet by 21 feet, of *the Battle of Waterloo* will be thrown open to the public the first week in April, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, opposite Bond-street.

The print of *the Charge of the Life Guards at the Battle of Waterloo*, from a picture by Luke Clennell, is now ready for delivery.

In a few days will appear the first part of *the Physiognomical Portraits*, which will consist of a new and interesting Collection of Portraits from undoubted originals; engraved in the line manner by the most eminent British artists, and accompanied by concise biographical notices, in English and French.

On the 1st of May, 1821, will be published, No. I. of *the Magazine of the Fine Arts;* or, Monthly Review of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, and Engraving.

## INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

The Rev. T. F. Dibdin has announced to the subscribers, that his *Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour in Normandy, &c.* will be certainly ready for delivery, complete, early in May. The production will be one of the most beautiful and interesting that has ever issued from the press of this country: the engravings have exceeded in number and price all original calculation; and this circumstance has compelled the author to require payment of one half of the amount of each subscription.

Speedily will be published, Captain Batty's *Narrative of the Campaign of the left Wing of the Allied Army under the Duke of Wellington*, from the passage of the Bedassoa in 1813, to the end of the war 1814; illustrated by a plan of the theatre of war, and twenty views of the scenery in the Pyrennees and South of France, drawn and etched by Captain Batty.

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.

THE

# Repository

OF

# ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,

*Manufactures, &c.*

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. XI. MAY 1, 1821. No. LXV.

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## TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

*Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit, on or before the 15th of the month, announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our* Selections, *will be acceptable.*

*An article* on the English Painters of the Reigns of James I. and Charles I. *will be inserted in our next Number.*

*We have been obliged to postpone, by a press of matter, the* Adventures of a Would-be-Author.

*The further translation by* Humphrey Gubbins *(we wish our correspondent had received from his literary sponsors a more agreeable name) has come to hand: it is too long for insertion in one article.*

*We have been obliged to abridge the article on* English Sports and Pastimes.

*We must repeat our apologies to Mr.* Carnegie *and other poetical friends.*

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Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

GARDENER'S COTTAGE.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. XI. MAY 1, 1821. NO. LXV.

## HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

(Continued from page 191.)

PLATE 25.—A GARDENER'S COTTAGE.

THE small dwelling represented in the annexed plate consists of a living-room, a seed-closet, an implement-closet, and a kitchen, all on the ground-floor; and on the chamber-floor, two bed-rooms and a light closet: it becomes a convenient building at a small expense, well suited to the intended purpose.

The overhanging roof and spacious porch give ample room for drying of herbs; and the several parts admit considerable improvement by such flowering creepers and plants as the taste of the occupier might supply. This porch, embowered in clematis, jessamine, and the woodbines, must be picturesque; and the surface beneath the eaves of the building, when decorated with roses and other appropriate flowers, would add to its rural interest. These accompaniments are not represented in the plate, because they would conceal in some degree the features of the building, and thereby defeat the practical information intended.

Such natural embellishments would be used less sparingly in small buildings than at present, if their luxuriance were properly directed; but as some of them are of rapid growth, they are usually permitted to proceed, so as to injure the roofs of the house, secrete insects, and collect damps. Under the direction of a careful gardener, their growths would be properly directed, and their profusion curtailed: the charm would consequently exist, without its inconveniences.

# MISCELLANIES.

## CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

I WISH, my good sir, you would advise me how to extricate myself from a scrape which the want of a little prudence and reflection has involved me in: but in order to have the benefit of your counsel, I must relate to you the adventure which makes me stand in need of it. Although I am still young, I have had for some time serious thoughts of marrying. About a year ago, I became acquainted with a young lady, who at first did not strike me as any thing very extraordinary; her person was pleasing, rather than handsome, and her manners were chiefly remarkable for their unassuming propriety. Nevertheless, in the course of a little time, her truly feminine gentleness and unaffected good sense won so much of my regard, that I took every opportunity to be in her company, and though I did not speak of love, I think that she must have seen that I decidedly preferred her to every other woman; and from the soft confusion of her looks, and the deepened glow upon her cheek, whenever I unexpectedly made my appearance, I flattered myself that I was not an object of indifference to her.

It happened, unfortunately, that this lady, whom I shall call Eliza, introduced me to Miss Harriet ——, a distant relation of hers. She is a lovely girl, but there was too much of levity and display about her to suit my taste, though I was amused at times with her sportive follies, and pleased with the little attentions she bestowed upon me; but as I considered that they sprang from coquetry, I took care to be very circumspect in my behaviour, for I had no idea of becoming a dangler in the suite of a coquette.

By degrees, however, a change took place in her behaviour, which, in spite of myself, flattered and touched me: she became at times grave and thoughtful; her manner to me had no longer the easy openness which at first distinguished it; there was an evident constraint, a sort of studied coldness, that accorded ill with the tender looks which she sometimes regarded me with when she thought I did not observe her.

One day, on my entering the drawing-room somewhat suddenly, I discovered her with a book in her hand, and her handkerchief to her eyes. I inquired the subject of her studies, and found it was a novel, the heroine of which was engaged in combating unsuccessfully a passion which she carefully concealed from its object. We began discussing the merits of the novel, and for the first time, Eliza appeared to me in an unamiable light; the cold severity of her tone and manner in speaking of the passion of love, contrasted most unpleasantly with the animated warmth and the exquisite sensibility of her beautiful cousin.

From that day my attentions to Eliza decreased, and I gave myself up without reserve to my passion

for Harriet; but for some time accident, as I thought, prevented my having any opportunity to declare my sentiments. One day when I went to pay her a visit, I was informed she was in the garden: thither I hastened to seek her; in passing a summer-house, I heard her voice, and was just going to tap at the door, when I heard her say, "Oh! my dear, don't doubt that I shall manage him: one must be a blockhead indeed, if one could not manage such a fool as F."

Think what I felt, Mr. Adviser, at hearing this pretty character of myself. I stood for a moment motionless with astonishment, and as Harriet continued to speak, I thought, under the circumstances in which I was placed, I was justified in listening. I soon found I had been a mere puppet in the hands of this artful coquette, who had lured me into her toils merely to gratify her vanity by drawing my affections from Eliza: it seems she meant to manœuvre as long as she could to keep me from declaring my passion, and when she could no longer avoid hearing me, she intended to make a pretext of her regard for her cousin to refuse me; holding out, at the same time, a show of tenderness, which would serve to retain me in her chains. You will readily believe that they were broken for ever the moment that chance made me acquainted with her real disposition.

I own this adventure vexed me at first more than it ought, but I should very soon console myself, were it not for the bitter reflection, that I have most probably lost, by my own folly, the affection of Eliza, whose pardon I do not dare to solicit, for I fear she must despise my weak fickleness too much to grant it. Yet, I think, if she knew how entirely my heart now does homage to her virtues, she would forgive me. Will you, good Mr. Adviser, tell me in what manner I ought to act to regain her esteem; and if I should be so fortunate as to succeed through your advice, you may be assured of the everlasting gratitude of yours,

——— C. F.

From the very candid manner in which my correspondent acknowledges his fault, I am inclined to think his repentance is sincere; and I believe the most effectual means of reinstating him in the favour of his mistress, will be to let her see his letter to me; for which reason I publish it. I forbear to give him any advice respecting his future conduct, because I think the experience he has had will, unless he is terribly deficient in common sense, prevent his becoming again the dupe of a coquette. S. Sagephiz.

## THE CEREMONIES OF EASTERN COURTS.

An amusing little volume might be written on the blunders in matters of ceremony, and the violations in points of etiquette, committed by ambassadors at foreign courts. The discrepancy in the manners of all distant nations naturally leads strangers of every rank into very awkward mistakes in matters of this nature; but they are only very amusing when their absurdity is contrasted with the

rank and dignity of the agents. The manners of the nations of the East being most at variance with ours, our intercourse with them affords the most extravagant breaches of decorum. Our ancestors, whose manners bore a nearer resemblance to the barbarians of the East, from the *common barbarity* of both, were less fastidious than we, their descendants, are, who have shewn such an aversion to the Kutao, and not only complied with all the usual forms of Oriental court etiquette, but with the most whimsical requests of the princes to whom they were deputed. We shall confine ourselves at present to quoting a few examples of these servile compliances.

Beaulieu, the ambassador of the King of France, a man of excellent sense, drank a *bowl of spirits* at his first audience of the King of Achin, in presence of a whole Mahometan court. This is his own account of the affair, in Harris's coarse translation: "After that, by the king's order, an eunuch brought me some drink in a gold cup, set in a large gold bason. I drank to his highness's better health, and thought to have drunk it up, but the liquor was so very strong and fiery, that it quickly *baulked my tip, and put me into a great sweat*. The king told me, as I had drunk to his health, I should drink it out; but, upon my request, they exchanged the liquor for a weaker sort. They pressed me mightily to eat and drink; but, at last, being quite tired by sitting with my legs across, I prayed the *sahandar** to press me to eat no more, upon which the king ordered all the dishes to be removed, and bid me drink his health once more!" This is nothing, however, to the proceedings of Sir James Lancaster, the ambassador of our renowned Elizabeth to the same court. Purchas's account of his presentation is as follows: "The general was mounted upon another of the elephants; some of his attendants rode, others went a-foot; but when he came to the court-gate, there a nobleman stayed the general, till he had gone in to know the king's farther pleasure. But presently the said nobleman returned, and willed the general to enter in. And when the general came to the king's presence, he made his obeisance *after the manner of the country*, declaring he was sent from the most mighty Queen of England, to congratulate with his highness, and treat with him concerning a peace and amity with his majesty, if it pleased him to entertain the same; and therewithal began to enter into farther discourse, which the king brake off, saying, 'I am sure you are weary of the long travel you have taken; I would have you sit down and refresh yourself.'" The exhibition which the same ambassador and his suite made at taking leave of the King of Achin, will appear to us at present incomparably ludicrous. In fact, Sir James Lancaster and his companions sang a psalm of David for the amusement of the barbaric monarch and his courtiers. "And," says Purchas, in describing this strange scene, "when the general took his leave, the king said unto him, 'Have you the psalms of David extant among you?' The general

* "Intendant of the port."

answered, ' Yea, and we sing them daily.' — ' Then,' said the king, ' I and the rest of these nobles about me will sing a psalm to God for your prosperity;' and so they did very solemnly*. And after it was ended, the king said, ' I would have you sing another psalm, although in your own language.' So there being in the company *some twelve* of us, we sang another psalm; and after the psalm ended, the general took his leave of the king, the king shewing him much kindness at his departure, desiring God to bless us in our journey, and to guide us safely into our own country, saying, ' If hereafter your ships return to this port, you shall find as good usage as you have done.' "

The spirit of compliance with barbaric ceremony and barbaric caprice continued unabated to the latter part of the 17th century. This was manifested in the conduct of the English mission sent from Madras to Achin in the year 1684. It was a queen that then, as on many former occasions, reigned at Achin; but it appears that the ambassadors thought proper to entertain suspicions of the reality of her sex. The following are the singular circumstances of one of their audiences: " We went," says their private journal, " to give our attendance at the palace this day as customary: being arrived at the place of audience with the *orang cayas*†, the queen was pleased to order us to come nearer, when her majesty was very inquisitive into the use of our wearing periwigs, and what was the convenience of them; to all of which we returned satisfactory answers. After this, her majesty desired of Mr. Ord, if it were no affront to him, that he would take off his periwig, that she might see how he appeared without it; which, according to her majesty's request, he did." Mr. Marsden, from whom this story is copied, slily adds: " I venture with submission to observe, that this anecdote seems to put the question of the sex beyond controversy."

The Dutch, in their diplomatic intercourse with the nations of the East, have been, from first to last, so famous for the facility of their compliances, that it would be hardly fair to quote them on the present occasion. Their conductors, in short, seem to have exhibited the sacred persons of their ambassadors as a showman does his ape. We have a most extraordinary and authentic example of this on the authority of Kempfer, the first of Oriental travellers, and who himself acted a conspicuous part in the farce. This faithful and interesting writer tells the plain tale as follows: " They shewed likewise an European coat of arms, and some other things; but just as we were examining them, and now about to explain them, according to their desire, the emperor sent for us in. So we were conducted through a gallery to our left, where we found eighteen gentlemen of the emperor's bedchamber sitting, clad in their garments of ceremony, under which they wore their ordinary gowns; then passing by twenty other gentlemen, sitting in one continued row, we entered the

* Most probably they chanted some verses from the Alcoran.

† Nobles, literally " rich men."

hall of audience, where we found the six counsellors of state sitting on our left as we came in, and on our right some more gentlemen of the emperor's bedchamber of a higher rank sitting in a gallery. The emperor and two ladies sat behind the grated screens on our right, and Bingosama, president of the council of state, opposite to us in a room by himself. Soon after we came in, and had, after the usual obeisances, seated ourselves on the place assigned us, Bingosama welcomed us in the emperor's name, and then desired us to sit upright, to take off our cloaks, to tell him our names and ages, to stand up, to walk, to turn about, to dance, to sing songs, to compliment one another, to be angry, to invite one another to dinner, to converse one with another, to discourse in a familiar way like father and son, to shew how two friends, or man and wife, compliment or take leave of one another; to play with children, to carry them about upon our arms, and to do many more things of the like nature. Moreover, we were asked many questions, curious and comical, as, for instance, what profession I was of? Whether I ever cured any considerable distempers? To which I answered, 'Yes, I had, but not at Nagasaki, where we were kept no better than prisoners.' What houses we had? Whether our customs were different from theirs? How we buried our people, and when? To which was answered, that we buried them always in the daytime. How our prince did? What sort of a man he was? Whether the governor-general at Batavia was superior to him, or whether he was under his command? Whether we had prayers and images like the Portuguese? which was answered in the negative. Whether Holland and other countries abroad were subject to earthquakes and storms of thunder and lightning, as well as Japan? Whether there be houses set on fire and people killed by lightning in European countries? Then again we were commanded to read and to dance separately and jointly, and I to tell them the names of some European plasters, upon which I mentioned some of the hardest I could remember. The ambassador was asked concerning his children, how many he had, what their names were? As also how far distant Holland was from Nagasaki? — In the mean time, some shutters were opened on the left hand, by order of the emperor, probably to cool the room. We were then farther commanded to put on our hats, to walk about the room discoursing with one another, to take off our perukes. I had several opportunities of seeing the empress, and heard the emperor say in Japanese, how sharp we looked at the room where he was, and that sure we could not but know or suspect him to be there; upon which he removed, and went to the ladies who sat just before us. Then I was desired once more to come nearer the screen, and to take off my peruke. Then they made us jump, dance, play gambols, and walk together; and upon that they asked the ambassador and me how old we guessed Bingosama to be; he answered fifty, and I forty-five, which made them laugh. Then they made us kiss one an-

other like man and wife, which the ladies particularly shewed by their laughter to be well pleased with. They desired us farther to shew them what sorts of compliments it was customary in Europe to make to inferiors, to ladies, to superiors, to princes, to kings. After this they begged another song of me, and were satisfied with two, which the company seemed to like very well. After this farce was over, we were ordered to take off our cloaks, to come near the screen one by one, and to take our leave in the very same manner we would take it of a prince or king in Europe; which being done, seemingly to their satisfaction, we went away. It was already four in the afternoon when we left the hall of audience, after having been exercised after this manner for two hours and a half*."

* One of the principal plates of Kempfer's folio work is a representation of the hall of audience on this occasion, and in the fore-ground is to be seen "the Dutch ambassador dancing a hornpipe."

## THE BROKEN HEART.

A FEW days before the fall of Robespierre, a revolutionary tribunal, in one of the departments of the north of France, condemned to death M. des R****, an ancient magistrate, and a most estimable man, as guilty of a conspiracy. M. des R. had a water-spaniel ten or twelve years old, of the small breed, which had been brought up by him, and had never quitted him. Des R. saw his family dispersed by a system of terror: some had taken flight; others were arrested, and carried into distant gaols; his domestics were dismissed; his friends had either abandoned him or concealed themselves; he was himself in prison, and every thing in the world was silent to him, except his dog. The faithful animal had been refused admittance into the prison. He had returned to his master's house, and found it shut; he took refuge with a neighbour, who received him; but, that posterity may judge rightly of the times in which we have existed, it must be added, that this man received him trembling, in secret, and dreading lest his humanity for an animal should conduct him to the scaffold. Every day at the same hour the dog left the house, and went to the door of the prison. He was refused admittance, but he constantly passed an hour before it, and then returned. His fidelity at length won upon the porter, and he was one day allowed to enter. The dog saw his master, and clung to him. It was difficult to separate them, but the gaoler forced him away, and the dog returned to his retreat. He came back the next morning, and every day; once each day he was admitted. He licked the hand of his friend, looked him in the face, again licked his hand, and went away of himself. When the day of sentence arrived, notwithstanding the crowd, notwithstanding the guard, the dog penetrated into the hall, and crouched himself between the legs of the unhappy man, whom he was about to lose for ever. The judges

condemned him—condemned him in the presence of his dog. He was then reconducted to the prison, and the dog from that time did not quit the door. The fatal hour arrives; the prison opens; the unfortunate man passes out; it is his dog that receives him at the threshold. He clings upon his hand—that hand which so soon must cease to pat his caressing head. He follows him; the axe falls; the master dies, but the tenderness of the dog cannot cease. The body is carried away; the dog walks at its side; the earth receives it; he lays himself upon the grave. There he passed the first night, the next day, and the second night. The neighbour in the mean time, unhappy at not seeing him, risks himself in search of the dog; guesses, from the extent of his fidelity, the asylum he has chosen; finds him, caresses him, and makes him eat. An hour afterwards the dog escaped, and regained his favourite place. Three months passed away, each morning of which he came to seek his food, and then returned to the grave of his master; but each day he was more sad, more meagre, more languishing, and it was evident that he was gradually reaching his end. An endeavour was made, by chaining him up, to wean him; but nature will triumph. He broke his fetters, escaped, returned to the grave, and never quitted it more. It was in vain that they tried to bring him back. They carried him food, but he ate no longer. For four and twenty hours he was seen employing his weakened limbs in digging up the earth that separated him from the remains of the being he had so much loved. Passion gave him strength, and he gradually approached the body; his labours of affection vehemently increased; his efforts became convulsive; he shrieked in his struggles; his faithful heart gave way, and he breathed out his last gasp, as if he knew that he had found his master.

---

## CUPID'S PUNISHMENT AND REVENGE.

*(From the Italian of* Benedetto Menzini.)

I.

Listen, sweet ladies, listen,
Listen while I say,
How Love was put in prison,
And bound the other day:
You who jeer and scoff him,
Will joy to hear it of him.

II.

Some damsels had concerted
To take him unespied,
And by their strength exerted,
His hands behind him tied:
His wings of down and feather,
They twisted both together.

III.

Ah! how his grief transcended,
May hardly be exprest,
And how his tears descended
Upon his ivory breast:
I tremble while I name it,
How they overcame it.

IV.

These cruel fair murd'resses
Stript both his feathery wings,
And cropt the golden tresses
He o'er his shoulder flings:
While he still writh'd in anguish,
And more and more did languish.

v.

To a huge oak they took him,
That spread its arms in air,
And then they all forsook him,
And left him hanging there:
Ah! was not this inhuman,
Inflicted, too, by woman?

vi.

What would not be the horror
If Love indeed were dead!
The world's whole soul were sorrow,
And all its joyance fled:
Air, sea, without his presence,
Would lose their chiefest pleasance.

vii.

But his immortal mother
Beheld his agony;
First this hand, then the other,
She loos'd, and set him free:
And now his state was changed,
He vow'd to be revenged.

viii.

He fill'd his burnish'd quiver
With gold and leaden darts,
And being no forgiver,
With gold he pierc'd the hearts
Of lovers, hopeless, friendless,
And made their torments endless.

ix.

With leaden shaft, not forceless
'Gainst happy lovers' state,
He aim'd with hand remorseless,
And turn'd their love to hate;
Their hopes, long cherish'd, blasting
With hatred everlasting.

x.

Ye fair ones, who so often
At Cupid's power have laugh'd,
Your haughty carriage soften,
Beware his vengeful shaft:
There lies within his quiver
Or love or hate for ever!

HUMPHREY GUBBINS.

## DORVAL: A TALE.

THE Baron Dorval became his own master by the death of his father, while he was still very young. Inexperienced and romantic, he entered the world at the age of twenty; his fortune was small, but his birth was a passport to the first society, and his handsome person and engaging manners were powerful recommendations to the Parisian *belles*.

For some time the baron remained heartwhole, but he was captivated at last by the attractions of Madame de Roseville, a widow, who was a little older than himself. The fortune of the baron was moderate, and that of the lady was still more so; but money was no consideration with the enamoured Dorval; he thought only of the happiness of possessing his lovely mistress, who, more skilled in worldly wisdom, gave him just hope enough to feed his flame, while she secretly determined to reject him if she had a better offer.

For more than a year no suitor of consequence entered the lists with the baron; at last, a marquis, old enough to be her grandfather, solicited her hand. Dorval laughed at his antiquated rival, but his mirth was soon changed into despair, by the intelligence that Madame de Roseville was about to become his wife.

This was an overwhelming blow to the romantic Dorval; he disdained to reproach his inconstant mistress, but her perfidy sunk deep into his heart. He quitted Paris for his paternal mansion in Normandy, and shut himself up from society. By continually reflecting on the conduct of Ma-

dame de Roseville, he became so exasperated against the sex, that he formed the resolution never to suffer a woman to come into his presence.

The seclusion in which Dorval lived was highly agreeable to his steward, who for some years had the entire management of his estates. This man, whose name was Antoine, was not dishonest, but he was extremely imperious and capricious; consequently the tenants led a very miserable life under him; and he was heartily frightened on the arrival of his master, whom he knew to be generous and humane, lest their complaints should cost him his place. His fears had rendered him more lenient in the discharge of his duties, but now finding that they were vain, he made himself ample amends for the temporary constraint he had put upon his temper, by resuming his usual habits of capricious tyranny.

One of the tenants, named D'Alby, was particularly obnoxious to him, because he was naturally of a blunt and independent spirit, and never paid him that servile obedience which he exacted from the others. Antoine had long watched for an opportunity to wreak his vengeance upon this man, but hitherto in vain. Unluckily, the first winter Dorval arrived in the country proved a very hard one; D'Alby was for the first time unable to pay his rent, and Antoine in consequence gave him notice to quit his farm.

The poor man, who had occupied it from his youth, felt the sentence of expulsion as the greatest misfortune that could befal him. His pride would not suffer him to supplicate mercy from the hard-hearted steward, but his daughter threw herself at the feet of Antoine: her tears and prayers were, however, in vain; the steward, cloaking his malice under the pretence of justice, declared that if he could not pay, he must quit the land; he could not in conscience let his lord's interests suffer through his foolish humanity.

Poor Lucile retired weeping and dejected: suddenly a ray of hope broke in upon her. "If," thought she, "I could see the baron, he surely cannot be so cruel as Antoine. Ah! no doubt, he would give my father time to pay."

The more she reflected, the more strong this hope became; but how was she to get access to the baron? It was well known that he never saw any body; and that he had such a hatred to women, that even his own female servants never ventured to appear in his presence.

Poor Lucile's heart sank within her as she thought of the obstacles which she had to surmount, but filial affection restored her courage: she communicated her purpose to her father; he did not oppose it, though his hopes of success were very slender; and Lucile, arrayed in her holiday garb, set out for the castle.

"What do you want?" said the porter to her.

"To see the baron."

"What! don't you know the baron never suffers any woman to come into his presence?"

"Yes, I know, but——"

"But you have the vanity to think he will see you: truly, child, your share of conceit is not small."

"Ah! you wrong me: it is not vanity; it is distress, the most bitter distress that brings me here."

"Well, why don't you apply to M. Antoine."

Lucile, in reply, related her story: the porter shook his head; he was very sorry, he said, but his lord's orders were positive; he dared not risk his place by disobeying them, and he was closing the gate, when Lucile, to whom despair gave courage, suddenly darted past him into the hall, and opening the door of the library, where she had been told the baron usually sat, presented herself to the astonished Dorval, at whose feet she flung herself, but terror rendered her for the moment incapable of articulating.

"What boldness is this?" cried he, rising. "Be gone!"—"Oh! no, I cannot, I will not go, till you have promised to have mercy on my father."

The heart of Dorval was naturally humane, and it must have been hard indeed if it had not melted with pity for the kneeling supplicant, who, in the first bloom of youth, and of a beauty the most dazzling, added to her other charms an expression of meekness and innocence which was truly angelic.

"Rise," said Dorval mildly, "and tell me why you have thus forced yourself into my presence." Lucile, trembling, and with eyes cast upon the ground, explained in faltering accents the distress of her father. Her artless tale made its way at once to the heart of Dorval, and he reproached himself bitterly for having, by a culpable negligence in the discharge of his duties, left those whom he was bound to protect at the mercy of another.

"I will look into this matter," said he; "go and send your father to me." Lucile retired with a heart glowing with joy, and D'Alby hastened to present himself to the baron: the honest plainness of his manner confirmed the favourable impression which Lucile had made. Dorval forgave him the arrear of rent. He dismissed the unfeeling Antoine, and resolved, until he could replace him with a man whose honesty he was assured of, to take his affairs into his own hands.

Complaints now flowed in from all quarters, and in examining and redressing the grievances of his dependents, Dorval found himself drawn insensibly from the gloomy despondency to which he had so long given way. He sometimes visited the houses of his tenants, and among others that of D'Alby was not forgotten.

Lucile, whom filial love had alone rendered bold, did not at first venture to raise her eyes to the baron; but his gentle and condescending manners at length, in some degree, overcame her timidity. She ventured, though with blushes, to reply to his questions, and her good sense and ingenuous simplicity rendered her so interesting in the eyes of Dorval, that he soon became very frequent in his visits to the house of her father.

These visits were far more agreeable to the daughter than to the father. Lucile was too innocent to suspect that the pleasure which she took in the sight of the baron sprang from love, but D'Alby was

more clear-sighted; and he was, besides, afraid that the reputation of Lucile might suffer from Dorval's being so often at his house.

Impressed with these sentiments, he respectfully but firmly expressed his fears to the baron, who was too much struck with their justice to be angry; but this declaration of the farmer put him upon examining his own sentiments, and he found, with surprise, that his heart, which he supposed was for ever shut against all womankind, was become the prize of a simple villager.

Free as he was from the pride of rank, this discovery would not have been very terrible to him, had he been certain of possessing the affections of Lucile; but the deceit he had already met with rendered him cautious, and inspired him with a plan to satisfy himself on this point before he offered her his hand.

He went to the farmer's the next day, and to his wish he found Lucile with her father. "I have something to propose," said he to D'Alby, "which I hope will be agreeable to your daughter: it is time for her to be settled, and I hope she will not refuse to accept of a husband of my choosing."

Poor Lucile turned as pale as death; she attempted to speak, faltered, and at last burst into tears.

"How is this, Lucile?" said her father, angrily; "is it thus you return the goodness of M. le Baron?"

"Give her time," said Dorval, gently; "she is surprised, or perhaps her heart is engaged."

"Oh, no!" replied her father, confidently.—"Oh, no!" repeated Lucile; but her voice was faint, and as her eye caught that of the baron, a burning blush succeeded to her paleness.

"Well then, Lucile, you can have no objection to the husband I offer you?"

"Certainly not, monsieur," said D'Alby.

"He is young, honest, and has some property."

"Good," cried D'Alby, rubbing his hands, while his honest face glowed with pleasure. "But why don't you speak, Lucile?"

"Still Lucile was silent; and Dorval, terrified lest her silence sprang from acquiescence, hastily said, "'Tis enough, I see she consents;" and he turned as if to go.

In an instant Lucile was at his feet. "Oh! forgive me; but I do not consent, I never can consent."

Her look, her tone brought conviction to the heart of Dorval. "What, Lucile," said he, gently raising her, "do you then refuse my hand?"

It would be a vain attempt to paint the reverse which these words occasioned in the feelings of the transported Lucile. A short time beheld her the happy bride of Dorval, who found in the excellence of her disposition, and the incessant proofs he received of her affection, ample reason to congratulate himself on the choice he had made.

TEA WAREHOUSE.

[illegible] A. KEEMANN [illegible] Pub.d May [illegible]

## JOSEPH II. ON DUELLING.

THE following letter against duelling, which was written by Joseph late Emperor of Germany, has just found its way to the world, in a work at Leipsic, entitled "A Collection of unpublished Letters of Joseph II."

"*General*,—I desire you to arrest Count K. and Capt. W. immediately. The count is of an imperious character, proud of his birth, and full of false ideas of honour. Capt. W. who is an old soldier, thinks of settling every thing by the sword or the pistol. He has done wrong to accept a challenge from the young count. I will not suffer the practice of duelling in my army; and I despise the arguments of those who seek to justify it. I have a high esteem for officers who expose themselves courageously to the enemy, and who, on all occasions, shew themselves intrepid, valiant, and determined in attack as well as in defence. The indifference with which they face death is honourable to themselves and useful to their country; but there are men ready to sacrifice every thing to a spirit of revenge and hatred. I despise them: such men, in my opinion, are worse than the Roman gladiators. Let a council of war be summoned to try these two officers with all the impartiality which I demand from every judge; and let the most culpable of the two be made an example by the rigour of the law. I am resolved that this barbarous custom, which is worthy of the age of Tamerlane and Bajazet, and which is so often fatal to the peace of families, shall be punished and suppressed, though it should cost me half my officers. There will be still left men who can unite bravery with the duties of faithful subjects. I wish for none who do not respect the laws of the country. "JOSEPH."

"VIENNA, Aug. 1771."

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## PLATE 27.—OF THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF TEA, THE MODES OF PACKAGE AND CONVEYANCE.

FATHER DUHALDE and the missionaries furnish us with the following particulars respecting the different kinds of tea:

The Chinese distinguish several sorts of tea, which may be reduced to four, namely, the *son-lo-tcha*, the *vou-y-tcha*, the *lou-gan-tcha*, and the *pou-eul-tcha*. The first derives its name from the mountain Son-lo, situated in the province of Kiang-nan, in the latitude of 30 degrees. This mountain is not very extensive, but it is entirely covered with these shrubs, which are likewise cultivated at the foot of the neighbouring mountains. *Son-lo* is what we call *green tea*. The trees which produce it are cultivated nearly in the same manner as vines, and are cut down to a certain height, to prevent them from running to wood. They must be renewed every four or five years, because, after that time, the leaves become hard and acrid. The *son-*

*lo-tcha*, when kept for several years, is employed with benefit as a medicine in certain diseases.

The inhabitants of the province of Kiang-nan are the only people that cut the tea-shrubs, which every where else are suffered to grow to their natural height, which sometimes measures ten or twelve feet. When, therefore, the tree is young, pains are taken to bend the branches, and to make them incline in such a manner that the leaves may in the sequel be the more easily gathered.

The *vou-y-tcha*, or what we call *bohea*, grows in Fokien, and also derives its name from the mountain of Vou-y, situated in the district of Kien-ninfou. This mountain is one of the most celebrated in the province, on which are to be seen pleasure-houses, temples, and hermitages of Bonzes, whose residence there attracts a great concourse of people to the spot. These crafty priests, in order to make the multitude believe that this mountain is the abode of supernatural beings, place in the clefts of the rocks and on almost inaccessible heights, boats, chariots, and the like. These ornaments, equally incongruous and extraordinary, strike the minds of the credulous people, who conclude that such decorations can only be the work of a supernatural power.

The *vou-y-tcha* is the tea in most general estimation throughout the empire. It is lighter, more agreeable to the stomach, milder, and more delicate to the taste, than the *son-lo*. It is even said to possess the property of purifying the blood, and restoring impaired strength. It differs from the *son-lo* in the form and colour of the leaves, which are shorter, rounder, and blackish, and communicate to the water a yellow colour, without any harshness. The leaves of the *son-lo* are longer and more pointed; they give a green colour to water in which they are infused, and it is easily perceived, from the use of them, that their nature is corrosive.

This second sort of tea is subdivided into three kinds, resulting from the choice of the leaves and the time of gathering. That which contains none but the tender leaves of young shrubs, called *imperial tea*, is the most delicate: it is reserved for the use of the emperor, or given away by him in presents. The second kind consists of the more advanced leaves, and is sold by the name of good *vou-y-tcha*. The other leaves, which are left on the shrubs till they attain their full growth, form the third kind, which is bought by the common people at a very low rate.

The flowers of the shrub furnish another species of tea, but it is not generally used, because they yield but a weak, colourless, and insipid beverage.

The *lou-gan-tcha*, the third sort in our original list, grows in the vicinity of the city of Lou-gantcheou. In the shape of its leaves, it exactly resembles the *son-lo;* but it has not the pernicious qualities of the latter. It is not so heating, so harsh, and so corrosive — effects doubtless resulting from the difference of the soil in which it grows.

The fourth sort comes from a village, named Pou-eul, situated in the mountains of the province of Yun-nan, on the frontiers of the kingdoms of Pegu, Ava, Laos,

and Tonkin. This village has become a place of considerable importance by its commerce. People resort thither from all parts, but foreign traders are forbidden to enter the village, and not allowed to approach nearer than the foot of the mountains, where they are supplied with the quantity of tea they require. The trees which produce this tea are lofty, tufted, regularly planted, and grow without farther cultivation. The leaves are longer and thicker than those of the *son-lo* and *vou-y*. They are rolled in the same manner as we roll the leaves of tobacco, made up into balls, weighing about five pounds, and sold cheap. This kind of tea is in very common use in the provinces of Yun-nan and Kouei tcheou. It has no harsh taste; neither has it the agreeable smell and flavour belonging to the other tea. It gives a reddish tinge to water in which it is infused.

This last kind of tea, though less delicate and less agreeable to the taste, possesses salutary qualities, which are thus described in a letter from Pekin, in 1790: "The infusion of the *pou-eul* produces nearly the same effects as sage, but perhaps in a greater degree. It dispels phlegm, facilitates digestion, and renews obstructed perspiration. When in health, it excites and sharpens the appetite. Many persons of distinction treat their visitors with no other tea. The Europeans settled at Canton drink it after meals, as the people of the Continent do coffee, to promote the concoction of the food in the stomach. Being more bitter than the other kinds of tea, it is sweetened with sugar."

From the leaves of this tea is also made an extract or essence, which is thickened over the fire, and formed into cakes and pastilles. This extract, which is called *pou-eul-tcha-kao*, produces the same effects as the infusion of the leaves, but it must be used in small quantity, as a cake, no larger but a little thicker than a sixpence, must be divided into five or six portions. One of these is put into a cup, into which boiling water being poured, dissolves it immediately.

The Chinese likewise prepare medicinal teas by the mixture and addition of various drugs; for example, balls impregnated with a decoction of rhubarb.

The *kaiel-tcha*, used by the Mongol Tartars, is composed of the refuse leaves of the different kinds of tea mixed together. These people, subsisting chiefly on raw flesh, are subject to indigestions when they give up taking tea; they therefore purchase considerable quantities in China, furnishing the emperor in exchange with almost all the horses required for his cavalry.

The mere inspection is sufficient to convince us, that there is some difference in preparation between the black and green teas, with which we are not acquainted. A person of considerable experience on this subject is of opinion, that the green teas are dried on the furnaces without previous exposure for a few seconds to steam, to which it is presumed the black teas must have been exposed before they are dried upon the stoves; and that hence arises the difference in their colour and qualities.

It is a mistaken notion to suppose, as some have asserted, that

green tea derives its colour from being dried on plates of copper. It is certain, on the contrary, from the accounts of Kämpfer, and other travellers equally worthy of credit, that this operation is performed only upon plates of iron or earthen-ware. Dr. Lettsom also attests, that, in his chemical analysis, he never could detect a single atom of copperose matter.

The black teas are packed in bamboo baskets, lined with lead, called *barses*. These *barses*, which in shape resemble small casks, as represented in the engraving which accompanies this article, weigh from thirty to forty *catis*—each cati being equivalent to 1 lb. 3 oz. 5 dwt. 31 grs. They are conveyed in boats down the river to Canton; but by far the greater number are brought in junks by sea.

The green teas are put into wooden chests, likewise lined with lead. These chests weigh from forty-five to sixty *catis* and upwards.

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## NEW LITERARY PROJECT.

*TO THE EDITOR.*

Sir,

Observing in your notices to your readers and correspondents, that you cheerfully insert, free of expense, in the pages of your Magazine, announcements of works intended for publication, I make no doubt but that you will give all the publicity you can to the following prospectus of a periodical work, which, I flatter myself, will, in due time, surpass every kindred performance, past, present, or to come.

Common Sense's Magazine.

The proprietors of this magazine, satisfied that the world is labouring under every species of delusion, and aware of the necessity there is for dissolving the spells in which mankind is bound, pledge themselves, from the purest motives of compassion, to exhibit to their fellow-subjects once a month, the hitherto undiscovered charms of *common sense*. The established opinions of men in respect to ethics, philosophy, political economy, mathematics, agriculture, romance-writing, poetry, and *politesse*, are all wrong. The business of "Common Sense's Magazine" will be to set those opinions right. But that the reading public may be able to calculate in part the important advantages to be derived from such a publication, we now present to the literary world the analysis of No. I.; and then let every wise man judge for himself, and see how brilliantly his intellects must be illuminated, once at least in the revolution of every moon.

No. I.

Article 1. On the connection that exists between things inconnectible.— *Analysis*. — Exordium concerning taste—Pain and pleasure one and the same thing, proved from Euclid, lib. 2.—Locke, Johnson, Berkley, and Reid, absurd reasoners, *totaliter et specialiter*—Vitruvius—Attraction and repulsion shewn, from Newton's *Principia* and the Aphorisms of Hippocrates, to be synonymous terms — Digression concerning those

countries wherein the interjections of laughter are Oh! oh! oh!—Vice intimately connected with virtue —Mrs. Glasse—Red Book for 1821 —Honesty peculiar to the lowest classes of society—Malthus—Reports of the Society for the Suppression of Vice—Daniel Lambert and Elwes—Snuff—Cleanliness—House of Commons—*Peroratio* similar to *exordium*—A. Z.

Art. 2. Parallels between Aristotle and Dean Swift—Herodotus and Bishop Warburton—the Autocrat of all the Russias and Robert Burns.—B. C.

Art. 3. On the epistolary style of the fair sex.—*Analysis.*—Exceedingly beautiful, and why—Various opinions as to the language used, proved inductively to be English—Graces and ornaments—Notices with regard to the syllable "Yes"—Feminine orthography—The dash, its various positions explained by a diagram—Colons, semicolons, and periods, all antiquated points, inutility thereof—Sentiment, the virginal, the hymeneal, the matronal, and the tabbyistical—Patience, how best exercised—Mesdames Cartes, Talbot, and Vesey, bad models, and why—Specimen of a perfect epistle of a perfect maiden in the year 1821—Conclusion.—VIRGINIA.

Art. 4. On history, chronology, dialectics, and cranioscopy.—By *Professor —— of Leyden.*

Art. 5. A modern Italian dramatist proved to be the author of certain novels ascribed falsely to Sir W. Scott.

Art. 6. Life of Mozart, by the celebrated Wolfgang Amadeus.

Art. 7. Anecdotes theologico-comical, by the Rev. H. Pett, B. D.

*Original Poetry.*—The world, an elegy, by a gentleman of the university—Ode to Me by U—Sonnets by K. K. L. S.—Siccus and Jemima Flat—Death of Keats—A satire against B——'s M.

*Works preparing for Publication.*—Voyage along the North-West Coast of Chinese Tartary, by a lady—Political Life of the great Waddington, in ten vols. 4to.—History of Bristol, by S. Dry, M. A.—Patrick Eugene O'Meara is preparing for publication an alphabetical Biography of all the distinguished Writers that have been quite forgotten by time. It is believed that Mr. O'Meara, young as he now is, will never, though he live to behold his third generation, be enabled to get through the letter A.

*Intelligence, scientific and philosophical.*—A gentleman in one of our inland counties has invented a curious steam-engine for the manufacture of sermons. By this discovery the best superfine discourses will be reduced in price at least one half; so that it is now altogether superfluous for any reverend gentleman to manufacture the said goods on his own account.

The aurora borealis is at length discovered, by a Cornish philosopher, to be an emanation of wit rushing with prodigious velocity from the intense talent of northern *literati*, to restore an equilibrium of that subtil fluid in the Bœotian regions of the south. But when from any accident the wit of the north becomes defective, as sometimes is the case, the fluid is immediately renewed by the intervention of a comet, whose *nucleus* is wit *concrete*, and whose tail is wit *evanescent*.

A mechanic at Paris has lately contrived an instrument, upon the principle of the telegraph, which teaches the dullest student Greek to the highest perfection in ten days. A single experiment will satisfy a reflecting person, that it is a great discovery.

Deaths, promotions, births, and marriages, registered as in other periodical works.

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Hoping your jealousy, Mr. Editor, may not dispose you to suppress the above prospectus of our magazine, I remain yours truly,

*Conductor of Common Sense.*

Llanidloes, Montgomery.

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## THE FORFEIT REDEEMED.

"WHAT," asked Somerville, "shall the owner of the pledge that I hold in my hand have to do?"—"He shall sit down at that table," replied Mrs. Belmont, "and say all the ill he can of our sex in a quarter of an hour."—"But, if the pledge belong to a lady?"—"Why then of course she can say nothing but what is good of you gentlemen, since, as all the world knows, you are without faults."

Somerville held up his hand, and shewed a watch-key. "Morton, Morton!" cried the ladies, clapping their hands; "the very man for the task!" Poor Morton protested, but the fair players intimated that he should not be excused, and that the laws of the game must be complied with. Finding them thus inexorable, Morton quietly suffered them to conduct him to the table; a couple of candles were brought, and the watch was placed between them. The company formed a semicircle, and called upon the speaker to begin. After two or three hems, he thus commenced:

"It is, as you are all perfectly aware, a laudable and christian practice, which universal philanthropy has every where introduced, to tell all the bad things that we know of our neighbours, or rather a great many more than we know; and there is not one of us but would blush at being so unfashionable as not to assist in entirely demolishing a fair character, which busy tongues at tea-tables have already begun to pull to pieces. But when I reflect how easily so warm an admirer of the fair sex as I boast of being, might experience the lucky mishap, that all the bad things he is about to say should be turned in a moment into panegyrics; if, moreover, it be true that the amiable weakness of the ladies may even in our eyes assume the appearance of virtue——."—"Hold, Mr. Morton," cried Mrs. Belmont; "spare your compliments till another time. The quarter of an hour will be gone before we are aware of it, and you will have amused us with nothing but flattery. Now begin again, if you please."

"Well, madam, if you command, I must comply, gladly as I would decline the task. Rise then, ye tormenting spirits of wretched mortals, and appear before my tribunal: Legion is your name, and ten thousand times ten thousand your number. There stands the horrid receptacle, the box of Pan-

dora, brimful before me. I raise the lid. Ha! what a swarm of demons rushes forth, in numbers sufficient to obscure the sun! Look there—I have caught a little airy sprite! What a pretty creature! so bright, so brillant, with all the colours of the rainbow playing about thee. What is thy name, little imp, with thy variegated butterfly wings and the everlasting flower in thine auburn locks?—Ah! Vanity is thy name. And the neat little band-box at thy back? Let me peep into it.—Caps, ribbons, lace—what loaded again with a whole world full of new fashions? Then woe betide the men!—Give me a ribbon out of thy cargo. What am I going to do with it, dost thou ask? To bind thy wings, little volatile sprite, that thou mayst stand still before me, and listen to what I have to say to thee.—It is not long since the garments which thou broughtest us were of so thin a texture and of such scanty dimensions, that they had little of clothing but the name. It was said at the time that thou hadst fetched these almost transparent draperies from ancient Greece, but that thou hadst forgotten to bring along with thee the climate of that country. Thy giddy head, indeed, has no notion how deeply mankind are interested in such matters, on which the welfare of a whole generation depends: but what, thou wilt say, is the blooming health of a child in comparison with a new fashion? In vain did physicians and moralists cry out against this mode of dress; thy fair customers and thyself turned a deaf ear to their remonstrances. At length an experienced man stepped forth, and assailed thee with thine own weapons. The ladies, said he, mistake their real interest when they expose their charms so freely to the wistful eye. It is concealed charms alone that have any attraction; the imagination and the eye must have something left to divine, otherwise habit will soon render them indifferent to the most fascinating beauties. This maxim, he added, is so true, that if the fair sex were to introduce the fashion—and what fashion is there, how absurd soever, but meets with votaries—in short, if the ladies were to take it into their heads to go forth in the primitive state of our grandmother Eve, and nothing but the great toe concealed, before the year's end that toe would be the only part which the curious eye would long to discover. This slyboots was a dangerous enemy to thee and to thy profession, my little Sibyl, for, as thou seest, he understood his trade. Or if thou art disposed to doubt his assertion, take a little excursion to Africa or to the South Seas, where thou wilt find the truth of it demonstrated by all the nations that go without clothing.

"I have no intimate friend among our pretty dress-makers, and am therefore not aware to what quarter of the globe or to what nation our fair-ones now pay homage in their apparel; nor do I know whether they justify the malicious observation of a wag, that the ladies never go abroad till they have duly undressed themselves. But why need I give thee information on that point, who art so happy as to be constantly about the ladies, to take care that the love

of dress may leave them neither time nor inclination for any other business. Now let us see what mischief thou makest in the world.

"Here, peep through this window into the study of that careworn wight. What a number of bills for the adornment of his fair spouse and her three daughters are spread out before him! He opens with a sigh first one drawer, then another, and at last he will be obliged to sacrifice his honour to thee.

"Look yonder at the meeting of two bosom friends. How is this? Julia turns her face to the left, Amelia to the right. Julia has received a rich robe from Paris, of the latest fashion, and a little demon is instantly at hand to sever those bands of friendship which seemed to be knitted for eternity. Is that all?—No, not quite. My dear, says the gentle Amelia, on her return home to her husband, if you subject me again to the disgrace of meeting Julia with her magnificent dress in such an old-fashioned thing as this, I protest I shall cry my eyes out; and such is his affection for his better half, that he immediately purchases for her a Parisian robe with the money which was to have paid a creditor, whose family is starving for want of it.

"Tell me, which of those two ladies is the mother. Aha! on a nearer approach, I perceive that paint is not the bloom of youth, nor affectation native simplicity, nor the art of the dress-maker the charms of nature. Observe, what furious looks the mother darts at the lovely daughter, because the eyes of the other sex turn towards beauty, as does the sun-flower towards that luminary after which it is named. Wretched girl! how cruelly wilt thou have to suffer for this unsought homage!

"Avaunt, avaunt, wicked demon! I will not assist in celebrating thy malignant triumph over the most sacred impulse of nature, maternal affection! Never have I yet been so angry with thee: indeed, I could find in my heart to strip thee of all thy feathers; but what end would it answer? Thou wouldst only have changed thy form, and this it is that is constantly changing every thing. Thy sceptre rules alike in the capital of the world and in the caverns of Nova Zembla: thou beholdest thyself, with complacency, reflected in the diadem of the queen, and thou assistest the meanest beggar to stitch together the remains of her tattered garment: thou sportest about the girl that plays with her doll, and perchest on the cane that supports the tottering matron.

"Cast thine eyes upon Africa. What a sanguinary strife between those two negro sovereigns. They are certainly fighting for the possession of some flourishing province?—No, no, thou rogue; thou knowest better than I do, that the contest is for a valuable ornament, which each of the two queens, their illustrious consorts, is anxious to appropriate to herself; in short, that all this blood is shed on account of an old grenadier cap, which a European threw away on the coast as unfit for farther service. Thou laughest, my little butterfly, at the old grenadier cap. Well, we need not travel so far as Africa to observe the wanton tricks which thou art

every where playing. Europe will furnish us with enough of them.

"A grenadier cap against a pair of gloves! they are certainly nicely balanced. And yet a great queen sacrificed the welfare of her country and the honour of her crown to a pair of French gloves. Dost thou doubt it? How shouldst thou know, who carest not for the consequences of thy tricks? Thou, who never inquirest the result of what thou didst yesterday, canst not be expected to concern thyself about what occurred a century ago. Let me then relate to thee this circumstance: too well I know it will not amend thee, but thou must stand still and listen to me, and that to thee will be no small punishment.

"Marlborough, the greatest general of his time, was flying in Germany from victory to victory, when his duchess one day appeared at St. James's in a pair of new-fashioned gloves. Anne was a great queen, but still—a woman. She admired the Parisian strangers in a way that betrayed a wish to possess them. The duchess enjoyed a triumph in the admiration which her gloves extorted from all present; but so far from taking the intelligible hints thrown out by the queen, she never once pulled them off, even at dinner. This was the signal for revenge. Anne recalled the Duke of Marlborough, and deprived him of his command. In vain were the urgent remonstrances of the ablest men in the kingdom—in vain did Eugene, the companion in arms, and still more the friend of Marlborough, appear personally in London; the queen was inexorable. She abandoned the cause of the house of Austria, and intimated to Louis XIV. that she was disposed to reconciliation. A series of consequences led to the peace of Utrecht, which renewed the obscured glory of the French monarch, and blasted the lofty hopes of his foes.

"Now, little imp, what sayest thou to this? Art thou still of opinion that we must travel to Africa to point an epigram against thee? Thy band-box will furnish the best answer. What hast thou crammed into it? A little chest of cosmetics for the European fair-one, that she may surprise her admirer in the evening with a new face; arrows and knives for the Asiatic coquette to lacerate her cheeks in the most fascinating manner; rings for the ears, rings for the nose; a necklace of diamonds, another of iron nails. Wonderful effect of the love of dress! When a Pompadour barters her caresses for diamonds, each of which is worth a county, the New Zealand beauty, who would not stoop to pick up those jewels, sells her favours for half a dozen iron nails. In short, thou art the wicked fairy that peepest into every cradle, and wherever thou findest a female inmate, immediately drawest a magic circle around her. It was thou that didst pluck the first fig-leaf, and lay it slily on Eve's toilet; the recesses of the earth, as well as the abysses of the sea, are tributary to thee; and should the great comet, for the sake of thy sins, ever set fire like a squib to our wretched clod of earth, the only thing thou wilt strive to save will be thy band-box.

"But look, there is a little sister of thine fluttering around us, and

seemingly beckoning to thee. What is she carrying in her left hand? Is not that a garment belonging pre-eminently to the men? And in her right? A velvet slipper—so soft, so warm! Aha! the bottom of it I see is armed with sharp spikes. This is female rule, who is said sometimes to prove a dangerous rival to thy power. At night, when I cannot sleep, and have no poetry at hand, I am accustomed to dip into an ancient chronicle, from which I have learned, that there was once in Asia a nation called the Scythians, to whom this demon came, and gained such influence over the women, as to withdraw them from thee. Better to have slaves than admirers, whispered she to them; and in one night all the men were blind. The efficacy of this method is said to be proved, for at the present day a man with two good eyes——.

"But, Heaven be praised, the quarter of an hour is nearly gone; thou art free, and I am too. Thou must certainly have seen what pain I have received from every word of this address, to which the cruel command of my mistress and the laws of the game have condemned me. I rejoice that a quarter of an hour does not permit much to be said—so now away, thou darling of the fair sex: but let me have one word more with thee before we part. Look in my honest face, and say upon thy conscience, whether thou canst discover in it one trait of malice. Give me thy hand, pretty rogue, I have always been thy friend. If thou distributest here and there too many ribbons and too much lace, be it so: let the ribbons bind together the silken tresses, and the laces adorn a charming bosom—one may envy, but cannot be angry with them. What would the world be wert thou to forsake it? A wilderness, in which we should pass each other cold, silent, and melancholy. It is only when we strive to please that we are susceptible of love.

"Farewell, little sylph, and forget not my words. Thou wilt probably soon visit some ladies, whose good opinion I value so highly, that I would rather die than forfeit it. They will perhaps complain of me to thee, and plan some severe revenge; then be thou generous, and speak a good word for me. Tell them that I reckon this quarter of an hour as the most miserable of my life, and that another, who is not so utterly exempt from malice as I am, would have brought much heavier charges——."

"Here is your pledge!" said Mrs. Belmont; "you have honourably redeemed it."—"And if my little mediatrix should give you a call?" said Morton, pressing her hand to his lips.—"I would advise her not to demand any proof of the exemption from malice, and then you will be more than sufficiently rewarded."—"And punished by this reply," answered Morton: "but why did I bring truth and ladies together?"

## LONDON IN THE DAYS OF DAVENANT.

THE following is a description of London by a Parisian, as his speech was penned by Sir W. Davenant, in 1657, forming part of an entertainment at Rutland-House, at the time when the theatres were closed by the rigour of the Puritans. It will be recollected that Sir W. Davenant was the first writer who, after the restoration, introduced what may be technically called *the English opera* upon our stage, a mixture of singing and dialogue. The Frenchman thus satirically speaks of London to a Londoner:

"Sure your ancestors contrived your narrow streets in the days of wheel-barrows, before those greater engines, carts, were invented. Is your climate so hot that you need umbrellas of tiles to intercept the sun? or are your shambles so empty that you are afraid to take in fresh air, lest it should sharpen your stomachs? Oh! the goodly landscape of Old Fish-street! had it not been the ill luck of it to be crooked, it was narrow enough to have been your founder's telescope: the garrets (perhaps not for want of architecture, but through abundance of amity,) are so made, that opposite neighbours may shake hands without stirring from home.

"You would think me a malicious traveller if I should still gaze on your misshapen streets, and take notice of the beauty of your river: therefore I will pass over the importunate noise of your watermen, and now step into one of your pea-shell boats, whose tilts are not so sumptuous as the roofs of gondolas, nor when you are within, are you in the ease of a *chaise-à-bras*. The commodity and trade of your river belongs to yourselves; but give a stranger leave to share in the pleasure of it, which will hardly be in the prospect or freedom of the air: unless prospect, consisting of variety, be made up here with a palace, there a wood-yard, here a garden, there a brewhouse, here dwells a lord, and there a dyer.

"I will forbear to visit your courtly neighbours at Wapping, not that it will make me giddy to shoot your bridge, but that I am loathe to disturb the civil silence of Billingsgate, which is so great, as if the mariners were always landing to storm the harbour."

All this is very witty, and I dare say very true, though the Londoner now could quite as effectually and truly retort upon his Gallic neighbour. The subsequent song on London smoke is better founded in our own day, than about two hundred years ago.

SONG.

London is smother'd with sulphureous fires,
Still she wears a black hood and cloak
Of sea-coal smoke,
As if she mourn'd for brewers and dyers.

*Chorus.*

But she is cool'd and cleans'd by streams
Of flowing and of ebbing Thames.

Though Paris may boast a clearer sky,
Yet wanting flows and ebbs of Seine,
To keep her clean,
She ever seems chok'd when that is dry.

*Chorus.*

And though a ship her 'scutcheon be,
Yet Paris hath no ship at sea.

Hoping that the above will suit the purpose of your Miscellany, I remain yours, &c.

ANTIQUARIUS.

## VICISSITUDES OF HALF-A-GUINEA.

(Continued from p. 222.)

During the three following days the recovery of the interesting Fanny proceeded so rapidly, that I have no doubt her health was finally restored; but I did not remain long enough with Willoughby to witness her perfect recovery, for on the fourth morning, I became the prey of a very elegant looking young man, who, after figuring in various scenes of life, had recourse for a subsistence to the trade of a pickpocket; and it was in the exercise of his calling that Willoughby's purse, in which I was, together with a good many of my brethren, fell into his hands.

My new master, whose name was Wilson, was one among too many instances of a lively and promising boy ruined by the weak indulgence and mistaken pride of his parents. His father kept a chandler's shop; he contrived by dint of industry and frugality to save money, the greater part of which he was prevailed on, by the entreaties of his wife, to expend in the education of his son. The progress of the boy, who was naturally acute and intelligent, very soon made the doting parents regard him as a phenomenon; and their ill-judged pride and excessive indulgence induced him to form such a high opinion of himself, that he regarded the idea of labouring for his bread with mingled disgust and contempt: so that when he was old enough to be apprenticed, he constantly evaded making choice of any business. His father had sense enough to see the folly of such conduct; but his mother, dazzled by some stylish connections which he had formed at school, privately supplied him with money, to enable him to make a dashing appearance; and even when she found that his extravagance was destroying their little property, she was infatuated enough to believe, that, to use her own words, all would be right in the long run, for she was sure that Jackey would get a grand situation at last, and then he would provide for his old parents.

With these *rational* hopes she kept up her spirits, till her ungrateful son first robbed, and then deserted his parents. This double blow was more than they could bear; the pecuniary loss they might by means of labour and parsimony have retrieved, but to lose all trace of their darling, to be cast off by him in whom they had treasured up all the comforts of their age, was more than they could support: the father sunk under the blow; the mother survived to mourn, in penury and sorrow, the ruin which her misguided fondness had caused.

In the mean time, their son, unmindful of their fate, passed from one scene of depravity to another, till, as the climax of his degradation, he got connected with a band of pickpockets, of whom he soon became the leader. The day on which I came into his possession was one of those when the gang met for the despatch of business. I found with astonishment that they had a regular and well-organized society; the public were plundered systematically, and the pro-

duce of the labours of the gang was divided among them, according to the rank each held in the society; a rank which, I must observe, was obtained solely by merit, that is to say, by their expertness in robbery. The meeting lasted till a late hour, but my master quitted the company at eleven, in order to lounge into the pit at the Opera-House, where, as he was not yet known to the Bow-street officers, he hoped to be able to do a little business.

In his way to the Opera-House, he had to cross Westminster bridge: some time before he reached it, he chanced to jostle a man who was going in the same direction; in turning round to apologize, he was struck with the ashy paleness of the stranger's countenance, which he had a distinct view of, as they were just under a lamp. The man walked quickly till he came upon the bridge, where he suddenly stopped, and wrung his hands, as if in agony. The idea instantly darted into my master's mind, that the unhappy being meditated suicide: he darted forward with the speed of lightning, and reached the spot at the instant that the unfortunate young man was climbing the bridge to precipitate himself into the river. He struggled violently, but the superior strength of Wilson prevented him from accomplishing his purpose. As he saw that the wretched being was evidently in a state little short of frenzy, he soothed him with the greatest humanity; but for some time he could obtain no answer; at last the stranger exclaimed: "No, I will not live! I cannot live, to bring the grey hairs of her who bore me, with shame as well as sorrow to the grave!"

Depraved as Wilson was, the feelings of nature were not wholly extinct, and the thought of his parents struck a dagger to his heart. "Unfortunate man," said he, after a pause, "will not your death be in itself the greatest of all misfortunes to your mother?"—"No; for I trust that she will remain for ever ignorant that I have dishonoured her humble but honest name, by an act of the basest fraud."—"But is there no way to repair your fault?"—"None, none on earth! I am a villain: it is just I should suffer—but my mother, my poor mother!"

At these words he burst into tears, and Wilson took advantage of the moment to draw from him the cause of his distress. It appeared that he was the sole hope of a widowed mother, who had, by the most persevering industry, given him a decent education, and apprenticed him to a reputable trade. When his apprenticeship expired, he still remained with his master, in whose confidence and favour he stood high, and to whose business he had a prospect of succeeding in the course of time; but unfortunately he was drawn into a connection with a woman every way unprincipled, and she induced him to take for her use small sums of money, from time to time, out of cash which his master intrusted to his care. She repeatedly and solemnly promised to return this money, but at length, when he informed her that he could no longer conceal his depredations, and urged the performance of her promises, she absconded.

Her miserable dupe awoke at once to the full conviction of her utter unworthiness and his own ruin. Driven by this discovery to despair, he wrote to his master, acknowledging his fault, and beseeching him to conceal it from his mother. He left this letter with a person whom he charged not to deliver it till the following morning, and then hastened to execute his fatal purpose.

My master listened attentively to his narrative, and when it was finished, asked what was the amount of the sum to be replaced. He replied, fifty guineas. "Well," cried Wilson, in a tone of satisfaction, "if that is all, make your mind easy; I can assist you to that amount, and I will."

No words can describe the rapturous gratitude of the unfortunate youth, but the manner in which he expressed it pierced the heart of Wilson. "My mother will be saved," cried he; "she will not have to mourn my untimely fate. Perhaps it is not my life only, but hers also, that your humanity will preserve. Ah! if Heaven forgives and spares me, never, never again will I be guilty of an action that can bring a blush into her cheek."

Wilson put an end to a scene which his awakened feelings would not suffer him longer to bear. He appointed a meeting with the young man for the following night, and then bidding him adieu, he hastened to his lodgings; for all thoughts of the manner in which he had intended to employ the evening, were swallowed up in the bitter reflections that forced themselves upon him. Conscience, whose murmurs he had so often stifled, would now be heard. Where, he asked himself, were the parents whom he had abandoned to poverty and sorrow? were they yet living? or did their dying curses rest upon his guilty and miserable head? Imagination brought back the days of his childhood: their fond solicitude for his welfare, their doting pride in his acquirements, which had been so long forgotten, or recollected only for the moment, now rushed upon his mind in the strongest colours; while the thought of the return which he had made for their unbounded affection, harrowed his feelings almost to madness.

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## ORIGIN, &c. OF ENGLISH GAMES AND PASTIMES.

HURLING—FOOT-BALL—GOFF—STOW-BALL—PALL-MALL—CLUB-BALL—CRICKET—TRAP-BALL—NORTHEN-SPELL—TIP-CAT.

HURLING is an ancient exercise, and seems originally to have been a species of the hand-ball; it was played by the Romans with a ball called *harpastum*, which the contending parties endeavoured to force the one from the other, and they who could retain it long enough to cast it beyond an appointed boundary, were the conquerors. The inhabitants of the western counties of England have long been famous for their skill in the practice of this pastime. There were two methods of hurling in Cornwall at the commencement of the seventeenth century.

About twenty-five years back,

the hurling to the goals was frequently played by parties of Irishmen in the fields at the back of the British Museum, but they used a kind of bat to take up the ball, and to strike it from them; this instrument was flat on both sides, and broad and curving at the lower end. I have been greatly amused to see with what facility those who were skilful in the pastime would catch up the ball upon the bat, and often run with it for a considerable time, tossing it occasionally from the bat, and recovering it again, till such time as they found a proper opportunity of driving it back amongst their companions, who generally followed, and were ready to receive it. In other respects I do not know that the game differed materially from the description above given. The bat for hurling was known, and probably used, in England more than two centuries ago, for it is mentioned in a book published in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Foot-ball, so called because the ball is driven about with the feet instead of the hands. It was formerly much in vogue among the common people of England, though of late years it appears to have fallen into disrepute, and is but little practised. I cannot pretend to determine at what period the game of foot-ball originated: it does not, however, to the best of my recollection, appear among the popular exercises before the reign of Edward III. and then it was prohibited by a public edict; not perhaps from any particular objection to the sport in itself, but because it co-operated with other favourite amusements to impede the progress of archery.

When a match at foot-ball is made, two parties, each containing an equal number of competitors, take the field, and stand between two goals, placed at the distance of eighty or a hundred yards the one from the other; the ball, which is commonly made of a blown bladder, and cased with leather, is delivered in the midst of the ground, and the object of each party is to drive it through the goal of their antagonists, which being achieved, the game is won. The abilities of the performers are best displayed in attacking and defending the goals: when the exercise becomes exceedingly violent, the players kick each other's shins without the least ceremony, and some of them are overthrown at the hazard of their limbs.

There are many games played with the ball that require the assistance of a club or bat, and probably the most ancient among them is the pastime now distinguished by the name of goff. In the northern parts of the kingdom, goff is much practised. It requires much room to perform this game with propriety, and therefore I presume it is rarely seen at present in the vicinity of the metropolis. It answers to a rustic pastime of the Romans, which they played with a ball of leather stuffed with feathers, called *paganica*, and the goff-ball is composed of the same materials to this day. In the reign of Edward III. the Latin name *cambuca* was applied to this pastime, and it derived the denomination, no doubt, from the crooked

club or bat with which it was played; the bat was also called a bandy, from its being bent: hence the game itself is frequently written in English bandy-ball.

It should seem that goff was a fashionable game among the nobility at the commencement of the 17th century, and it was one of the exercises with which Prince Henry, eldest son to James I. occasionally amused himself, as we learn from the following anecdote, recorded by a person who was present: "At another time, playing at goff, a game not unlike paile-maile, whilst his schoolmaster stood talking with another, and marked not his highness warning him to stand further off, the prince, thinking he had gone aside, lifted up his goff-club to strike the ball; meanwhile one standing by said to him, 'Beware that you hit not Master Newton;' wherewith he, drawing back his hand, said, 'Had I done so, I had but paid my debts.'"

A pastime called stow-ball is frequently mentioned by the writers of the 16th and 17th centuries, which I presume was a species of goff, at least it appears to have been played with the same kind of ball.

Pall-mall was a pastime not unlike goff, but if the definition of the former given by Cotgrave be correct, it will be found to differ materially from the latter, at least as it was played in modern times. "Paile-maile," says he, "is a game wherein a round box ball is struck by a mallet through a high arch of iron, which he that can do at the fewest blows, or at the number agreed upon, wins." It is to be observed, that there are two of these arches, one at either end of the alley. The game of mall was a fashionable amusement in the reign of Charles II. and the walk in St. James's park now called the Mall, received its name from having been appropriated to the purpose of playing at mall, where Charles himself and his courtiers frequently exercised themselves in the practice of this pastime. The denomination mall given to the game is evidently derived from the mallet or wooden hammer used by the players to strike the ball.

Club-ball is a pastime clearly distinguished from *cambuca* or goff in the edict above-mentioned established by Edward III. and the difference seems to have consisted in the one being played with a curved bat, the other with a straight one.

From the club-ball originated, I doubt not, that pleasant and manly exercise distinguished in modern times by the name of cricket; I say in modern times, because I cannot trace the appellation beyond the commencement of the last century, where it occurs in one of the songs published by D'Urfey.

Cricket of late years is become exceedingly fashionable, being much countenanced by the nobility and gentlemen of fortune, who frequently join in the diversion. This game, which is played with the bat and ball, consists of single and double wicket: the former requires five players on each side, and the latter eleven; but the number in both instances may be varied at the pleasure of the two parties.

Trap-ball is anterior to cricket, and probably coeval with most of

VIEW OF THE CASTLE OF SPIEZ

the early games played with the bat and the ball; we trace it as far back as the commencement of the 14th century. It is usual, in the present modification of the game, to place two boundaries at a given distance from the trap, between which it is necessary for the ball to pass when struck by the batsman, for if it falls withoutside of either, he gives up his bat, and is out; he is also out if he strikes the ball into the air, and it is caught by one of his adversaries before it grounds; and again, when returned by the opponent party, it touches the trap, or rests within one bat's length of it: on the contrary, if none of these things happen, every stroke tells for one towards the striker's game.

Trap-ball, when compared with cricket, is but a childish pastime; but it is played by the rustics in Essex in a manner differing materially from that now practised in the vicinity of the metropolis, and which requires much more dexterity in the performance; for instead of a broad bat with a flatted face, they use a round cudgel, about an inch and a half in diameter, and three feet in length, and those who have acquired the habit of striking the ball with this instrument, rarely miss their blow, but frequently drive it to an astonishing distance.

Northen-spell is played with a trap, and the ball is stricken with a bat or bludgeon, at the pleasure of the players, but the latter I believe is most commonly used. The performance of this pastime does not require the attendance of either of the parties in the field to catch or stop the ball, for the contest between them is simply who shall strike it to the greatest distance in a given number of strokes; the length of each stroke is measured, before the ball is returned, by the means of a cord made fast at one end near the trap, the other being stretched into the field by a person stationed there for that purpose, who adjusts it to the ball wherever it may lie. This pastime possesses but little variety, and is by no means so amusing to the bystanders as cricket or trap-ball.

Tip-cat, or perhaps more properly, cat, is a rustic pastime, well known in many parts of the kingdom. Its denomination is derived from a piece of wood called a cat, with which it is played; the cat is about six inches in length, and an inch and a half or two inches in diameter, and diminished from the middle to both the ends in the shape of a double cone: by this curious contrivance, the places of the trap and of the ball are at once supplied, for when the cat is laid upon the ground, the player with his cudgel strikes it smartly, it matters not at which end, and it will rise with a rotatory motion, high enough for him to beat it away as it falls, in the same manner as he would a ball.

## PICTURESQUE TOUR OF THE OBERLAND, IN THE CANTON OF BERNE.

PLATE 26.—VIEW OF THE CASTLE OF SPIEZ.

THE traveller proceeding from Thun to Unterseen, has the choice of three ways: for the pedestrian, a foot-way runs along the north side of the lake of Thun, over the Beatenberg; others, who prefer rid-

ing on horseback, will find a road on the south shore through Spiez and Leissingen; while those who would avoid the fatigue of those methods of travelling, may either avail themselves of the passage-boats, which sail twice a week from Thun for Unterseen and Brienz, or may perform the voyage in a vessel hired for the purpose. The latter method of course affords conveniences superior to any of the others.

The first objects which present themselves to the view of the traveller after quitting Thun, are the village of Scherzlingen, and just beyond it the castle of Schadau, on the south bank of the Aar, which here issues from the lake of Thun. The church of the former is of very high antiquity. Schadau, a mansion, flanked with two turrets, commands a prospect of exquisite beauty.

The lake, which now opens upon the view, was called in the seventh century *Lacus Vandalicus*, or the Lake of the Vandals. Its surface is 1780 feet above that of the sea This beautiful lake is from four to five leagues in length, one broad, upwards of 700 feet deep between Leissingen and the point called the Nase (Nose or Ness), and abounds in fish. Among these, the *salmo marena*, the same fish as the *fera* of the lake of Geneva, is considered as the greatest delicacy: it was formerly caught in great quantity in the vicinity of Unterseen, but since the river Kander has been conducted into the lake, it has become very rare.

The whole of the north shore is covered with mountains, but half of the south bank is tolerably level. On entering the lake, the tourist perceives on the right, the villages of Zeinigen and Spiez, behind which, to the south, rises the Niesen in all its beauty, having at its foot the castle of Wimmis, at the entrance into the Simmenthal. To the west of it appear the Sunmenfluh, and the Stockhorn and its range; still farther west, the Längenberg, which runs away towards Berne; before Zeinigen the impetuous Kander discharges itself into the lake, and near it are seen the remains of the castle of Strättlingen. South-eastward of the Niesen are the entrance into the Kanderthal, and a beautiful fertile hill, upon which stands the village of Aeschi, and at the foot of which lie Faulensee, Kratingen, and Leissingen. Beyond these mountains rise the gradually more and more elevated ranges of the Alps; while the Jungfrau, the Mönch, the Eiger, and the Blümlis Alp, tower in gigantic grandeur above them all.

Strättlingen, the ruins only of which yet remain, was a castle of great antiquity, belonging to a family of that name. One of these lords of Strättlingen, named Rudolph, founded, in 888, the last kingdom of Burgundy, which was governed by his descendants till their extinction in the 11th century. This place was Rudolph's favourite residence, with the ruins of which vast subterraneous passages communicate. At a small distance from Strättlingen, the river Kander discharges itself into the lake. It formerly emptied itself into the Aar, and frequently inundated the plain of Thun. To put an end to the devastations of

this impetuous mountain torrent, the government of Berne caused a new bed to be cut for it through a hill, which conducts its waters directly to the lake. The apprehensions at first entertained that the level of the lake would be raised by the discharge of this stream into its basin, have not been realized; though, since the new channel was dug, the river has carried into it such a quantity of sand and rubbish, as to form several hundred acres of fresh land at its mouth. This torrent comes from the environs of the Gemmi, flowing through the valleys of Kandersteg and Frutigen. Not far from its influx into the lake, is the village of Zeinigen, the remnant of a place once much more considerable.

The hills, which run along the south side of the lake from the bridge over the Kander, to beyond the village of Aeschi, and which in many parts of Europe would be important enough for mountains, serve only as a sub-basement to the Niesen, which, in various parts of the environs of the lake, and especially between the Kander and the village of Mühlinen, presents the figure of a regular pyramid, the summit of which is elevated 5564 feet above the lake of Thun, and 7340 above the sea.

Spiez was formerly a town, as is evident from the vestiges of its walls, the names of its streets, and of the houses of the gentry resident there, and the list of its *avoyers*, bailiffs or chief magistrates, to a period not very remote from our times. Mention is made in the chronicles of the magnificence of its court, called *Goldener Hof*, or the golden court. The building seen in the annexed engraving at the entrance of a kind of bay, which the lake here forms, is the castle of Spiez, the ancient hereditary demesne of the family of Bubenberg, which contributed so much to the foundation and aggrandizement of the republic of Berne. The only son and daughter of the last of this family were married to a lady of the house of Erlach and her brother, and going on their wedding-day on a party of pleasure upon the lake of Thun, they were overtaken by a sudden storm, and perished in its waters. For three centuries past, Spiez has been the property of the not less illustrious family of Erlach. Equally eminent in the council and in the field, this family, after having assisted in founding the republic of Berne, twice saved it from destruction, and gave to it seven chief magistrates. It was to a descendant of this house, that Berne, in our own times, committed its defence, when the French Directory announced the project of overturning its government.—Less fortunate than his ancestors, he had to contend with too unequal a force, and fell a victim to the stupid ferocity of the soldiers whom he commanded. To perish by the strokes of misguided countrymen, transformed into cowardly assassins, is a horrible death; otherwise we might congratulate him, on not having lived to see foreigners the masters of that proud and heretofore unconquered city, which the Erlachs had contributed to found, and whose prosperity they had consolidated with their blood. One of the last lords of Spiez was bailiff of Lausanne, and well known in France for the generosity with

which he received the emigrant nobility.

The house of Erlach partly owed its opulence to the gratitude of its fellow citizens, and partly derived it, like other illustrious families of Switzerland, from foreign service. The favours of the King of France, to whom Louis von Erlach rendered important services during the wars in the Milanese, furnished it with the means of purchasing Spiez and some other estates of the house of Bubenberg.

Behind the castle rises a hill, which shelters it on the north. Opposite to it, on the other side of the lake, appears a ridge of rocks, called the Rücken, or Wandfluh, which terminates in a point, named the Nase (Nose or Ness). The Wandfluh and the Ralligfluh, two abrupt ranges of rocks running in nearly parallel directions, form, to the south-west, the last ramifications of Mount Pilate, which extends between the canton of Unterwalden, the Entlibuch, the Emmenthal, and the lake of Brientz. At the foot of these rocks are seen the ruins of the castle of Ralligen, and a little farther on, the village of Merlingen. The mountains represented at the eastern extremity of the lake, are, on the right, the Abendberg; above it, the rounded ridge of the Suleck, and the rocks bordering the valley of Zweylütschinen, and the south side of the lake of Brientz. In the distance appear the ice-clad summits of the mountains of the principal chain.

The crest of the Abendberg is called also Leissiger-Grat, from the village of Leissingen, which is perceived at its foot.

The situation of Leissingen is highly romantic. At this place there are sulphureous springs, and a bathing-house. One of these springs rises in the middle of the bathing-house, scarcely six feet above the level of the lake; the water has a very strong smell and taste, and deposits a white powder when left to stand in open vessels. The water of this spring is heated for the use of the bath. The second is one hundred and fifty paces distant from the former, and is preferred for drinking. It has always a milky appearance, and a strong smell of sulphur. The third spring, called the Lamm-bâdli, is a league higher up the mountain, where in a shed are placed six or eight receptacles for bathers, and a cauldron for heating the water. Into one of these receptacles, which are scarcely large enough to hold a single person, two will sometimes squeeze themselves, and here they may bathe as long as they please for a *batzen*, about three half-pence in English money. This extremely low price occasions a great resort of country-people to the spot. These sulphureous springs issue from strata of gypsum. At Darligen, a little eastward of Leissingen, there is a spring close to the lake, from the water of which an inhabitant of that village is said to have extracted Glauber's salt.

# ON TUNING PIANO-FORTES, AND KEEPING THEM IN TUNE.

(Continued from page 237.)

I SHALL now proceed to the actual tuning of the instrument, and give two different methods. The first is most generally in use; and as it will probably be deemed the easiest, the reader perhaps will give it the preference. But I would, nevertheless, wish him to be familiarized with the second method, because it is founded on principiples of harmony, viz. the immediate relationship between different keys, and may advantageously be blended with the employment of the first method.

N. B. To denote the keys or notes, of which I shall have to speak, the following alphabetical distinction of the octaves will be used:

*Highest octave in the bass* } C D E F G A B

*Lowest octave in the treble* } c d e f g a b*

## FIRST METHOD.

The first method mainly consists in tuning by Fifths and Thirds; that is to say, we set out from a standard sound (which generally is the lowest c in the treble, and must be ascertained by the tuning-fork), and in the first instance, tune its upper major Third. This Third must be tuned more acute than what would be its correct pitch; *make it as sharp as the ear can bear it without offence.* We in the next place tune, from the same standard sound, four successive Fifths upwards, interposing between every one of the Fifths, the major Third, so as to complete the common chords; but while all the Thirds, thus interposed, are made as *sharp* as can be tolerated, every one of these Fifths must be *lower* than their correct pitch: *make them as flat as the ear will allow.* To keep as much as possible within the range of about 1½ octave, it will be expedient, whenever we transgress that range, to substitute for the note, thus transgressing, its lower octave.

In taking the four Fifths, as above directed, and substituting octaves when necessary, the upper note of the last of these Fifths will be the same letter or note as the major Third of the original standard sound. If we find that this upper note of the fourth Fifth coincides with the same note considered as Third to the standard sound, our progress thus far may be regarded as satisfactory. If the reverse be the case, we must begin over again, until such result be obtained. An example will make this more intelligible, observing, that whenever the upper note of an interval is to be made rather more flat than absolutely correct, the sign (—) will be added to it, and when sharper, the sign (+) will be used.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Standard sound | c | |
| its Third | c | e + |
| its Fifth | c | g — |

* This designation of the octaves differs from the general practice, in which the highest octave in the bass is c, d, e, &c. (in small letters), but it is more convenient for the present purpose.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *lower octave,* | G | G |
| 2d Fifth | G | D —* |
| 3d Fifth | D | A — |
| *lower octave* | A | A |
| 4th Fifth | A | E |

If the last E, which has already been tuned above as a Third to C, should form a fair Fifth to A, all is right thus far, and we may go on. In this manner we might proceed: another set of four Fifths, reckoning from E, would bring us to G ♯, and a further set of four Fifths would lead to B ♯, which latter must coincide with C. The aggregate of the twelve Fifths would be as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| C | G |
| G | D |
| D | A |
| A | E |
| E | B |
| B | F *sh.* |
| F *sh.* | C *sh.* |
| C *sh.* | G *sh.* |
| G *sh.* | D *sh.* |
| D *sh.* | A *sh.* |
| A *sh.* | E *sh.* |
| E *sh.* | B *sh.* which latter falls on the key of C. |

Thus all the twelve semitones in the octave would be tuned, and our process might serve tolerably well to play in keys that have *sharps.* Ocular inspection, alone, of the above scheme will suggest this remark. But we must also take into consideration the keys with flats, which, by a strict adherence to the above proceeding, would be found so totally neglected, that we should be unable to play with any satisfaction in the keys or chords, we will say, of F, B b, E b, A b, &c. This consideration renders it necessary to deviate in some degree from our principle, or rather to stop at a certain stage in its application one way, and apply it afresh, by commencing again from the standard sound C, and tuning *downwards* from it.

In tuning downwards by Fifths from C, we should obtain the following set of twelve Fifths:

| | |
|---|---|
| C | F |
| F | B b |
| B b | E b |
| E b | A b |
| A b | D b |
| D b | G b |
| G b | C b |
| C b | F b |
| F b | B bb |
| B bb | E bb |
| E bb | A bb |
| A bb | D bb, which latter again falls upon the key of C. |

As the first four or five of the above keys or tonics are of frequent occurrence, it is evident that we must take measures to provide for their tolerably pure intonation on the piano-forte.

Hence the outline of our whole plan will be to go a certain way in tuning upwards according to our scheme for *sharp* keys (not farther than about G ♯); leave off there, and then begin again with C, and tune *downwards,* a certain way, according to the last-mentioned order for *flats.* Here, however, we need not go beyond the four first Fifths, *i. e.* as far as A b, the remainder of the keys having already been tuned as sharps, in which character they occur more frequently. In going thus far, it will be equally proper

* The interposition of the major Thirds has not been put down here, the object of this example being only to shew how the four successive Fifths lead to the major Third of the standard sound.

always to interpose, by way of trial, the major Thirds (which have already been found) between their respective Fifths, viz.

A between F and C
D — B♭ and F
G — E♭ and B♭
C — A♭ and E♭

Indeed these trials of major Thirds between all tonics and their Fifths, as soon as ever three notes forming these shall have been tuned, are very essential, as the work proceeds; and minor Thirds may in the same manner be tried between Tonics and Fifths, in proportion as these notes are successively obtained by tuning. And persons of some experience will derive further benefit by extending these trials so as to ascertain, whether a key that serves as a sharp will equally answer as a flat; for instance, if the short key between G and A forms, in the character of G♯, a good major Third in the common chord E, G♯, B; we ought to see whether that key will do equally well in the character of A♭, either in the common chord A♭, C, E♭, or in the minor chord F, A♭, C. But as trials of this kind may be varied according to the ingenuity of the tuner, I shall not dwell upon them any longer.

I shall now proceed to the whole process of tuning from beginning to end, step by step, numbering every step for the sake of reference. Persons not very conversant with the matter, will perhaps do well to distinguish every key that has been tuned by a mark applied to the farther end, near the perpendicular sliding board. A very soft black lead pencil may serve for this purpose. The key of C, then, being tuned by a pitch-fork, we proceed as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | C | E | |
| 2. | C | G | *try com. chord.* |
| 3. | G | G | |
| 4. | G | B | |
| 5. | G | D | *try com. chord.* |
| 6. | D | F *sh.* | |
| 7. | D | A | *try com. chord.* |
| 8. | A | A | |
| 9. | A | C *sh.* | |
| 10. | A | E* | *try com. chord.* |
| 11. | E | G *sh.* | |
| 12. | E | B | *try com. chord.* |
| 13. | B | B* | |
| 14. | B | D *sh.* | |
| 15. | B | F *sh.** | *try com. ch.* |
| 16. | F *sh.* | F *sh.* | |
| 17. | F *sh.* | C *sh.** | |
| 18. | C *sh.* | G *sh.** | |

* (10.) This E being already tuned, by No. 1, all we have to do at No. 10, is to see whether A E is a fair Fifth, bearing in mind, that we must not expect our Fifths to be quite pure, but rather flat.

* (13.) B being already tuned, by No. 4, all we have to do at No. 13, is to see whether E is a perfect octave to that B; if not, make it so, and resume the work from No. 10.

* (15.) F♯ being already tuned, by No. 6, all that is required at No. 15, is to try whether B F♯ is a fair Fifth.

* (17.) C♯ being already tuned, by No. 9, the step at No. 17 consists merely in ascertaining whether F♯ C♯ be a fair Fifth.

N. B. It will be observed, that here we discontinue tuning the intermediate Thirds. As these sharp keys occur more rarely, it is preferable to consider them as flats, and reserve them to be tuned as flats.

* (18.) G♯ being already tuned, by No. 11, the step at No. 18 goes to try whether C♯ G♯ be a fair Fifth.

N. B. Do not be very particular with G♯, as the same key will, at No. 25, come under further consideration as A♭.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 19. | C | F* | *try com. chord.* |
| 20. | F | F | |
| 21. | F | B b | *try com. chord.* |
| 22. | B b | B b | |
| 23. | B b | E b* | *try com. chord.* |
| 24. | E b | A b | *try com. chord.* |
| 25. | A b | A b* | |

It will now be found, that we have tuned a successive range of nineteen keys, *i. e.* from the highest F in the bass to the lowest B in the treble, both inclusive. Various trials of modulation ought now to be applied to this range, to see if they answer every purpose. If this is found to be the case, nothing further remains to be done, than *to tune all the untuned keys in perfect octaves*, upwards and downwards, with the tuned ones. In going upwards, we begin from C, and in tuning downwards, we set out from E. Care, however, must be taken not to have the upper octave of any key too flat. A very *little* verging towards acuteness will even be an advantage.

In this less complicated proceeding, it is nevertheless desirable not to be satisfied with finding a lower note in octave with a higher one, and *vice versa;* a third octave ought likewise to be compared with it, and common chords tried with a bass tonic, at the distance of two octaves and more.

* (19.) At No. 19, we commence tuning Fifths *downwards*, to arrive at the flats. The common chord to be tried here is, of course, F A C.

* (23.) E b. This key is already tuned, by No. 14, as D ♯; see now how it will answer as E b.

* (25.) A b. This key being already tuned, by Nos. 11 and 18, try here whether it answers as A b.

The reason of this will be obvious. The ear may err, by a small matter, in the space of one octave; if it err as much in the next octave, the error will be doubled between the two extremes, and become more perceptible.

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*Another Method of tuning the Piano-forte.*

Although this method proceeds in a manner differing from the one above explained, it equally requires, that the Fifths should be tuned flatter than perfect, and the Thirds as sharp as they can be tolerated. This method, although somewhat nice in execution, and essentially demanding a good and experienced ear, has its peculiar advantages. It is founded on the relationship subsisting between the different keys or tonics, and proceeds in conformity thereto, as follows: The three notes of the common chord, major or minor, of one tonic being tuned, we drop the lowest note, and add a higher Third to the two remaining notes. In this manner we constantly proceed upwards, by Thirds, from a tonic to its relative major or minor. A short example will serve to explain the matter:

Suppose the chord of A minor had been tuned, viz. A C E; drop A, and add to C E the note G; and you have the common chord C E G, which is the relative major of the key of A minor. In the next place, drop C, and add to E G the note B: we thus obtain the chord of E minor, which key has *one* sharp; by dropping E, and adding to G B the note D, we obtain the chord of G major (also *one* sharp). The next chord obtained by this process,

would be that of B minor (*two* sharps), and the one after that, D major (*two* sharps also). Thus we go on, increasing, by one sharp, at every two steps, and always connecting the relative minor and major chords.

This explanation, it is conceived, will sufficiently illustrate the principle of the operation. Nothing, therefore, remains, but to point out the whole series of chords to be tuned in succession.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. *maj.* | C | E | G* | | | | | |
| 2. *min.* | | E | G | | B | | | |
| 3. *maj.* | | | G | | B | D | | |
| 4. *min.* | | | | | B | D | F *sh.* | |
| 5. *maj.* | D* | F *sh.* | | A | | | | |
| 6. *min.* | | F *sh.* | | A | | C *sh.* | | |
| 7. *maj.* | | | | A | | C *sh.* | E | |
| 8. *min.* | | | | | | C *sh.* | E | G *sh.* |
| 9. *maj.* | E | | G *sh.* | B | | | | |
| 10. *min.* | | | G *sh.* | B | | D *sh.* | | |
| 11. *maj.* | | | | B | | D *sh.* | F *sh.* | |
| 12. *min.* | | | | | | D *sh.* | F *sh.* | A *sh.* |
| 13. *maj.* | | F *sh.* | | A *sh.* | | C *sh.* | | |
| 14. *min.* | | | | Bb* | | D b | F | |
| 15. *maj.* | | | | | | D b | F | A b |
| 16. *min.* | | F | A b | C | | | | |
| 17. *maj.* | | | A b | C | | | E b | |
| 18. *min.* | | | | C | | | E b | G |
| 19. *maj.* | E b | | G | | B b | | | |
| 20. *min.* | | | G | | B b | D | | |
| 21. *maj.* | | | | | B b | D | F | |
| 22. *min.* | | | | | | D | F | A |
| 23. *maj.* | | F | | A | C | | | |
| 24. *min.* | | | | A | C | | E | |
| | | | | | C | | E | G |

* (1.) The three notes, only, forming the common chord, are here put down; the fourth note, or octave to the tonic, may be added, if the tuner chooses.

* (5.) Here D and F sh. have been substituted for the higher D and F sh. in the preceding step, in order to keep as much as possible within the range of an octave, and not to spread the tuning over the whole key-board. The same expedient has been adopted in steps 9, 13, 16, 19, 23. It is of course to be understood, that, whenever a lower Octave is thus substituted, it must be tuned in perfect octave, with its higher namesake.

* (14.) Here B b has been substituted for A sh. by which means we now go on in the order of the *flat* keys. The tonics now drop one flat in their respective scales at every two steps.

This last chord has been placed merely to shew that we have completed the harmonic circle; for it was with C E G that we began.

The above scheme provides for the tuning of nearly two octaves, in which many keys have experienced various trials to ascertain their fitness for different chords. The rest of the keys on the whole board must now be tuned in octave with those whose proper pitch has been satisfactorily settled in the preceding scheme. In so doing, the remarks made at the close of the explanation of the first method are equally to be observed here.

As the bursting of a wire is sometimes attended with serious inconvenience, not only in the country, where a tuner is not often within reach, but even in towns, upon occasions, when the impossibility of immediately replacing a wire may spoil an evening's pleasure, I conceive a few words on this head may prove acceptable.

A supply of good wires for the whole treble part, and for about the highest octave in the bass, is therefore the first requisite. They ought to be procured from a respectable music-shop, or from piano-forte-makers. Their numbers and appropriation to the different keys are nearly as follow. I say nearly, because all piano-fortes are not strung alike. The principal

thing to be attended to is, that the wires for one key be of the same thickness; and if all the two or three wires of a note are to be newly strung, we may judge of the thickness by the adjoining wires. A good eye will be a judge of this.

In a square piano-forte, the two highest octaves (beginning from C), and part of the third, to E inclusive, may be strung with No. 10, steel wire; from Eb in the third octave to Bb in the fourth, No. 11 steel will serve; from A to E, or even C, in the fourth octave, No. 12 steel may be employed. No. 12 steel is successively followed by Nos. 12, 13, and 14, brass, and then come the covered wires.

In a grand piano-forte, No. 10 steel for the highest octave (beginning with C); the two next octaves, and part of the fourth octave, to the highest G in the bass inclusive, may have No. 11 steel; from that G to A in the fifth octave inclusive, No. 10 steel will do. Nos. 12, 13, 14, and 15, brass, follow next; but these will seldom want replacing.

In the above, it will be seen, that our progress by octaves has been downwards. The numbers given, however, must not be taken as positively fixed; they vary in different instruments, as has already been stated. The eye, therefore, must be consulted; and if a person should mistrust his eye, he might, at a trifling expense, get a measure made, similar to what is used for violin-strings, viz. a brass plate, with an open slit, gradually terminating in a point, somewhat like a very slender V, the degrees being marked at the sides. The wire being inserted in this slit, the thinner it is, the more it will sink towards the point of the V, and the degrees at the side will tell its thickness.

To fix a wire, two things are principally to be attended to:

1. The twisted loop by which it is slipped over the little stud. The twisting may easily be done with the fingers, and if those should be too tender for the task, a particular hook affixed to the tuning-hammer is intended for that purpose. A few trials will suffice to learn this.

2. The winding of the wire round the iron peg. This operation is more difficult, and if it is not properly managed, we may eternally turn the peg with the hammer without the wire's partaking of our effort. I shall endeavour to convey the necessary directions with as much clearness as the want of graphic illustration will allow. If the reader should not at once seize my meaning, it will perhaps be well for him to make a trial with a piece of wire, or even common twine, and a short bit of pencil.

The loop being made, and the wire fixed by it in the little stud, let the length of the wire exceed, by seven or eight inches, the distance between the stud and the peg-hole; then stretch the wire straight, by going along it with an old glove, the whole length, backwards and forwards, holding the end of the wire with one hand. This being done, and the wire passed over the studs (both near the action and on the bridge), and also through the slips of cloth, observe the following directions: Place yourself at the right-hand end of the square piano-forte*, apply the

* The end nearest the row of pegs.

extremity of the wire close along the side of the peg (the point* of which must look towards the loop of the wire), and let the extremity of the wire touch the broad end of the peg. At about one third of the peg (reckoning from the point) press the wire close to the iron with the thumb; then begin winding the wire round the peg, *towards you*, taking care that you cover, as soon as possible, the spare wire which lay along the peg, and that the successive turnings of the wire (which ought to go towards the broad end of the peg) be as near and close to each other as it is in your power to make them. These turns should likewise be as tight as possible, otherwise their pressure upon the transverse end, which these turns are intended to cover and confine, will not be sufficient. This proper degree of strength and pressure is best attained by keeping, during the winding, the whole length of the wire in a constant state of tension, and by winding towards the other end which hangs in the stud. As soon as you have wound as much as will bring you near the peg-hole, (about five or six turns) twist off the end of the wire, and insert the peg in the hole, taking care that in so doing the wire be not slackened, and your work thereby loosened. The peg then is beaten in with the hammer, and afterwards turned with the key-end of the hammer, and *gradually* brought to a pitch.

However explicit these directions may be, the reader will probably have to avail himself of his own ingenuity and sagacity to carry them properly into effect. If any part should appear obscure, I repeat the advice, before given, to make a trial or two with a twine or piece of wire, and thus to obtain both a clear idea of the method, and a fair degree of practice, against future occasion. G. L.

* By the point of the peg, I mean that part which is inserted in the hole.

## ANCESTRY OF LORD BYRON.

We quote the following lines, an epitaph on Sir John Byron of Newstead or Newsteed Abbey, the ancestor of the present poetical peer, from a curious old volume, entitled "*Virtus post funera vivit*, or Honour triumphing over Death," by a person of the name of William Sampson, and printed in 1636. We doubt whether Lord Byron himself ever read or heard of this tribute.

ON THE RENOWNED GENTLEMAN, OLD SIR JOHN BYRON OF NEWSTEED ABBEY.

Like to the silly freckled butterfly,
Oblivious winter long hath let thee lie:
But now the sun his beams hath darted forth,
And most illustriously gilds thy worth.
'Tis not a marble tomb, nor some few lines
Writ with a golden pencil, that confines
Our good and bad acts; 'tis memory,
That records them unto posterity:
And that we have from thee; for thou wert all
That can be said of goodness natural.
Lives he that will not justify, how fame
Rais'd early trophies to the Byron's name;
How by desert thy noble virtues shone
In their own orb, rectified by none?
He truly serv'd his country, nobly the state,
And was for both, like Basil's magistrate,
Free from corruption, avarice, or pride:
His virtues, not his vices, did he hide,
When royal Anne was pleased for to try,
Diana-like, her strong artillery
In spacious *Sherwood*, famous'd for the fame
Of *Robin Hood*, whose bower still bears the name;

Then had you seen our Byron, with what port
He entertain'd her majesty to the court!
With musie sweet, as if in harmony,
The earth and heavens in concert, did agree
To speak a bounteous welcome, such an one
As well might vivify a heart of stone.
How every office in its own sphere mov'd,
Admir'd by all, and of the whole court lov'd!
Freedom and plenty strove which should exceed;
Bounty proclaim'd full welcomes to Newsteed:
Yet with a free and sparing hand; for she
Sauc'd every junket with sweet temp'rancy:
But what of these? Why nothing! all is gone:
These are but shadows to perfection.
He was religion's friend, and with a sword
And shield of faith did ever man God's word.
He liv'd, till in the autumn of his age,
Death sign'd his exit off this frail world's stage.
But tho' he's gone, he that so dies, dies not;
But lives, and never can be here forgot.

## CORONATION OF CHARLES II.

(From Evelyn's *Journal.)*

(Under the expectation that the coronation of his Majesty will take place in the course of the present summer, the following details, by an eye-witness, regarding that august ceremony in the reign of Charles II. will be read with interest.]

The coronation of his majesty Charles II. in the abbey church of Westminster, took place on February 23d, at all which ceremony I was present. The king and all his nobility went to the Tower, I accompanying my Lord Viscount Mordaunt part of the way; this was on Sunday the 22d, but indeed his majesty went not till early this morning, and proceeded from thence to Westminster in this order:

First went the Duke of York's horse-guards, messengers of the chamber, one hundred and thirty-six esquires to the knights of the Bath, each of whom had two, most richly habited; the knight harbinger, sergeant porter, servers of the chamber, quarter-waiters, six clerks of chancery, clerk of the signet, clerk of the privy seal, clerks of the council, of the parliament, and of the crown; chaplains in ordinary, having dignities, ten; king's advocate and remembrancer, counsel at law, masters of the chancery, puisne sergeants, king's attorney and solicitor, king's eldest sergeant, secretaries of the French and Latin tongues, gentlemen ushers, daily waiters, sewers, carvers, and cup-bearers in ordinary; esquires of the body, four; masters of standing offices, being no counsellors, viz. of the tents, revels, ceremonies, armory, wardrobe, ordnance, requests; chamberlain of the exchequer, barons of the exchequer, judges, lord chief baron, lord chief justice of the common pleas, master of the rolls, lord chief justice of England, trumpets, gentlemen of the privy chamber, knights of the Bath, sixty-eight, in crimson robes, exceeding rich, and the noblest show of the whole cavalcade, his majesty excepted; knight marshal, treasurer of the chamber, master of the jewels, lords of the privy council, comptroller of the household, treasurer of the household, trumpets, sergeant trumpet, two pursuivants at arms, barons, two pur-

suivants at arms, viscounts, two heralds, earls, lord chamberlain of the household, two heralds, marquisses, dukes, heralds Clarencieux and Norroy, lord chancellor, lord high steward of England, two persons representing the Dukes of Normandy and Aquitaine, viz. Sir Richard Fanshawe and Sir Herbert Price, in fantastic habits of the time; gentlemen ushers, garter, Lord Mayor of London, the Duke of York alone (the rest by twos), lord high constable of England, lord great chamberlain of England, the sword borne by the earl marshal of England; the KING, in royal robes and equipage: afterwards followed equerries, footmen, gentlemen pensioners, master of the horse, leading a horse richly caparisoned; vice-chamberlain, captain of the pensioners, captain of the guard, the guard, the horse-guard, the troop of volunteers, with many other officers and gentlemen.

This magnificent train, on horseback, as rich as embroidery, velvet, cloth of gold and silver, and jewels, could make them and their prancing horses, proceeded through the streets strewed with flowers, houses hung with rich tapestry, windows and balconies full of ladies; the London militia lining the ways, and the several companies, with their banners and loud music, ranked in their orders; the fountains running wine, bells ringing, with speeches made at the several triumphal arches; at that of the Temple Bar (near which I stood), the lord mayor was received by the bailiff of Westminster, who, in a scarlet robe, made a speech. Thence, with joyful acclamations, his majesty passed to Whitehall.

The next day, being St. George's, he went by water to Westminster Abbey. When his majesty was entered, the dean and prebendaries brought all the regalia, and delivered them to several noblemen to bear before the king, who met them at the west door of the church, singing an anthem to the choir. Then came the peers in their robes, and coronets in their hands, till his majesty was placed in a throne elevated before the altar. Then the Bishop of London (the Archbishop of Canterbury being sick) went to every side of the throne to present the king to the people, asking if they would have him for their king, and do him homage; at this they shouted four times, *God save King Charles II!* Then an anthem was sung. Then his majesty, attended by three bishops, went up to the altar, and he offered a pall and a pound of gold. Afterwards he sat down in another chair during the sermon, which was preached by Dr. Morley, then Bishop of Worcester. After sermon, the king took his oath before the altar, to maintain the religion, magna charta, and laws of the land. The hymn *Veni S. Sp.* followed, and then the Litany by two bishops. Then the Archbishop of Canterbury, present, but much indisposed and weak, said, *Lift up your hearts;* at which the king rose up, and put off his robes and upper garments, and was in a waistcoat so opened in divers places, that the archbishop might commodiously anoint him, first in the palms of his hands, when an anthem was sung and a prayer read; then his breast and betwixt his shoulders, bending of

both arms, and lastly on the crown of the head, with apposite hymns and prayers at each anointing; this done, the dean closed and buttoned up the waistcoat. Then was a coif put on, and the cobbium, sindon, or dalmatic, and over this a supertunic of cloth of gold, with buskins and sandals of the same, spurs, and the sword, a prayer being first said over it by the archbishop on the altar, before it was girt on by the lord chamberlain; then the armill, mantle, &c. Then the archbishop placed the crown imperial on the altar, prayed over it, and set it on his majesty's head, at which all the peers put on their coronets. Anthems and rare music, with lutes, viols, trumpets, organs, and voices, were then heard, and the archbishop put a ring on his majesty's finger. He next offered his sword on the altar, which being redeemed, was drawn and borne before him. Then the archbishop delivered him the sceptre with the dove in one hand, and in the other the sceptre with the globe. Then the king kneeling, the archbishop pronounced the blessing. The king then ascending again his royal throne, whilst *Te Deum* was singing, all the peers did their homage, by every one touching his crown, the archbishops and rest of the bishops first kissing the king, who received the holy sacrament; and so disrobed, yet with the crown imperial on his head, and accompanied with all the nobility in the former order, he went on foot upon blue cloth, which was spread and reached from the west door of the abbey to Westminster stairs, where he took water in a triumphal barge to Whitehall, where was extraordinary feasting.

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## QUERY RELATIVE TO THE INCREASE OF WILD HORNED CATTLE IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

*Mr.* Editor,

Most of your readers are probably acquainted with the fact of some cattle, belonging to the British settlement in Botany-Bay, having, in the infancy of that colony, strayed into the interior, where the abundance of pasturage and the good climate enabled them to support themselves ever since in a wild state, and to increase in a surprising degree.

This increase, and their present number, having been variously stated in different accounts of that settlement (from 500 heads to 70,000), a discussion on the utmost possible limits of their augmentation, in which I lately happened to be a party, induces me to request the favour of being permitted to propose a query on this subject to such of your readers as may feel competent and inclined to oblige me with their opinion.

With a view to state the data of my problem as correctly as possible, I have consulted the interesting and unique work recently published, under the title of "An Historical Account of the Colony of New South Wales, with twelve plates, engraved by W. Preston, *a convict*." In this work I find the following two passages:

"P. 14. In the month of June 1788, the colony sustained a severe loss, by the neglect of a con-

vict who had the charge of the cattle. He unfortunately suffered them to stray out of his sight; and two bulls and four cows (the whole stock of black cattle, but one cow, which was shortly afterwards shot by the governor's order,) were lost, and not discovered until about fifteen years afterwards, when they and their progeny were found in a beautiful tract of land, now called the Cow Pastures, where they had multiplied prodigiously. They have not, however, proved of any utility to the colony."

"P. 32. On the 8th of the same month (Nov. 1798), the governor set out with a party in order to ascertain the truth of some rumours and imperfect accounts of the existence of the cattle lost in 1788, which had been circulated both by the natives and by some of the convicts who had been employed to shoot for the hospital. After travelling two days in a S. S. W. direction from Prospect Hill, where an agricultural establishment had been judiciously formed by Governor Phillip, the governor and his party crossed the river, which is now called the Nepean, and, to their great surprise and satisfaction, fell in with a very fine herd of cattle, upwards of forty in number, grazing in very rich pastures. The next morning, as they were trying to kill a calf for the purpose of ascertaining whether this herd had in fact sprung from the two bulls and five ' (query *four*)' cows which had escaped from the settlement in 1788, of which circumstance considerable doubts were entertained by some gentlemen of the party, they were furiously attacked by a bull in the rear of the herd, which they were obliged to kill in their own defence. This bull, however, set their doubts on this head at rest, more effectually, perhaps, than a calf would have done; for he had all the marks of the Cape cattle; viz. wide spreading horns, a moderate hump between his shoulders, and a short thin tail; and as the cattle that had strayed away were of this breed, no further doubt could be entertained, that the herd thus discovered were their progeny."

The author of the above work states, that this colony of wild cattle has hitherto been more detrimental to the prosperity of the settlement than beneficial; and he does not anticipate any future advantages from it. On this question it is not my intention to enter; my sole object being a matter of arithmetical curiosity, I shall, without further delay, propound the problem as follows:

QUERY: *Four cows and two bulls having strayed in June* 1788, *they and their progeny having ever since remained in a state of nature, in a propitious climate, and in a country at all seasons productive of a sufficiency of food for the greatest possible numbers of their race, to what extent of increase might this horned colony have reached in June* 1820, *supposing no diminution by human or other violence to have thinned their numbers at any time?*

As the age of the parent stock in 1788 must enter the calculation, we will take it to be three years on an average for each of the six beasts.

I should have been glad, Mr. Editor, to submit to your readers an estimate of my own, but felt in-

competent, from a want of sufficient experience in farming concerns. To enable such estimate to be formed, and to obtain the data necessary to the solution of the foregoing problem, I beg leave to add the following accessory questions:

1. What is the average period of the natural life of a cow or bull?

2. What is the period of a cow's gestation?

3. How soon may a cow have her first calf?

4. How many calves is a cow likely to produce during her natural life?

5. What is the average proportion of male and female births?

I am, sir, MATHEMATICUS.

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## THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. LXV.

'Tis not a set of features or complexion,
The tincture of a skin, that I admire:
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.

ADDISON'S *Cato*.

IT does not become an essayist to dwell long upon the same subject. To become wearisome is to produce disgust, and where success depends upon affording amusement, wisdom itself, if it become monotonous, will fail at least of that part of its object. Beauty, however, is a topic of such universal interest, that if I venture to add another lucubration to those which I have already offered on this attractive subject, I feel an internal conviction that I shall be forgiven. The following letter is, I believe, from a pen, and, I trust, my meaning will be understood when I add, from a mind, to which the *Female Tattler* has been occasionally indebted. While it flatters my monthly labours, I most willingly acknowledge that it enhances their value by affording such assistances to them.

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TO THE FEMALE TATTLER.

*Madam*,

The papers which you have successively given to Mr. Ackermann's *Repository* on the subject of beauty, have, I doubt not, afforded as much pleasure to the general readers of that elegant, entertaining, and instructive Miscellany, as they have done to me; and if you think that the following thoughts upon such an interesting occasion are worthy of being incorporated with your own, I shall feel myself happy in making such a return for the pleasure which you have so frequently communicated to me. I tell you honestly and without reserve, that they are taken from my commonplace-book, and therefore are to be considered not altogether as original thoughts of my own, but as a selection of the opinions of others: they, however, will touch upon a branch of the subject which has not yet fallen under your consideration, and will form, I presume, an interesting part of it. I shall therefore proceed to offer to your attention, and, if such should be your pleasure, to that of your readers, the notions which the most polished people of antiquity entertained of *beauty*.

The same word among the Greeks signifies *beautiful* and *good*. Zeno denominated beauty, "the flower of virtue;" an appellation which conferred on it additional embellishment. "Beauty," he said, "is the brilliancy and splendour of goodness. To the mind, as to the eye, no objects are beautiful, but such as are truly good and useful." The following maxims are collected from various Greek philosophers, in which, as may be expected, moral excellence is intimately connected with superior beauty: "Nothing is beautiful but what is good."—"Nothing is good but what is useful."—"The knowledge of what is beautiful would be of no use to us, did it not produce the knowledge of what is good," &c. &c. Beauty is therefore the expression of all the physical and moral qualities which are suited to the nature of the object in which it manifests itself.

If this principle be applied to the human species, it will be found, perhaps, that the distinguishing traits of beauty in man, as well as in woman, consist in the expression of those qualities which are specifically adapted to the end proposed by nature.

Marmontel, a French author of no common celebrity in his own country, and whose name is known throughout Europe for the affecting touches of his pen, and the sensibilities it awakens in the feeling mind, has thrown out some ideas upon this subject, which I shall offer without the fear of lessening the impressions which may be expected from it.

"What," says he, "was the primary design of Nature with respect to the human race? It seems to be her intention that man should labour to procure support, and present himself, as occasion requires, to protect those who are dependent upon him. All that indicates agility, address, vigour, and courage in the stature and features of man; pliant and nervous limbs; strongly marked articulations; forms which promise a firm resistance, or a free and ready action; a stature, the figure of which is as remote from feebleness, as from what is heavy and overcharged: such a correspondence of parts with each other, that their mechanical movements may not be liable to the least obstruction from opposing action; with features which are equally susceptible of courage and dignity, as of tenderness and sensibility. Such, without entering into more minute description, constitutes what may be considered as the beauty of man; and to represent a man as handsome, is to say no more than, that when nature made him she fulfilled her own original intentions."

The destination of woman is to fix herself with her husband and her children. The mother has no time, in a state of nature, either to provide for her own subsistence or for their common defence; and as long as the infant stands in need of a mother, so long the mother stands in need of a husband. Interest therefore would not alone have been sufficient to retain him: the wandering savage requires other ties than those of consanguinity; the tender passion accomplishes the will of nature; and the remedy against inconstancy is the all-

subduing charm of beauty, whose influence is every where, at all times, and over all.

The character of beauty in the female arises from her destination. Nature formed her for a wife and a mother; for the repose necessary to those characters, and the pleasure that arises from them, in the affections arising from both.

Two powerful attractions in women are love and modesty; the character therefore of female beauty will be sensible and modest: but as woman is born to be a sharer in the happiness of man, and not to be the mere slave of his wishes, female beauty should be accompanied with a certain degree of nobleness of sentiment, and a modest dignity of carriage.

But as woman must be conscious that, considering the comparative state of their characters, she must be more or less dependent upon man, beauty naturally requires also a certain timidity of sentiment; not acting from any humiliating consciousness of inferiority, but from a touching sentiment in her mind, arising from the consideration, that in their social character she must look upon man as her support and protector.

But while I am speaking of the superiority of man over woman from the causes which I have illustrated, I might also explain the ascendancy she possesses naturally over man; and I wish that the space allotted would allow me to enlarge upon a subject, to which so many of my sex owe the happiness and the honour of their lives. I may venture, perhaps, to employ myself in the delineation of that interesting and delightful subject at some future period. To captivate the heart, is one thing; but to preserve it from inconstancy, and to secure it against languor, is another. Beauty may undertake to do both; but by what means? Not by artifice; for that may beget suspicion, and then the whole edifice of affection would totter, and might soon be overwhelmed in ruins: no, it is by rendering beauty obedient to all the finer movements of the imagination, of the mind and of the soul; it is by acting as a mirror, and reflecting every thing, but with additional embellishment.

From these hints I shall, with your favour, enlarge on the subject at some future period. I am, madam, your most obliged humble servant,

CRITO.

## MUSICAL REVIEW.

*Handel's Chorusses arranged as Duets for two Performers on the Piano-forte*, by J. F. Burrowes. Nos. 1, 2, and 3.—(Goulding and Co. Soho-square.)

OUR readers do not expect an eulogy on the chorusses of Handel, nor a dissertation on the expediency of casting them into the form of duets for the piano-forte. The amateur that cannot sing these mighty bursts of a genius as gigantic in harmony as Dr. Johnson was in literature, will thank Mr. Burrowes for having put it in his power to enjoy a pretty good taste of the grandeur of these colossal compositions. Adaptations

of great scores, besides the opportunity they afford of forming a tolerably correct idea of compositions, sometimes not otherwise accessible, possess another advantage. Supposing we have heard the composition with the fullest possible effect, the arrangement on a reduced scale affords a rich and beneficial scope for harmonic reminiscences. In playing the extract, we hear, as it were, more than we execute ourselves. Our memory supplies what, from necessity, has been omitted: the flutes, the trumpet, the trombone, go on accompanying within, while the fingers work without; the mouth hums or whistles to fill up vacancies, the very nerves vibrate the grand total of effect.

The present arrangement is altogether extremely effective, particularly in respect to the bass parts, the energetic evolutions of which have been faithfully preserved. This collection, we believe, is intended to comprise twelve successive numbers (there are good materials for as many more). The contents of the three first numbers are as follow: No. 1. "Oh, the pleasure of the plains" *(Acis and Galatea)*—No. 2. "Welcome, mighty king" *(Saul)*—No. 3. "Hallelujah" *(Messiah)*.

*Celebrated Sinfonia by Haydn, called "The Festino," adapted as a Duet for the Piano-forte*, by J. M'Murdie, Mus. Bac. Oxon.—Pr. 6s.—(Royal Harm. Institut.)

It is probably to the beautiful andante with variations in A major $\frac{2}{4}$, that this symphony is principally indebted for the high estimation in which it is held. The minuet, too, is Haydn all over. In the allegro, we have many unequivocal glimpses of Haydn's best style, mixed with commonplace matter, but in the finale we do not trace an idea that we can fancy or wish to be Haydn's. Mr. Murdie's note to this movement shews that he is aware of the doubts which exist with regard to its authenticity, and his arrangement of it, alone, would strengthen those doubts. The three other movements he has transferred to the piano-forte in a manner that leaves nothing to be wished for; the adaptation is throughout excellent. But in the finale, his success is not equally obvious; and why? because there were not materials to work upon successfully. The thing is trite and thin in its original score; quite of a description to produce such a page as 24. We suspect the movement to be one of Wanhal's compositions.

"*Sweet is the balmy evening hour*," *a Ballad written by Miss Milford; the Music composed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte*, by J. M'Murdie, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Clementi and Co.)

The melody of this ballad (A major $\frac{4}{4}$) unites delicacy of musical sentiment to an attractive simplicity of expression, and the easy and unaffected flow of cantilena is supported by a full and effective harmonic colouring. The author is partial to a certain manner of transiently modulating out of the tonic by means of an accidental sharp added to the key note: in the short ballad before us, we observe five or six cases of this description. A more sparing employment of the transition would

have been desirable, more particularly as it leads to a minor chord, which more or less creates a plaintive impression. The first word in the poetry, "Sweet," will hardly admit of an unaccented note; it is essentially long, and might with great propriety have begun the bar, instead of being a leading note.

The symphony, towards the conclusion, exhibits a clever and interesting series of harmonies. — Whether the first A in the concluding bar was not meant to be a B, is a doubt with us. To us B would have been preferable, not only in an harmonic point of view, but also for the sake of rhythm, to correspond with the cadence in the fourth bar.

*Air*, "*O let the merry bells ring round*," *arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-forte, with an Introduction, composed, and inscribed to Miss Thunder*, by Edwin Atherstone of Taunton. Pr. 2s. 6d. (Goulding and Co.)—

If we could reconcile ourselves to the theme which Mr. A. has selected for his rondo, many portions of his labour would hold out attractions, to which our aversion to the subject renders us indifferent. Whatever ingenuity and cleverness there may be in the art of ringing—an art exclusively British—we candidly own our utter insensibility to its charms; all the changes within the power of numerical combination, up to the grand bob major itself, have ever been incapable of exciting a pleasing sensation in our dull nerves. Fraught with this bias against the originals, it would be difficult for us to relish the various and many imitations on the piano-forte, to which Mr. A.'s theme has given occasion. But as our insensibility in this respect is far from being general, and there are thousands who would go many a mile to enjoy the treat of a scientific peal, the rondo of Mr. A. got up as it is in an appropriate and clever manner, will probably find a sufficiency of admirers, to compensate the labour and meritorious care which he has exerted in giving his text—such as it is—all the attraction he could bestow upon it.

*Palinodia a Nice, in thirteen vocal Duets, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated, by permission, to H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex*, by J. F. Danneley. Nos. VI. and VII. —(Royal Harm. Institut.)

No. VI. G minor $\frac{6}{8}$, consists of two strains. In the first we observe a vein of affecting plaintive simplicity, and a justness of rhythmical proportion, which cannot fail to give satisfaction to a well-organized musical mind. The whole strain is well conducted. In the second strain the system of modulation at the commencement is good; the soprano perhaps too plain among its G's and F's; a little of figure would have been desirable. The accompaniment has some transient flaws, arising from the bass being occasionally cast into running melody, without sufficient attention to the question of good coincidence with the rest of the parts, p. 2, b. 9—p. 3, b. 6. The conclusion (pp. 5 and 6) is interesting, and much in character; it reminds us of an air in Him-

FANCY BALL DRESS

mel's Fanchon. The tempo, to judge by the metronomical direction, appears to us unusually rapid.

No. VII. G major, $\frac{2}{4}$. Whoever can imagine a motivo like the eight first bars in this duet, and an idea with the repetitions like that in p. 3, l. 1, at *Fuor' che la tua beltà*, may be assured that music vibrates in his being.—*Bravo il maëstro! Sic tendimus ad astra.*—This is the vein we must follow up and explore, to arrive at the native ore of musical treasure. The duet, amidst its excellencies, has imperfections, which we should not have hinted at, but to see our critical credit secure: the pleasure we have derived from this composition is too genuine to be alloyed by a consideration of minor defects.

"*Dear, dear, the thought's enchanting*," *an admired Ballad, sung by Miss Tunstall at the London Concerts, written by F. Wyman, jun. Esq. composed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte*, by G. Fred. Harris. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(J. Monro, Skinner-street.)

The hopeful anticipations of a young miss at boarding school, which form the subject of these verses of rather a warm complexion, have received at Mr. H.'s hands a very lively and, occasionally, humorous treatment. The melody is neat and brisk, the accompaniment effective and properly variegated, and the execution, while affording some active employment for the fingers, will be found sufficiently easy to be compassed by moderate talents.

# FASHIONS.

## LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 28.—FANCY BALL DRESS.

A ROUND dress, composed of pink gauze over satin to correspond; at the bottom of the skirt is a wreath of full-blown roses, placed at the edge; above this wreath is a row of shells, embroidered in silver at irregular distances; they are surmounted by bouquets of roses, which are also placed irregularly, with considerable spaces left between. The *corsage* is rather long in the waist; it is cut square round the bust, but is not so low as usual; it fastens behind: a blond tucker *à l'enfant* goes round the bust, and is headed by a very full wreath of blond shells edged with pink satin. Full sleeve of pink gauze over satin; it is disposed in a row of full puffs, which are surrounded by gauze bands edged with satin to correspond; these bands are fastened by small bouquets composed of roses and honeysuckle: a narrow gauze *ruche*, set on very full, terminates the sleeve. The hair is disposed in full soft curls at the sides of the face, and is much parted on the forehead; it is dressed very low behind. Head-dress, a pearl tiara, placed rather far back, and a full plume of white ostrich feathers; they are put at the left side, almost at the back of the head, and droop over the forehead. Earrings and necklace, pearls; the latter is a *négligé*, with a knot of

pearls depending from it. White kid gloves. White *gros de Naples* slippers, with satin quillings and rosettes.

PLATE 29.—HEAD-DRESSES.

No. 1. A bonnet composed of white *gros de Naples;* the crown, of a moderate height, is round, and ornamented *en marmotte* with a *gros de Naples* handkerchief, trimmed with Urling's lace, the ends of which fasten under the chin. The brim is large, and trimmed at the edge with a very full quilling of lace. A fancy flower is placed on one side of the crown.

No. 2. A white lace *cornette:* the caul is round and small, but appears high, from being ornamented with what the *marchandes de modes* call a lace gipsy; this goes all round the crown, but stands out from it, and is finished with satin piping. The head-piece is small, and the ears narrow, and cut very far back; double border of broad net, quilled very full. A bouquet of flowers is placed across the caul, and a bow of lilac ribbon fastens the ears under the chin.

No. 3. A blond net *cornette:* the caul is higher than we have recently seen them; it is disposed in folds; the head-piece is small, and the ears rather broad; the border is of blond lace disposed in full flutings. A bunch of lilac ornaments the crown, and white strings fasten it under the chin.

No. 4. A white zephyreene bonnet: the crown is small, and rather of a melon shape, and the brim is very deep; it is finished at the edge with broad blond put on very full, and surmounted by a wreath of embossed white satin leaves. The crown is surrounded with small bouquets of apple-blossoms, which are placed at regular distances, and just in front is a full bow of zephyreene.

No. 5. A turban composed of blond mixed with white satin: the crown is of blond, and very full, but the fulness is confined by satin folds; the lower part is composed of small tight folds of mingled satin and blond. A blond drapery, tastefully decorated with satin pipings, and edged with blond lace, falls from behind.

We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint, inventress of the *corset à la Grecque*, of No. 9, Henrietta-street, Govent-Garden, for both the fancy ball-dress and the head-dresses.

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## GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Promenade dress is rather more diversified than it was last month; silk pelisses indeed are still considered most fashionable; but silk and satin spencers are also worn, and silk or china crape shawls are much in favour with white dresses. We think that waists have rather decreased in length; and we observe, that the greater number of pelisses have a little fulness in the back just at the bottom of the waist; this fulness is confined by a belt of the same material, and a row of silk buttons, or ornaments of different shapes, but always small, go across the back. Sleeves still continue to be of an easy width, and we scarcely ever remember a greater variety in the forms of epaulettes: some are composed of three or four folds, partly of the same material as the pelisse, and partly of satin; they are laid over one another with a little distance between

each, and are crossed on the shoulders. Another fashionable half-sleeve consists of a cluster of points; there are four or five rows one over another; they are edged with satin zephyreene, or sometimes *gros de Naples*. Puffed epaulettes, though so long worn, are still fashionable; the puffs are formed by bands or by leaves; and a half-sleeve, something in the form of a wing, which the French call *mancheron*, is adopted by many tonish *élégantes*.

Satin is upon the whole more used for trimmings than any other material, but it is frequently mixed with the same silk as the pelisse. A style of trimming that we think has a very neat effect, is a broad band of satin, which goes all round, and is finished at the upper edge with four or five very narrow folds of satin laid close to each other. Another fashionable trimming is composed of satin cut nearly, but not quite, into the shape of points; the narrow part turns upward, and is terminated by a small satin rosette: this kind of trimming is used only for the bottom of the skirt. A band of satin laid on plain, and looped down at regular distances by shells or broad leaves of the same material as the pelisse, is also fashionable; and broad plaited bands of *gros de Naples*, or zephyreene, are also worn.

We have not yet observed any thing very novel in the form of spencers: the epaulettes are made in the same style as those we have just described for pelisses; the bottom of the sleeve in both is usually finished with a fulness, or with bands. Jackets are now not at all worn to pelisses, but they are still very fashionable to spencers, and are always made short and full; they do not come farther than the back, except when they are formed of tabs, and then they are made as described in our last Number.

Leghorn bonnets are fashionable, but not so much so as we expected to see them, in walking dress; they are worn indeed for the retired morning walk, or for shopping; but we do not see near so many in the promenades as we have seen for some seasons back: silk bonnets, on the contrary, are more in favour than usual at this season: the pelisse and bonnet generally correspond both in colour and material, but there is frequently a mixture of satin in the bonnet.

The size of bonnets is pretty nearly the same as last month; some few *élégantes* have made an effort to reduce the dimensions of the brims, but we do not think it has been upon the whole very successful. Flowers continue as much in favour as ever; and ribbons, which have more beauty and novelty than we ever remember, are also very much worn.

Among the most fashionable ribbons is one, the middle of which is *gros de Naples*, and the edges of silk open work, wrought in the pattern of Valenciennes lace: others have mixed stripes, which are very broad, and there are three shades of the same colour in every stripe: a third sort of ribbon is clouded in spots; these are also very pretty.

White *gros de Naples* spencers, and white China crape shawls, are very much in favour in carriage dress. The small hat which we described last month, has been very generally adopted. We have no-

ticed also a good many *toques* worn with lace *cornettes:* this is a style of head-dress extremely appropriate to carriage costume, and certainly far more becoming and tasteful than the large bonnets which have kept their ground so long.

The in-door dress of our modish *belles* will not afford us much room for observation. The only difference that has taken place in morning dress is, that robes are now a good deal worn; they are trimmed in general with work. The bodies of the greater number are made in the *chemisette* style, and the sleeves are very loose.

Muslin begins now to be a good deal worn in dinner dress; it is very profusely trimmed with lace, mostly disposed in flounces: when the dress is of clear muslin, those flounces are headed with broad tucks, through which a coloured ribbon is drawn; or else, instead of this heading, is a band of mosaic ribbon, or of plaited *gros de Naples.* We have no alteration to notice in the form of gowns.

Full dress is at this moment particularly splendid and elegant. Silk, satin, gauze, crape, and lace, are all fashionable. The trimmings consist of silver lama, blond lace, artificial flowers, and embroidery, both in silk and silver. A mixture of artificial flowers with embroidery in silver is much worn, and has a very striking effect. The dress we have given in our print is of this description, and is certainly the most tasteful novelty that has recently appeared.

Coloured gauzes and crapes, worn over a satin slip to correspond, are equally in favour with white; but when the dress is the latter, the *corsage* is frequently composed of white satin. We saw a few days since a white net dress over a white satin slip; the bottom of the skirt was embroidered in bouquets of silver lilies, the foliage of which was in green silk; the *corsage,* which was of satin, was ornamented in the middle and at each side of the bosom with a lily to correspond: the sleeve was a fulness of net fastened up with similar ornaments. We were very much pleased with the general effect of this dress, which united elegance and richness with simplicity.

Head-dresses in full dress continue as last month. Fashionable colours are, rose-colour, emerald green, pea green, lilac, straw-colour, and pale blue. All the different shades of rose-colour are in favour.

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## FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, April 19.

*My dear* SOPHIA,

I HAVE at last some news to tell you that will please you: our waists begin to shorten; but to say the truth, as yet they have not decreased much in length: they appear shorter than they really are, because the pointed stomachers have totally disappeared. Promenade dress exhibits a good deal of variety as to material, but very little as to form. *Perkale* is much in favour, but I think upon the whole not quite so much so as silk. *Gros de Naples,* levantine, and reps are

at present most worn; the different sorts distinguished by the appellation of *velours simulé*, &c. &c. begin to decline in estimation. There does not appear to be any settled standard for trimmings: some *belles* have their dresses trimmed remarkably high; and others, on the contrary, content themselves with a single row of broad silk fringe, or a couple of *ruches* of the same material as the gown, put pretty close to each other. We see many dresses with a broad rouleau, of the same material as the gown, at the bottom of the skirt, and three or four narrow bands of satin above it: these bands are wadded, and are cut bias, but they do not form a rouleau. In some instances, where a *fichu* of black lace is worn over the dress, a broad black lace of the same pattern, forms the trimming of the bottom of the skirt, and is surmounted by narrow bands of satin, made as I have just described, but put on in a serpentine direction.

The bodies of walking dresses are made in a more showy style than they have been for some time: a good many are ornamented at the bust with silk braiding and buttons; others have narrow bands of satin placed straight across the fronts, which fasten before with silk buttons; and there are some, also, that have bands of the same description disposed in a serpentine direction, and finished at each end with a Brandenbourg. The sleeve is still tight to the arm, and is ornamented at the bottom with a rouleau or *ruches:* the half-sleeve sometimes corresponds with the bust of the gown; if not, it is made very full; the fulness is divided in the middle by a band placed across. Collars are made as high as ever behind, but they are very shallow in front.

Such, my dear Sophia, is the style in which our silk walking dresses are made: as to those of *perkale*, they do not differ from those worn last month, which I have already described to you. Black lace *fichus* are always worn over white dresses, and are frequently thrown over coloured ones; but these last may be worn with or without, whereas the white dresses cannot.

The most fashionable promenade bonnets are those made of white satin with a mixture of coloured silk, which, if the gown is silk, always corresponds with it; the materials are quartered on the crown, and are either fluted or puffed: the brim is in general of the coloured silk, and is lined with white; it is finished at the edge with a full rouleau composed of alternate puffs of both colours. Satin bonnets, and those composed of crape or gauze over silk, are also in favour; and *pluche granit*, *velours simulé*, &c. &c. are likewise worn. There is a good deal of variety in the colours, and they are no longer, as formerly, made to correspond with the dress.

Bonnets continue the same size as last month, but flowers, which were then seldom seen, are now almost the only ornament adopted by our tonish *élégantes* for bonnets; but small hats, which are getting very much into favour, and are usually made with turban fronts, are in general adorned with feathers: whatever the colour of the hat is, the feathers are always

white; they are ostrich, and of the flat uncurled kind, and are long enough to droop on the shoulder. I saw a good many of these hats yesterday at Longchamp, which I believe I have told you is the fashionable promenade at this time, and will continue to be so for a few days after Easter: it is always a favourite walk, but in the beginning of the holy week the Parisian *belles* flock thither in crowds; and this is literally a penitential week to their fathers and husbands, who are taxed most exorbitantly to pay for their finery. It is no matter how elegant a lady's wardrobe may be, she is always sure to discover, as soon as this week approaches, that she has nothing fit to wear. Her husband may remonstrate, may murmur, but it will be in vain; she is sure to carry her point at last one way or other; if she cannot succeed by an appeal to his tenderness, she piques his pride. He sighs, shrugs his shoulders, draws his purse-strings with an air of chagrin, and finally, if he is truly French, ends by participating in the pleasure which his complaisance gives to his wife.

Pardon me this little digression, *ma chere Sophie;* for, to confess the truth, I have, as somebody expresses it, a bird-like propensity to hop from one subject to another.—To return to promenade dress: the skirts of our gowns are still worn very long. Coloured kid slippers begin to displace those of black leather, and half-boots are now very little seen. Our parasols are all of a large size, lined in general with white or rose-coloured sarsnet, and finished at the edge by a rich embroidery, terminated by a broad silk fringe. The most elegant have ivory handles, and these are carved in the same style as the ivory fans.

A very pretty half-dress has just been introduced, which I think is likely to become fashionable: it is a round gown composed of jaconot muslin; the bottom of the skirt is finished with a fulness of clear muslin; this is confined at regular distances by a band formed of three or four tucks, through which a narrow green ribbon is run, and at each end of the band a small bow is placed upon every tuck. The body is made half high; the back and the fronts also have a little fulness; the latter wrap across, and fasten in the middle of the back with a rosette of green satin ribbon. Three narrow tucks, through which a green ribbon is run, go round the bust, and are surmounted by a narrow lace tucker, which stands up. The sleeves are of an easy width; they are finished at the bottom to correspond with the bust; and the half-sleeve is in the same style as the trimming of the skirt.

Half-dress gowns are made in general nearly, but not quite, up to the throat, but without collars; those that fasten behind have full backs, so contrived as to hide where they fasten. The half-sleeve stands out from the shoulder, and is cut in such a manner as to resemble the teeth of a saw; a cuff of the same kind ornaments the long sleeve: the ends of the teeth turn upwards in the cuff, and downwards in the sleeve. When the *corsage* is made in this manner, the trimming of the skirt consists of one very deep row of these teeth—I

wish I could find another name for them, but I cannot hit upon one that would express my meaning:—these dresses are made both in muslin and silk. I had forgotten to say, that for promenade, and also for plain home dress, the trimming always corresponds.

Let us now speak of grand costume. We have again resumed our fondness for *les robes noirs:* at a ball where I was a few days ago, I saw several; but as they were all trimmed with colours, and many worn over white satin slips, they had not so very sombre an appearance; though I still regard the colour as most unsuitable to the festivities of a ball-room. One of the prettiest of these dresses was composed of soft black crape, and trimmed with a very full *bouffant* of black net; it was looped from distance to distance by a Provence rose with silver foliage. The *corsage* was made *à la Sevigné*, and looped by roses of the same description as that at the bottom, but much smaller. The sleeve corresponded with the bottom. The effect of this dress was extremely splendid and tasteful; the dazzling hue of the roses, with their silver foliage, was rendered still more striking by the colour of the robe.

Robes of white tulle, or gauze over white satin, are more fashionable than black ones; these also are trimmed with flowers: one of the most simply elegant is a frock of white gauze made tight to the shape, with a falling tucker of white blond, broad enough to form a pelerine all round: very short full sleeves, finished at the ends with a plaiting of blond net, disposed in large hollow plaits. The trimming of the bottom of the skirt consists of branches of white satin leaves, which are placed in a serpentine direction, with roses between; there are two rows of this trimming put pretty close to each other.

Dress hats, caps, and *toques* are now more in favour than head-dresses *en cheveux:* the former have always small brims; some are put on one side, with the brim bent down over the forehead: a bouquet of roses ornaments the crown, and a single rose is placed on the left side, under the brim. This kind of hat is made in satin, in *gaze de laine*, and in tulle: it has always a band of the same material, which passes under the chin, and fastens at one side.

The greater number of our dress hats are made with small ears, which resemble those of a *cornette:* when they are placed very far back, and cut small, they are not unbecoming; but they are frequently made very broad, and brought so forward, that they completely envelope the lower part of the chin; and in this case there are very few faces that they do not disfigure.

Dress caps are composed of gauze, tulle, blond, and sometimes of *gaze de laine:* they are remarkable only for their simplicity, being of a small round shape, sometimes a little pointed in the front in the Mary of Scotland style. Caps and hats are always trimmed with flowers. *Toques* are ornamented with feathers. The favourite flowers are the ranunculas, iris, lotus, and rose: the former had for a few days superseded the latter, but it

has now again the ascendancy. Fashionable colours are, water of the Nile (it is a pale sea green), emerald green, lilac, very bright lavender, rose colour, and citron. —Farewell, my dear friend! Always your

EUDOCIA.

# FINE ARTS.

## SIR JOHN FLEMING LEICESTER'S GALLERY.

"AMONG the few individuals of rank and fortune, who evince a disposition to cherish the arts of their country, the name of Sir John Leicester should be distinguished with respect: he views with partiality, and collects with pride, the flowers of native growth; and the merits of Northcote, Thomson, Calcott, &c. will justify his taste, while they attest his liberality."

SHEE's *Rhymes on Art—Notes.*

The better part of twenty years has passed away, since one of the most accomplished artists of our day, in a poetical work which will ever do credit to his taste and genius, paid the just and honourable tribute we have prefixed, to the patriotic patronage of Sir John Leicester. At that time, though the honourable baronet had done much in the high sphere in which he moves, to induce by his example men of rank to cultivate the growth of our fine arts, yet his efforts, great and singular as they undoubtedly were, had gone but a short way in giving in high life that decided tone of encouragement to our artists, which has attended his subsequent and more enlarged exertions, and mainly contributed to invite that public attention to the character of our native artists, which their merits and industry had previously, but imperfectly, acquired for them. The habits of retirement, seclusion, and patient industry, which the studies of an artist require, almost necessarily exclude him from public view, and unless the eye of patronage shall have chanced to fall upon him, he may only live to exemplify the plaintive lines of the poet, that,

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Of late years, through the individual and collective efforts of men like Sir John Leicester, acting upon the noblest impulse, and proceeding upon the soundest policy, a great change has taken place in the condition of our artists. Public exhibitions (though not always regulated like the Royal Academy and British Institution) have become not only more frequent, but more popular; a greater diffusion of taste for the arts has consequently prevailed, and the impetus thus given to the artist has been productive of much advantage to himself, and benefit to his country. That much remains yet to be done before our arts shall have developed the full tide of their majestic flood, we are most ready to admit: still more must be done by the public, and (pardon the expression) still more by our artists, before England shall have acquired enough of per-

BLACK AND WHITE PATTERN.

manent art for the full record of her immortality; before the ruins of her temples shall, like the Athenian Acropolis, furnish to after ages, in defiance of centuries of waste, desolation, and dilapidation, the finest models for sculptural beauty; and before her palaces (rich as they undoubtedly are) shall, like the Vatican, furnish to the nations of the world the concentrated grandeur of native art, cultured, matured, and endowed by native patronage. Still, whatever remains to be done must, we believe, be dependent upon a continuance of that course which has already done so much. There is little chance of that national patronage upon a large scale for which some incessantly call, and the value of which, even if given, appears to many more problematical than conclusive.

We turn from these general observations to the cheering contemplation of Sir John Leicester's Gallery, the more immediate object of our attention. On a former occasion we noticed the contents and arrangements of this Gallery in detail, and congratulated both the public and the artists upon the liberality with which it was opened on stated days, and by tickets, by the munificent proprietor. The days of visiting are Mondays, between the hours of one and four o'clock; and we believe the Gallery will continue open until the end of May. Since last year, Mr. Young, the respectable keeper of the British Institution, attracted by the importance of Sir John Leicester's collection to the British school, undertook to prepare a Catalogue of the Pictures in the Gallery, with etchings of each, on the same scale as his excellent Catalogue of the Grosvenor Collection. He finished and published it last month. It will be found a fine companion to the Gallery, as well as an excellent specimen of Mr. Young's merit as an artist. The etchings of the landscapes in particular are universally praised.

A number of alterations and some additions have been made in Sir John Leicester's Gallery since last year. The arrangement of some of the pictures has been altered, to make room for new works, which have been selected with the wonted taste and liberality of the distinguished proprietor.

The chief additions to the Gallery this year are (we give them in the order in which they appear in the Catalogue): *Angels*, J. Northcote, R. A.—Original design for *the Snake in the Grass* (which made way last year for Mr. Collins's Landscape), from Westall's Gallery, by Sir Joshua Reynolds:—*Children and Dead Robin*, H. Thomson, R. A.:—*Blackfriars Bridge*, from Somerset-House, G. Vincent:—*Kilgarran Castle*, J. M. W. Turner, R. A.:—*Congratulation*, G. H. Harlowe:—*View of Tabley-House*, Wilson, R.A.:—*Mermaid*, W. Hilton, R. A.

The last-mentioned picture is that which first strikes the eye of the spectator upon his entrance into the first apartment. It supplants the portrait of Madame Parisot, and would improve in effect were it possible to throw upon the picture a little more light. When we last noticed this Gallery, we expressed our admiration of Mr. Hilton's fine picture of *Europa*,

just then introduced into, and which still adorns this Gallery. His *Mermaid* is a composition in the same spirit of poetical feeling: he has thrown the figure much into shadow, and therefore deprived himself of much of the brilliant advantage which he acquired by his glow of colouring in the *Europa*. The subject of the *Mermaid* is taken from an old Scottish legend. The Mermaid is represented as exulting over the success of her spell, having deluded the hunter to her rocks, and contrived his death by the magical influence of a ringlet of hair, with the water-lily entwined around his brow. There is a charming air in the principal figure; it has a poetical richness equal to any thing we have seen in this class of art, which, added to a fine harmony of colouring, renders the picture worthy a place in a collection destined to record the capabilities of British art. Mr. Vincent's Thames View was, we believe, in the last Exhibition at the Royal Academy. It is a very creditable specimen of rising powers, and as such well entitled to Sir John Leicester's patronage. The composition is very good, and parts of the colouring managed with the best effect, by a judicious distribution over objects which are appropriately introduced. Poor Harlowe is dead, and it is useless to advert to his great merits, and his few defects: the former had a permanent, the latter an evanescent appearance; both are well understood by those who can alone profit by them. Of the older masters of our school whose works have been added to this collection, it is unnecessary to say more than, that the specimens, here displayed in a manner so well calculated to do justice and honour to their elevated merits, are in the best taste of the respective masters. We here see the elegance and grace of Reynolds, the truth and feeling for nature of Gainsborough, the richness and harmony of Opie, the admirable perspective of Turner, the fine sentiment of Thomson, the fine colouring of Hoppner, the delicate discrimination of Shee, the vigorous and ideal fancy of Fuseli, the striking expression of Northcote, the calm serenity of Collins, the lively fancy of Romney, the exquisite taste of Wilson, the finished perfection of Lawrence, the natural correctness of Owen, the sober dignity of West, the peculiar grandeur of De Loutherbourg, the vigorous and masterly pencil of Ward, the poetical delicacy of Howard.—We have exhausted the nominal perfections of art, although we have not named all the English artists whose works adorn this Gallery, and are calculated to perpetuate their fame. There is, in addition to the works we have alluded to, a beautiful specimen of Mr. Bone's talents as a painter in enamel. In the passage leading into the Gallery is a bust of the late venerable President of the Royal Academy, by Mr. Behnes. This bust was modelled from Mr. West, in his painting-room, a few months previous to his decease. Some objection has been taken to the melancholy cast of expression which the artist has given in this bust: but the best answer to this objection is, that such was the cast of expression in the original. The ex-

pression of Mr. West's features, while absorbed in thought, was that of a reserved and contemplative man; it was only when engaged in conversation that the play of his features became animated, and illustrated the benevolence of his character. Mr. Behnes has also given a cast from Mr. West's hand, taken a few hours after his death; and it is remarked, "that whatever may have been his thoughts at the awful moment of dissolution," (we know that, in unison with the uniform tenor of his virtuous life, they were those of piety and resignation,) "it is evident, from the obvious action of the hand, that the disposition to express those thoughts by the pencil was his ruling passion."

We cannot take leave of this Gallery without repeating to Sir John Leicester our humble but sincere thanks for his distinguished patronage of British art. As his Gallery is now one day in the week the centre of the rank and beauty of this gay metropolis, let us hope that his example will not be lost in so splendid a circle. Sir John Leicester has at least paid his homage to our arts, and to our artists, living and dead.

"Their deathless works forbid their fame to die,
Preserv'd within the living gallery."

## MR. WARD'S HISTORICAL PICTURE.

Mr. Ward has just finished his large historical picture for the directors of the British Institution. Our readers will recollect that, at the close of the late war, the directors, anxious to encourage the fine arts, and to celebrate the British arms, announced their intention to give a premium to a British artist for the finest sketch illustrative of their patriotic design. It fell to the lot of Mr. Ward, R. A. to obtain the honour thus held forth for public competition; and having obtained the order from the directors for a large picture after the design of his sketch, Mr. Ward has submitted the result of his labours to the public. Of public works, it is for the public to judge; but, without meaning to use the observation for any partial purpose, it is for us to state, that this is the first large work by Mr. Ward in this class of composition: his other pictures have been much admired in the department of art to which they belong, a department which, from the work before us, we are entitled to say, was calculated to circumscribe, rather than develope the powers of this artist. The size of Mr. Ward's picture is 35 feet by 21 feet. The description of the picture is made the subject of a pamphlet. The Duke of Wellington stands in the car of war, directed by Britannia, who is here invested with some new attributes. The hero is driving away the Demons of Anarchy, Rebellion, and Discord, with the Horrors of War; while Bellona is endeavouring to urge on the Horses of War, which Humanity at the same time, seated upon Britannia's Lion, endeavours to restrain. The Horses (which are appropriately Hanoverian) are conducted by the Cardinal Virtues; and, beneath them and the car, fall Usurpation, Oppression, and Tumult. Behind the car are seen

the Passions, Anger, Cruelty, and Revenge, trying to engage in the train; but they are overturned by Charity, under whose feet are the emblems of Slavery. The emblems of Religion are then contrasted with those of Irreligion and Blasphemy; and a crowd of mythological figures are brought into the representation of this part of the subject: among them, Charity is conspicuous, directing the attention of her children to the glories of the Deity. In the background, and near the car of Wellington, stand Blücher and Platoff (all the likenesses are excellent), near the colours of their respective nations. The object of the directors of the British Institution was to perpetuate the military renown of the nation, by preserving some palpable representation of a permanent action, calculated to impress the mind with a suitable idea of the prowess which had crowned the termination of the war that crushed the power of Bonaparte. Mr. Ward's sketch, placing Wellington in the car of victory, was finely imagined for such a purpose; but the artist, taking in his larger work a more comprehensive view of his subject, has introduced into his allegorical details, a variety of figures calculated to produce a commanding moral effect.—Being about to go to press when we saw this picture, we have not room for critical details. Some parts of the work are obviously grand in their execution: the car and horses are finely conceived; there is also no small portion of beauty in the poetical parts of the picture, and of grandeur in the general effect. The artist, in a work of this kind, which comprehends history, poetry, and allegory, has to encounter many difficulties in meeting the ordeal of public opinion. The first, and the greatest, is the difficulty of finding any very considerable portion of the frequenters of a public exhibition, to pause, and think upon the subject, and the object of the artist, before they pronounce a sweeping decision upon his work: we trust, however, that as the object is so patriotic, and combines in the representation so many moral attributes, the force of which must be felt by every reasoning mind, the artist will find in his eventual encouragement a stimulus to fresh exertions in the cause of morality and truth.

## EXHIBITION OF ENGRAVINGS.

We should have done great violence to our own feelings, and postponed an essential opportunity of calling the attention of the public to a new Exhibition of the Fine Arts, were we to have gone to press without some notice of the Exhibition, just opened, of Engravings by living British artists, under the patronage of his Majesty, in Soho-square. Nothing can be more gratifying than this fine display of the talents of our engravers. It brings at one view before the public a delineation of the progress made by our artists in a branch of art so essentially connected with the performance and durability of the fine arts of our country. We will venture to say,

that had our engravers embodied in this manner their respective productions a few years ago, they would have considerably advanced their conjoint reputation, and established for the school of engraving in England, that name and station which attached to their art in other countries, at periods more congenial, we fear, than the present, for the encouragement and developement of works of taste. An Exhibition of this kind is well calculated to dispel the vulgar error, that engraving is a servile art in the scale of works of the mind, and mostly consigned to the copyist. This gallery will shew what its real station and character are, and, above all, how capable it is of not only illustrating the history of our country, but of administering to its commercial greatness. In the infancy of this art, Albert Durer in Germany, and Marc Antonio in Rome, transmitted to posterity by their engravings the noblest compositions of the early painters. In the Bolognese school of the Caracci's, this art was exercised with equal success. Rubens and Vandyke cultivated it with ardour in Flanders; and of the engravers of that time it was well said, that "*sous leurs heureuses mains le cuivre devient or.*" In the reign of Louis XIV. engraving was cultivated in France, and its chief professor, Edelink, was knighted by that monarch; and the compositions of the old masters so multiplied by the engravers, as to become a source of considerable wealth to that country. Queen Anne, whose reign has been denominated the Augustan age of England, was obliged to send for a foreigner, Dorigny, to engrave from the Cartoons; and George I. knighted that eminent engraver upon the completion of his series from Raphael. From that time to the present, although England has had to boast in succession many native engravers of equal talents with any of the foreigners we have mentioned, no general attempt was made (except in an unworthy contest at the foundation of the Royal Academy,) to bring the art before the public in that prominent station to which its manifold claims entitle it. Some of the works in the present Exhibition are incomparable, and we lament that we have neither time nor space to enter into an analysis of their merits; nor are we sure, that in recommending the productions of the following, which adorn the gallery, to the public notice, we comprehend all the names of the ingenious artists who have contributed to this novel and interesting exhibition. The engravers who exhibit are, Messrs. S. W. Reynolds, Say, J. Scott, W. Ward, A. R. A. H. Hobson, Redaway, Warren, Goodall, Smith, Allen, Cooke, Coney, Cooper, Bragg, Turner, Romney, Le Keux, Branston, Woolnoth, Skelton, Wright, Miss Byrne, Rose, Engleheart, Corbould, Clint, Middiman, Lewis, Mitan, Rhodes, Agar, Cheeseman, Finden, Milton, Pye, Radclyffe, Robinson, Wallis, Bromley, A. R. A. Barenger, Thompson, Holloway, Slann, Webb, Tomkins, Hodgetts, Dawl, Holt, Varrel, Lupton, Ransen, Armstrong, Wedgwood, Hall, Audinet, R. Hills, and we believe several other artists, whose names we are unable to give, as the catalogue was not printed when we went to press.

## INTELLIGENCE REGARDING WORKS OF ART.

Mr. Ackermann will shortly publish four plates of *Coursing*, from paintings by Richard Jones, engraved in mezzotinto by Charles Turner, size 18 inches by 13. Also, *the Market Girl*, from a drawing by Richard Westal, Esq. R. A. and engraved by J. R. West, 20 inches by 16.

Mr. C. Moore has just completed a spirited bust of the late venerable Mr. Grattan, which has proved highly gratifying to his family and friends: it is above the size of life, and faithfully expresses the zealous energy of that eminent statesman. The same sculptor has also executed a bust of Mr. Charles Phillips, the barrister. Both are intended for the Exhibition.

The ensuing Exhibition at the Royal Academy promises to be one of the most splendid and interesting known for many years. Sir T. Lawrence has several most admirable portraits in it, and among them one of the Pope, a most venerable and striking head, which has already received the extravagant praise of being perhaps the finest production of this great artist. Mr. Owen, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Hilton, Mr. Calcott, Mr. Turner, and many others, have, we understand, already sent works of first-rate excellence to Somerset-House.

Mr. Scoular has sent from Edinburgh to the Royal Academy, a very striking and perfect bust of Professor Gregory.

Mr. Belzoni's Exhibition of Antiquities from Greece and Egypt, is in great forwardness at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

## INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

The continuation of *The World in Miniature*, in four vols. will appear very shortly. It contains a description of the manners and customs, with some historical particulars, of the Moors of Zahara, and of the Negro Nations between the rivers Senegal and Gambia; illustrated with two maps and forty-five coloured engravings. This is the second division of a work, intended to embrace all the nations of the globe, under the general title of "The World in Miniature."

In the press, and speedily will be published, in one volume octavo, *A Grammar of the Sanscrit Language*, on a new and simplified plan, by the Rev. Wm. Yates of Calcutta.

The *Faustus* of Goethe, which has been the subject of periodical criticism more than any work of the day, is at last to appear in an English dress. The translation is from the well-known pen of Mr. George Soane; and we are happy to observe, that instead of a free version, as is the case with "Undine," it is his intention to follow his author with exemplary fidelity.

A translation, by Mr. Soane, of *Sangerliebe*, a Provençal legend, by the Baron de la Motte Fouque, will appear in the course of a fortnight.

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## TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

*Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit, on or before the 15th of the month, announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our* Selections, *will be acceptable.*

*The apologue of the* Wonderful Nail *is too long for insertion at once: the first portion will be inserted in our Number for July.*

*We are much obliged by the favour of the correspondent who sent us a view and description of* Macbeth's Castle at Inverness: *we are sorry therefore to say, that the article is not so well suited to our Miscellany as to some others, no doubt in the writer's knowledge.*

*We are afraid that the letter signed* "A Woman of Kent," *would require the payment of the advertisement duty if inserted.*

*Our readers will not be surprised that we have not inserted a series of Epigrams, of which the following is the best specimen:*

"As Laura sat beneath a rose,
I saw the flow'rets fade,
While to her cheek the colour goes:
Hence were white roses made."

The Account of the great Plague in the Reign of Charles II. *has been duly received.*

*In our next we shall endeavour to continue regularly* The Adventures of a Would-be Author.

The Second Tale from Boccacio *is under consideration.*

Q in a Corner *is inadmissible, without the erasure of personalities.*

R. S. *and* F. B. B. *will appear in our next Number.*

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Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

A FOUNTAIN

[illegible] Pub.d June [illegible]

THE

# Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,

*Manufactures, &c.*

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. XI. JUNE 1, 1821. NO. LXVI.

## HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

(Continued from page 253.)

PLATE 31.—A FOUNTAIN.

THIS design might be executed in marble so high as the overflow water-table: the part above it should be cast in bronze.

Less expensive, though certainly less elegant, materials might be substituted with success; for artificial stone, or metal, would properly supply their place, where the highest class of embellishment is not intended.

The base is formed by a tripod, whence springs the bursting leafage of a plant, that unfolds itself immediately above, supporting an expanded flower, in which a shallow bed of water is contained: thence the centre of the flower is continued, around which a serpent entwines itself, in pursuit of the jet which issues from the stem, and by which it is enveloped.

It will be obvious to any one desirous of executing this design, that if it were done in metal, the serpent might be so judiciously and delicately poised on a projecting leaf of the central stem, that it would be incessantly agitated by the falling water, and thus obtain an effect of playful animation that would be novel and amusing; a fancifulness that might well be admitted in such an embellishment of our gardens, although severer laws of fitness should prohibit the liberty of similar flights of imagination in graver subjects of architecture.

A basin of proportionate extent is supposed to receive beneath this design the overflow water, whence it would be conveyed away by a small stream, or by under-ground concealment.

# MISCELLANIES.

## PORTRAIT OF PLAUSIBIA.

*Mr.* Editor,

The character of Melissa in your Number for January has just caught my eye, and I cannot refrain from trying to contrast it, if you will allow me to do so, with that of a lady to whom it is my misfortune to be at present an humble companion.

I will not trouble you, sir, with a recital of the misfortunes which have reduced me to a life of dependence; suffice it to say, that I received a good education, but being left destitute by the death of my parents when I had just attained my nineteenth year, I gladly accepted an invitation from my present patroness, whom I shall call Plausibia, to reside with her.

Though I had very little acquaintance with this lady, I thought myself fortunate in obtaining her protection, for nothing could be more amiable and winning than her manners. Alas! a short time convinced me, that there is no trusting to appearances, for I found that my patroness was a very tyrant to her dependents. I know not how she contrives to wear the mask of good-humour and amiability in company, for a mask it certainly is; since, though with strangers she is every thing that is pleasant, gentle, and conciliating, yet no sooner does she find herself alone with me, or with her servants, than her temper seems changed as if by magic, and she is so haughty, peevish, and irascible, that it is scarcely possible for human patience to endure her behaviour in silence.

If you were to witness how tenderly she condoles with her friends upon their most trifling misfortunes, how deeply she seems affected, and how readily her tears attest her sincerity, you would think her the kindest, most sensitive of beings; but Heaven help those whose situation renders them a tax upon her humanity! If a servant is ill, she is sure it can be nothing but laziness, unless the poor creature is actually laid up, and in that case he or she is sent off immediately to an hospital; for my patroness declares, she is persuaded that sick people are always much better taken care of in those establishmentsts, than they can possibly be at home.

Some time ago I accompanied her to a charity sermon; the eloquence of the preacher was indeed affecting in the highest degree, but it did not seem to make so deep an impression on any one present as on Plausibia: she wept abundantly, made a handsome donation, and eulogized the talents of the preacher to all her friends, with so much warmth of feeling that you would have thought charity was her darling virtue: yet it was only the next day she refused, in my presence, to give the smallest relief to a poor starving creature, because she thought he looked like an impostor. It was in vain he offered to prove he was not one, she was sure he meant to impose

upon her; and she dismissed him abruptly and in the most ungracious manner.

Though devoid of either feeling or generosity, yet Plausibia contrives to be universally well spoken of: it is only those that have occasion to require any service from her that find out in any degree her real disposition; and even from them it is partially concealed, for she excuses herself for not complying with their requests, upon the plea either of forgetfulness or inability, in such a specious manner, that the worst that is said of her is, that she is a little careless, but certainly she has an excellent heart.

Mr. Editor, if those who thus give her credit for every virtue, because in public she seems all that is amiable, could see her in private, how soon would she lose that popularity which is her idol! How little do people think, when they tell me that they envy me the constant society of so cheerful and delightful a companion, that in our private moments she seldom speaks to me but in terms of sarcasm or reproach; and that while in public she professes the tenderest friendship for me, and the kindest commiseration for my situation, she secretly exacts from me the most servile attentions, and the meanest compliances!

Such, sir, is a true picture of one, who unites in her favour all suffrages, except those of her unhappy dependents: by inserting it, you will much oblige your humble servant,

HARRIET.

---

## ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON,

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

*Mr.* EDITOR,

YOU have given insertion to several articles that I have transmitted, which I think are less worthy of attention than the following, which is a curious and striking account of the Fire of London in 1666, by an eye-witness, of the name of Thomas Vincent, a Puritanical preacher, who published his warning and exhortation under the title of "God's terrible Voice in the City," in the year 1667. There is a good deal of vigour, though some extravagance, in the descriptions. Every body knows Pope's satire, for such it is, beginning,

"Where London's column, pointing to the skies,
Like a tall bully, rears its head, and lies:"

and it is observable that Vincent imputes the first commencement of the fire to a Popish plot. For your next Number I will give you a few quotations from the same tract, relative to the plague in 1665, and the horrible ravages it committed. Yours, &c.

ANTIQUARIUS.

---

That which made the ruin more dismal was, that it was begun on the Lord's-day morning: never was there the like Sabbath in London; some churches were in flames that day; and God seems to come down and to preach himself in them as he did in Mount Sinai, when the mount burned with fire; such warm preaching those churches never had; such lightning-dread-

ful sermons never were before delivered in London.

Now the train-bands are up in arms, watching at every quarter for outlandish men, because of the general fears and jealousies and rumours that fire-balls were thrown into houses by several of them, to help on and provoke the too furious flames. Now goods are hastily removed from the lower parts of the city, and the body of the people begin to retire. Yet some hopes were entertained on the Lord's-day that the fire would be extinguished, especially by them who lived in the remote parts; they could scarcely imagine that the fire, a mile off, should be able to reach their houses.

But the evening draws on, and now the fire is more visible and dreadful; instead of the *black* curtains of the night, which used to spread over the city, now the curtains are *yellow;* the smoke that arose from the burning parts seemed like so much flame in the night, which, being blown upon the other parts by the wind, the whole city at some distance seemed to be on fire. Now hopes began to sink, and a general consternation seizeth upon the spirits of the people: little sleep is taken in London this night; the amazement which the eye and ear doth effect upon the spirits, doth either dry up or drive away the vapour which used to bind up the senses. Some are at work to quench the fire with water; others endeavour to stop its course by pulling down of houses, but all to no purpose.

On the Lord's-day night the fire had run as far as Garlick-hithe, in Thames-street, and had crept up into Cannon-street, and levelled it with the ground; and still is making forward by the water-side, and upwards to the brow of the hill on which the city was built.

On Monday, Grace Church-street is all in flames, with Lombard-street on the left hand, and part of Fenchurch-street on the right; the fire working (though not so fast) against the wind that way: before it were pleasant and stately houses, behind it ruinous and desolate heaps. The burning then was in the fashion of a bow; a dreadful bow it was, such as mine eyes never before had seen.

Now the flames break in upon Cornhill, that large and spacious street, and quickly cross the way by the train of wood that lay in the streets untaken away, which had been pulled down from houses to prevent its spreading; and so they lick the whole street as they go: they mount up to the top of the highest houses; they descend down to the bottom of the lowest vaults and cellars, and march along on both sides of the way with such a roaring noise as never was heard in the city of London: no stately building so great as to resist their fury; the Royal Exchange itself, the glory of the merchants, is now invaded with much violence, and when once the fire was entered, how quickly did it run round the galleries, filling them with flames; then came down stairs, compasseth the walks, giving forth flaming volleys, and filleth the courts with sheets of fire; by and by down fall the *kings* upon their faces, and the greatest part of the stone building after them (the founder's statue only remaining), with such

a noise as was dreadful and astonishing.

Now carts, and waggons, and coaches, and horses, as many as could have entrance into the city, were loaden, and any money is given for help: 5*l.* 10*l.* 20*l.* 30*l.* for a cart to bear forth into the fields some choice things, which were ready to be consumed; and some of the countrymen had the conscience to accept of the highest price, which the citizens did then offer in their extremity: I am mistaken, if such money do not burn worse than the fire out of which it was raked. Now casks of wine and oil, and other commodities, are tumbled along, and the owners shove as much of their goods as they can towards the gate; every one now becomes a porter to himself, and scarcely a back either of man or woman that hath strength, but had a burden on it in the streets. It was very sad to see such throngs of poor citizens coming in, and going forth from the unburnt parts, heavy loaden with some pieces of their goods, but more heavy loaden with grief and sorrow of heart, so that it was wonderful they did not quite sink under these burdens.

Monday night was a dreadful night: when the wings of the night had shadowed the light of the heavenly bodies, there was no darkness of night in London, for the fire shines now round about with a fearful blaze, which yielded such light in the streets, as it had been the sun at noon-day.

On Tuesday was the fire burning up the very bowels of London: Cheapside is all in a light fire in a few hours time (many fires meeting there as in a centre); from Soper-lane, Bow-lane, Bread-street, Friday-street, and Old Change, the fire comes up almost together, and breaks furiously into the broad street, and most of that side of the way was together in flames, a dreadful spectacle! And then partly by the fire which came down by Mercer's chapel, partly by the fall of the houses cross the way, the other side is quickly kindled, and doth not stand long after it. Now the fire gets into Blackfriars, and so continues its course by the water, and makes up towards St. Paul's church on that side, and Cheapside fire besets the great building on this side, and the church, though all of stone outward, though naked of houses about it, and though so high above all buildings in the city, yet within awhile doth yield to the violent assaults of the conquering flames, and strangely takes fire at the top; now the lead melts and runs down as if it had been snow before the sun, and the great beams and massy stone with a great noise fall on the pavement, and break through, with Faith church underneath; now great flakes of stone scale and peel off strangely from the side of the walls: the conqueror having got this high fort, darts his flames round about.

On Wednesday morning, when people expected that the suburbs would be burnt as well as the city, and with speed were preparing their flight as well as they could with their luggage into the country and neighbouring villages, then the Lord had pity on poor London.

A check it had in Leadenhall by that great building; a stop it

had in Bishopsgate-street, Fenchurch-street, Lime-street, Mark-lane, and towards the Tower: one means, under God, was the blowing up of houses with gunpowder. Now it is stayed in Lothbury, Broad-street, Coleman-street; towards the gates it burnt, but not with any great violence; at the Temple also it is stayed, and in Holborn, where it had got no great footing; and when once the fire was got under, it was kept under, and on Thursday the flames were extinguished.

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## ANECDOTES, &c. HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

No. IV.

(Continued from p. 212.)

### CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

THE day previous to the trial of the patriotic Lord William Russel, in the reign of Charles II. he asked leave of the court for notes of the evidence to be taken for his use, when he was informed by the attorney general that he might employ one of his domestics for that purpose. When he appeared at the bar, he was only attended by his lady; and being asked where the person was whom he wished to take notes, he calmly replied, "I require no other assistance than the lady can give me who sits by my side." The eyes of the whole court were instantly turned upon Lady Rachel, who, unable to repress her emotions, burst into tears. What a scene for those who knew the character of this dignified pair, and even for those who did not! Marriage has been the sport of a certain order of wits from time immemorial; but, with all due submission to that profound tribe, it may be asserted, that more instances of heroic constancy and disinterested endurance have been displayed by husbands and wives, than by lovers, either innocent or otherwise. To prove this truth, there is little occasion to ransack antiquity for the celebrated names of Brutus and Portia, Pætus and Arria, Seneca and Paulina, and a thousand others; our own country, and the recent revolution of France, afford innumerable facts in support of our position. Settled affection and a sense of duty are more dignified incentives to exalted conduct, than passion, however ardent—passion, which is generally at once both involuntary and selfish.

---

### CHARACTER OF MADAME NECKER.

The following little sketch of the woman who once inspired love in the bosom of the historian of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," the wife of the Minister Necker, and the mother of Madame de Staël, is from the French production, entitled *Souvenirs et Portraits*. It conveys a few points which account for that frequent mention of her father, with which the admirers of the Corinna of France are treated. Nothing, in the end, so certainly lowers a character as a compact to exalt it: the world sets it down in spite, as in the instance of Necker, whose place in the public es-

timation is somewhat lower than it ought to be.

" Madame Necker's figure was tall, and she had once been beautiful; but at the time I knew her, in 1789, there were no traces of her charms remaining. She was then very thin, and her nerves were so much disordered, that she could not long remain in the same position. This was the reason why she has been seen at the theatre, standing up in the middle of her box, balancing herself first on one leg and then on the other. Her manners were rather reserved than dignified; she possessed a great deal of wit and knowledge, and, what was better, she was virtuous and benevolent, employing in good works a great part of what her husband acquired by commerce and the bank. It is generally said, that in the society of her intimate friends she was very amiable and sprightly; but to me, who only saw her in the higher walks of life, she always appeared so entirely occupied with one idea, the success of her husband, that all her faculties seemed absorbed in it.

" People have endeavoured to persuade me that Madame Necker was a woman of superior genius. ' The Collections of her Thoughts,' which have been published, by no means sanction this opinion. She quotes some *bon-mots:* but, in what immediately belongs to herself, we find only false or common ideas, which are expressed in a perplexed and obscure style. In a word, they are enigmas which are not worth the trouble of unravelling. We easily perceive in this book the bad taste of the school of Thomas, a rhetorician puffed up with self-conceit, who, according to an epigram then in vogue, opened a wide mouth to say nothing. He was the friend of Madame Necker, and she looked upon him as a sublime author. Now it is certain, that to render exclusive homage to great genius does not prove that we equal it; but if we admire mediocrity, we are certainly *mediocre* ourselves. Her extreme attachment to her husband, and the pains which she took to procure him universal success, were equally sincere and disinterested. She entertained so high an opinion of his talents and virtues, that she absolutely worshipped him: she even transformed his house into a temple, of which she was the priestess, and their friends, how high soever their rank might be, were reduced to the humble condition of adorers. Madame Necker possessed more vivacity than tenderness; her imagination was rather exalted than warm; she had more enthusiasm than feeling; and, in spite of her wit, this infatuation injured her discernment and spoiled her taste."

---

### LONGEVITY.

A few days ago, George Wainwright, of Dore, in Derbyshire, entered into the 107th year of his age, when he attended the chapel, to hear a hymn sung on the occasion.

The banks of the Champlain, in the United States of America, afforded an instance of longevity, which has seldom been equalled since the period of Holy Writ: the individual alluded to is a German

by birth, aged 135 years. This venerable character belonged to Queen Anne's guards, at her coronation in the year 1702, at which time he was 18 years old; and having served to the end of the war, he then went to America. He is still robust and very strong; he sees and hears perfectly, and has still preserved his hair: he has a soldier-like air, and is proud of his temperance, in having always abstained from spirituous liquors. His youngest son is 27 years of age.

In Russia, in 1817, amongst 328,561 persons who have died, all belonging to the Greek church, there appear to have been one above 140, one 135, seven 130, twenty-one 125, fifty-one 120, eighty-three 115, seven hundred and eighty-three 100 years.

---

A FRENCHMAN'S ENGLISH.

The following is a copy, *literatim*, of a card issued by a French teacher of languages and music, addressed to the English visitors of Paris:

"Tho Proffessor Guiraud teachs tongue French et Espagnol, Besides the music and to play upon the fid'dle; Gentlemen who will desire take Lessons upon that, if please them adress to me an Letter me house, *street of Barres-Saint-Gervais*, number six, Paris."

---

FONDNESS FOR HORSES.

Theophilactus, a patriarch of Constantinople, was so passionately fond of horses, that he had two thousand of his own fed every day with pistachio nuts, almonds, and saffron. One Holy Thursday, while he was officiating pontifically in the church at Constantinople, some one came to tell him, that a favourite Arabian mare had foaled; he immediately quitted the sacrifice, ran to his stables, and did not return to finish his office, until he had given the necessary orders for the treatment of the foal.

The Arabs extend their humanity to their horses; they never strike them; they break them by caresses, and render them so docile, that there are no horses in the world to be compared to them for beauty and kindness. They are never confined to a field, but are suffered to go about any where; and they will come to their masters only by calling.

Such is the docility of these animals, that they will sleep among the children at night in the tents, and not do them the least injury. If in hunting the rider falls, the horse immediately stops, and never quits him. These people, by the invincible influence of education, have arrived at the art of making their horses the first coursers in the universe.

D'Hervieux, in his Voyage to Libanus, mentions the following anecdote. It will not be read by persons of sensibility without exciting their feelings in some degree.

"A poor Arab of the Desert had a most beautiful mare: it was all his fortune. The French consul, who was at Sidon, offered to buy it, with the intention of sending it to Louis XIV. The Arab, pressed by necessity, demurred some time, but at length consented to part with it at a very enormous price. The consul would not ven-

ture to give so large a sum of money without permission, for which he wrote to Versailles, and obtained it. He then sent to the Arab, who came immediately, mounted on his handsome horse, and the consul counted out the money to him which he asked. The Arab, with only a broken mat for his covering, alighted, looked at the money, then cast his eyes towards the mare, fetched a deep sigh, and exclaimed, "Oh! am I going to part with you? and to Europeans, who will confine you, beat you, and make you unhappy? No, you shall return with me, my beauty, my heart, my soul, my life, and be the joy of my children." After saying these words, he remounted, and galloped away.

BON-MOTS.

In the various compilations of *bon-mots* now extant, the editors have most frequently evinced more labour than judgment. I have endeavoured to select only those most distinguished for their poignancy.

A certain nobleman, who had not the character of being very courageous, one day asked a miser, what pleasure he experienced in hoarding up so many guineas, and not making any use of them? "I find as many charms in them," replied the miser, "as you do in carrying a sword."

At the French Academy, Abbé Reignier, the secretary, one day made a collection in his hat of one pistole from every member, to defray the current expenses. The abbé did not observe, that the president, who was a very avaricious man, had put his pistole into the hat, and presented it to him a second time. "I have given already," he replied.—"I believe it," said the abbé, "but I did not see it."—"And I," rejoined Fontenelle, who was at his side, "saw it, but did not believe it."

A remarkably hard drinker, who was expiring, begged one of his friends who was at his bed-side, to bring him a goblet of water, telling him, "On our death-beds we must be reconciled with our enemies."

A lady of quality reproaching the Turkish ambassador on the laws of Mahomet permitting them to have so many wives, "It is permitted to us, madam," replied the ambassador, "in order that we may find in many, all those qualifications which centre in you alone."

The Marechal of Toiras having made every necessary regulation for an approaching battle, an officer asked leave of absence, that he might go to receive his father's blessing, who, he said, was at the point of death. The marechal, who suspected the cause of this retreat, answered him thus: "Go, honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be prolonged to thee."

A nobleman who had a very short nose, was jeering a soldier for having a very long one. "Good God," replied the soldier, "why do you take so much notice of my nose? Do you suppose that it was made at the expense of yours?"

When Beautru was in Spain, he went to see the famous library in the Escurial, and on conversing with the librarian, found him to be a most ignorant man. The King of Spain asked Beautru, how he liked the library. "It is very handsome,"

he said, "but your majesty should make the person who has now the care of it, administrator of the finances."—"Why so?" said the prince.--"Because," replied Beautru, "he does not make use of the treasure which is intrusted to him."

---

BEARDS.

Among all nations, beards have at various times been subjected to the caprice of fashion.

The Greeks wore their beards until the reign of Alexander, as likewise the Romans until the 454th year of Rome.

It was Scipio Africanus who introduced the custom of shaving every day. A number of succeeding emperors followed his example; but Adrian resumed the fashion of wearing the beard, and his successors did the same, until Constantine. It appeared again in the time of Heraclius; and all the Greek emperors preserved their beards.

The Goths and the Franks wore but one mustachio.

Clodion ordered all his subjects to suffer their beards to grow.

All the ancient philosophers wore long beards.

The Eastern ecclesiastics never shaved; and, on the contrary, the clergy in the West always did.

There are some countries where the beard is considered as a mark of grief; while, in others, being shaved, it indicates the same.

The constant necessity of shaving is certainly very troublesome, and could any means be discovered to prevent it, it certainly would be a very valuable and comfortable acquisition. I have been told, there is now a man in London who never requires shaving above once in a fortnight, owing to a certain composition which he uses for that purpose instead of soap, which so effectually removes the beard, that he does not even use a razor, nor any other incisive instrument.

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## CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

I WAS just sitting down to compose a paper of advice to several correspondents, when I was interrupted by a visit from my old friend Mr. Sombre, and shortly afterwards Mr. Fairview was announced; they made their visit so long that I found it was too late on their departure to begin my intended paper, and I resolved to substitute in its stead a brief sketch of their respective characters. Perhaps the strong contrast which their tempers affords may not be without its use, in pointing out the benefits to be derived from a disposition to look always on the bright side of things, to receive with thankfulness the good which Providence bestows upon us, and to cherish hope even under the most depressing circumstances.

Sam Sombre is now rather past the middle of life; he is a man of first-rate talents, has a good fortune, enjoys excellent health, and is blessed with an amiable wife and three lovely children: yet thus in the possession of every thing that one would think could constitute earthly felicity, I don't believe that he ever enjoyed a day's happiness during his life. He shewed from his childhood a

peevish and discontented spirit, which the foolish indulgence of his parents fostered, till it became a bosom torment, that poisoned the spring of his every enjoyment. As he grew up the faults of his temper became more glaring; he was three times on the point of marriage, and was as often deterred by some frivolous reason, which only a being so fastidious as himself would have thought of; at last, more lucky than he deserved to be, he married an excellent woman, who would have made any other man perfectly happy, but after the knot was tied, he found that she did not quite suit his ideas of female perfection. For a long time he was puzzled to find where the fault lay, for a fault he was sure there was, though nobody else could spy it: at last he discovered that she wanted sensibility. Will my readers believe, that the only reason he could assign for this supposition, was the patient sweetness with which she bore his causeless ill-humour?.

After having tormented her and himself for some years, he suddenly stumbled on a new cause of vexation. He found out that he was a most unhappy father; he magnified the faults natural to his children's age into serious crimes, and even their good qualities were cause of regret rather than satisfaction: he was certain that the eldest, who was a boy of a quiet, steady temper, would turn out a dunce; and he was fearful that the youngest, who was remarkably lively, would never settle to any thing.

These, however, were, if I may so express myself, only his regular stock of cares, to which he had recourse at intervals, when nothing occurred which he could fairly, or rather unfairly, take hold of to disturb the tranquillity of his family; but it is amazing how ingenious he was in finding out this sort of petty vexations: a depression of the funds, a change in the weather, the most trifling illness of himself or any of his family, furnish cause for lamentation and despondency. Nay, even an ill-dressed dinner, or the hasty shutting of a door, is sure to produce a long querulous harangue, which cannot fail to disgust those who have the misfortune to be compelled to listen to it. Yet Sombre has a good heart; I am convinced that he would recoil with horror at the thought of doing a deliberate injury to any human being: nevertheless, he may be truly said, by a weak indulgence of a fretful and querulous temper, to murder the peace of all around him.

Frank Fairview is less distinguished by Nature; she has bestowed upon him only a moderate understanding. He began life with good prospects, but he has met with difficulties, which would have bowed the spirit of almost any other man. The first was a painful and dangerous illness, which continued during some years; he bore it not only with fortitude, but cheerfulness: far from dwelling upon what he suffered, he seemed only anxious to prove to his wife and friends, how much their kindness and attention alleviated his pains. His cheerful resignation was at length rewarded by the recovery of his health, but during his illness, he had been obliged to intrust the care of his business to a person on whose probity he had

the most perfect reliance, and through the treachery of this man, he became a bankrupt shortly after his convalescence. He felt this blow deeply on his wife's account, for he tenderly loved her, and he knew her to be the most helpless of beings; but his natural buoyancy of spirit, and the habit which he had acquired of considering only the bright side of things, speedily enabled him to surmount his unhappiness. "How fortunate should we think ourselves," said he to his weeping wife, "that this did not happen while I was unable to exert myself for our maintenance! Now, thank Heaven, I can work." — His poor wife, brought up in luxury, could not reconcile herself to the thought of dragging on an obscure existence upon the scanty income which his labour would afford them: but her querulous repinings had no effect upon his patience or temper; he bore them with undeviating mildness, and sought to alleviate her vexations, by affording her every indulgence that their limited means would admit.

During some years, he wrestled manfully with poverty, but at length Fortune seemed inclined to reward his magnanimity: a relation died, and left him a considerable property. At the moment, however, that he thought himself sure of coming into possession of it, his claim was disputed by the brother of the deceased, and the matter was thrown into Chancery. Frank found consolation under this misfortune from the very cause that would have made any body else despair. "If it had been a common lawsuit," said he, "I might have gone on hoping and fearing, and in the supposition that matters would end favourably for me, have neglected every thing else; but a man must be a fool indeed who stakes his comfort upon the termination of a thing so little to be expected as a Chancery suit."

He returned accordingly to his usual employment, but Fortune had not yet wreaked all her malice upon him: his only child, a boy whose infancy had been hopeful and promising, became exceedingly wild and refractory. This was poor Fairview's hardest trial; but yet he did not despair: he tried to find consolation for himself and his afflicted partner, in the recollection of the lad's youth, and of his naturally good disposition. Far from reproaching him harshly with his faults, he endeavoured rather to bring him back by mild methods. He was indeed long unsuccessful, but he never abandoned hope. His patience and his cares were at last rewarded: the young man, touched by a gentleness and affection which he felt he had not deserved, reformed his conduct, and is now equally a credit and a comfort to his father.

It is impossible to be an hour in company with either Sombre or Fairview, without being struck with the predominating traits in their respective characters. Say what you will to the first, he is sure to sink your spirits and his own by a succession of gloomy images. If public affairs promise well, there is no dependence to be placed on appearances; if, on the contrary, they look threatening, he wonders you can't open your eyes and see the ruin and desolation which is

about to overwhelm Europe. If you shift the subject to your private concerns, you are no better off: tell him of an unexpected piece of good fortune which you have met with, he shakes his head, and hopes it will turn out so; but at the same time he takes care to give you a great many good reasons why it may not. If you turn the conversation on something that you imagine must be perfectly indifferent to both parties, the odds are still against you; for if gloomy reflections cannot be made to arise naturally out of the subject, Sam will bring them in head and shoulders. Fairview, on the contrary, has the happy art, whatever you talk to him about, to present it to you in the fairest colours. Have you met with good fortune, the warmth of his congratulations adds to your pleasure. Are you in affliction, it is lessened by his affectionate sympathy. If you are uneasy at the news of the day, he cheers you with the hope that the intelligence of to-morrow will be more consonant to your wishes. Do you seek merely to unbend your mind by a little cheerful conversation, Frank follows your lead; he has not talents to shine, but he has too much good sense ever to offend. Sombre, for whom nature and fortune have done so much, has, by giving scope to a naturally fretful temper, rendered himself miserable, and is not in reality liked by any one; while Fairview, without fortune, and with only a moderate understanding, enjoys more happiness than falls to the lot of most men, and is beloved by all who know him.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

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## TRANSLATIONS FROM THE ITALIAN,

*By* HUMPHREY GUBBINS, *Esq.*

### SONNET.

From mid the rocks gush'd forth a streamlet clear,
And ran its course toward the distant sea;
Nor wood could stay it, nor the pleasant lea,
Though that a cool, this wore a gladsome cheer:
To each blithe myrtle, each new flower it past,
In its own tongue it ever breath'd "Adieu!"
'Till with a lowly murmuring it drew
To the green sea, and there was lost at last.
So I, who on fair eyes my own have bent,
Since first Heav'n gave me young desires and strength,
On Phillis gaz'd, and Cloris as I went,
But on Dorinda fix'd all thoughts at length:
A thousand nymphs I might in turn prefer,
But my whole tide of love is lost in her.

SILVIO STAMPIGLIA.

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### BEAUTY.

Enamour'd of its charms, a full-blown rose
Gaz'd on itself beside a fleeting river,
Kissing the dancing water as it goes:
Soon a fresh breeze, that made the surface shiver,
The rose's pride upon the water spread,
And bore the scatter'd leaves away for ever.
With beauty ever so — oh, Heav'n! how soon 'tis fled!

FRANCISCO DI LIMENE.

### CUPID AND DEATH.

Death wander'd forth, and with him Love was bound,
Both naked were, and both were wing'd and blind,
And both took shelter, ere the night declin'd,
In the same place as evening shades embrown'd.
When morning spread its 'wakening light around,
They rose, and each the other's arrows took,
And since they neither had their eyes to look,
It happen'd their mistake they never found.
I, and an old man with me, pass'd, and Death
Drew his stiff bow to cause the old man die,
While the young god gave me a deadly blow:
Hence grew my face so pale, so dim mine eye;
And he 'gan love who should have lost his breath,
And thus my fate was alter'd to my woe.

ANNIBALE NOZZOLINI.

## CULTIVATION OF TEA.

PLATE 33.——MAKING OF TEA-CHESTS.

BOHEA is the most common of the black teas; the leaves are mixed, somewhat rolled, often broken, and mingled with dust. Like the camphou or congo, and the souchong or sonlo, it is brought in cubic chests of white wood, as represented in the annexed plate, where workmen are seen engaged in the various operations of making them.

It is usual to reckon three baskets of tea for one ordinary large chest: at least, it is by this number that the dealers calculate when they are preparing to make their deliveries. Two hundred large chests are commonly delivered at once. The seller gives notice the day before: the chests are tared, that is to say, they are weighed one by one with the lead and cover; and the weight is entered in the warehouse-book, according to the order of the numbers cut upon them, together with the mark of the vessel for which they are intended. Care should be taken to examine the lead of the chests, which frequently happens to be broken, or carelessly soldered. The next morning, about five o'clock, the supercargoes attend at the shed of the seller, where they find six or seven hundred baskets of tea arranged for inspection. They examine perhaps a score taken at random, and when they are satisfied that the quality is pretty equal, they proceed to empty the baskets. About the centre of the sheds particularly appropriated to the reception of teas, there is a kind of apartment nicely floored, which is entered by a large aperture, capable of being closed by a sliding door. This apartment is large enough to hold tea sufficient to fill two or three hundred great chests. The supercargoes, when they think the tea fit to be received, place themselves in this emptying apartment at some distance from one another. The porters bring the baskets, and pour out their contents at their feet: the purchasers smell two or three handfuls, and if no cause of complaint arises, the work proceeds without interruption. This lasts

MAKING OF TEA CHESTS.

two or three hours, during which the European dealers are constantly buried up to the waist in tea, and enveloped in a cloud of subtile and caustic dust, which almost blinds them. They rise with the heap of tea, and when their heads touch the ceiling of this species of chest, no more baskets are brought, and the Europeans come out covered with an olive-coloured dust. The dress for this operation, made of dark green cloth, is a jacket buttoning up close under the chin, and large trowsers with feet. Some, justly fearing the acrimony of this dust, make themselves spectacles with watch-glasses. It penetrates through the clothes, and adheres to the skin. As soon as the emptying is finished, the porters of the seller place the chests on the spot before occupied by the baskets, in regular rows, so that any of them may be easily and freely inspected. It is usual to commission some person to examine the lead, and when this lining is ascertained to be entire, to have two large baskets of tea, or about one fourth of what it will contain, put into each chest. This is the time for seeing to it, that the tea is well cleared from pieces of wood, bamboo, paper, and other things, which are commonly found intermixed with it when it comes out of the emptying room, and which, if not extracted, would greatly diminish the value of the goods. This business must be committed to sailors, since it would only produce bickering with the Chinese to tell them of their negligence. About eight o'clock the doors of the shed, beset by perhaps two hundred street porters, each destined to tread a chest, are at length opened; and in they rush tumultuously among the chests, for which many a long and loud dispute takes place. The treading begins with a kind of violent trituration, the object of which is to break the tea against the sides of the chest by the rubbing of the heel. The men behave as if they were mad, and the cloud of dust is thicker than at the time of emptying the baskets. The supercargo, or the clerks appointed to receive the tea, should carefully watch the porters, who are naturally mischievous. Some, wearing heel-pieces armed with spike-nails, reduce the tea to an almost impalpable powder; others tread with too much violence, and burst the sides of the chests; others again, without taking the trouble to pick out any foreign substances that may chance to be in the tea, pack it just as it comes to hand; while others tear the lead, and continue their work without noticing the accident. This negligence cannot be prevented without the most scrupulous attention: care must also be taken to supply the treaders with fresh baskets of tea, as soon as it is perceived that the tea in the chests is sufficiently compressed; and it is advisable to warn the seller not to let the weight of the chests exceed the usual standard, with a threat that all those which are found to exceed it, shall be emptied again. Without this precaution, the treaders would not fail to introduce more than the regular quantity into the chests, the contents of which would be nothing but dust. It is remarked that the tea treads and packs better

in cold weather, and that the chests are found in consequence to weigh more.

When the chests are filled, a few sheets of paper are spread on the top, and over these a sheet of lead, which is afterwards soldered to that which lines the sides. The wooden lid is then nailed on, and lastly, several stripes of paper are pasted over the corners and joints. For this last operation, the Chinese employ a mixture of bullock's blood and lime, which produces a tenacious cement or glue that dries very quickly, and into which worms never eat. Some hours afterwards, the top of the chests is lightly smeared with oil of wood, the chief quality of which is to prevent the marks from being effaced. This oiling does not take place till after the weighing, which is commonly left to two clerks, one of whom attends at the scales, while the other enters the particulars in the warehouse-book. A chest of bohea usually weighs from 380 to 390 pounds; the tare is from 56 to 60 pounds; so that the net weight of the tea contained in it is from 324 to 330 pounds.

It is a singular fact that the Europeans take much more trouble, and exercise much greater vigilance, in respect to common bohea teas, than to those of finer quality. The latter are bought by sample, put into a watch-case, and compared with seven or eight others taken at random from among a lot of a thousand or twelve hundred chests: whereas they are themselves at the pains of packing the boheas in chests. The latter would necessarily be cleaner and of better quality, if it were understood that the seller should furnish a certain number of chests in a state fit for embarkation, and the buyer be allowed the right of refusal, if, on delivery, out of a dozen chests to be taken at random, any should be found of a quality inferior to that of the sample, or not properly picked.

Opien is the name of a part of Fo-kien, where a kind of tea is grown almost wholly distinct from the two great classes into which Europeans divide the various sorts known in this country. Opien, for it is named after the district which produces it, is, properly speaking, neither green nor black, but yellow, and it is used by the Chinese only. It must be in large leaves, not broken or mixed with dust. After this tea is dried, it is winnowed; the dust, composed of the particles of broken leaves that are separated from it, is sold at a low price, carried to Canton, and mixed by the dealers with the bohea teas before their delivery to the Europeans. To this mixture is owing the quantity of yellowish leaves that may be observed in bohea tea, which, however, is not the worse for it.

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## DESCRIPTION OF LONDON IN 1641.

*Mr.* Editor,

In your last *Repository*, I notice an article entitled "London in the Days of Davenant," and thinking it might be acceptable, I have inclosed you the following extract from a work of rare occurrence and much curiosity, which

gives an account of the travels of a foreigner in England, about that date, or a little earlier. The quotation gives an account of London as it stood in 1641. Yours, &c.

D. W——R.

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"During this time, curiosity led us to visit the chief scenes of the capital.

"It is, in truth, extremely well situated in a great plain, which permits extension to right and left. The famous Thames traverses it from end to end in the figure of a crescent, supplying in abundance all that is necessary to human sustenance. Fifteen thousand little boats cover it with passengers, so as to delight strangers as it were a perpetual bridge, or rather a sea-fight in miniature, from the various courses they steer, with a skill and celerity quite wonderful.

"The streets are somewhat narrow, the houses rather smaller than in France, as the spaces are restricted by the river, and built with such economy as to leave a little garden and pleasing prospect of the diverting scenes of the Thames. If it possess not all the advantages that render Paris so glorious, we must ingenuously confess that this capital surpasses ours, and that in cleanliness, neatness, and the surety of strangers; for one may walk at midnight with a purse in one hand, and a pipe in the other, without any fear of mud or assassins. Nor is this the case only in the well-ordered towns of England, but in the most distant provinces, where even paltry thieves are chastised in a most exemplary manner.

"London may boast with good reason, over and above its excellent harbour and affluent commerce, of the longest street, the most superb taverns, and the greatest number of shops that exist in any city of Europe. It is even scarcely possible to find four coach-doors*, as commerce reigns equally among the nobles and the commons.

"To begin with the Tower, which stands at one extremity of the city: it resembles our Bastile in its fortifications, and in its being employed as a state prison; but in other respects it differs, as being more spacious: it contains the arsenal, the magazines, and treasures of the English sovereigns. A soldier of the guard shewed us the rarities of this little fortress, and regaled us with three lions and a lioness, a Virginia rat as large as a dog, a wild cat mottled with black and white like a panther, and a small amphitheatre, where his beasts fight against dogs when their majesties chuse that amusement. In an open space, capable of holding 5000 or 6000 men, were three powerful pieces of artillery, *de fonte verte* (bronze), throwing balls of sixty-four pounds; and this sight led us to desire to see the magazines, which we instantly opened with a golden key, the English being enchanted with the colour of that charming metal. We entered the magazine of artillery, containing more than one hundred and twenty cannon of all sizes, ranged in complete order, with all their carriages, cordages, and carts. They did not fail to shew us two of fir-wood *(bois de sapin)*, which were made in one

* A *porte cochere* at Paris marks an *hotel*, or great house, as it opens into a court, inclosed with the body and wings, stables, &c. &c.

night, and with which they took the city of Boulogne by the cowardice or treachery of our governor, who only desired to see their cannon to deliver that important place. They bear for device, *Marte quid opus, est cui Minerva non deest?* We also saw a rare piece, which discharges seven balls either at once or successively, and a beautiful culverin of twenty-two feet in length, Spanish fabric, taken at the celebrated day of Cadiz. An upper floor was full of arms, very well kept, and sufficient for 10,000 musketeers, 4000 pikemen, and 6000 cavalry. They also boast of 2000 cuirasses which they took in the war of Rochelle, coming from Holland, for the Isle of Rhé, and bearing the name *Thoiras** in front; wishing, perhaps, by those poor spoils, only disputed by naked mariners, to cover their shame, their flight, and the signal losses they suffered in many fair encounters by that great general. They imagine, perhaps, that his name, like that of Cid, is capable of carrying confusion into any opposing ranks.

"Having examined their ammunition for a long time, we went into the Donjon (inner tower) to see some of their treasures; for the Kings of England may, with reason, boast, that in rich tapestries, and excellent paintings, they far surpass all the monarchs in Christendom. We were first shewn the tapestries of St. Stephen and St. Paul, and those of Henry VIII. having a bold relievo of more than an inch in pure gold, with borders of the most exquisite fabric; above all, one of cloth of gold, newly brought from China. A large cover for a table in three departments, of crimson velvet, profusely studded with the largest pearls and rubies, made us doubt for a while the evidence of our senses. We were advised to pass lightly the rich plate which accompanied the king on his amorous travels in France and Spain, that we might view at leisure the plate-chamber. Here we were struck with six chandeliers of massy silver, each weighing a hundred and fifty marks (a hundred weight), and a vast bason of silver gilt, on a pedestal of the richest workmanship, which serves for the baptism of the royal children. They also boasted of a unicorn's horn, covered with plates of silver, and estimated at 40,000*l.* sterling, equal to 400,000 livres of our money. We were more struck with the sword sent by the Pope to Henry VIII. with the fine title, Defender of the Faith, which he violated so soon after. The sheath is of gilt silver, four fingers in breadth, and five feet long, resembling those of the Swiss at present. The arms of the Pope, with his portrait, appear on one side, with these words, *Julius Tertius, Pontifex Maximus, pontificatus sui*, 1554. On the other side, St. Peter's at Rome, *Petro Apostolorum Principi*, and beneath, a goddess surrounded with laurels, a cornucopia in her hand, trampling on Envy, Carnage, and Ambition, while a label from her mouth bears, *Publica Hilaritas.*"

* Governor of the Isle of Rhé at the time of Buckingham's ill-directed invasion; a weak man, like other favourites, for talents, far from gaining favour, are sure to offend, as eclipsing the monarch.

## FEMALE EDUCATION, AND ORIGIN OF BOARDING-SCHOOLS.

*For the REPOSITORY.*

I WAS not aware, Mr. Editor, when what used by old-fashioned people to be "Boarding-Schools," and are now by new-fashioned people called "Establishments for Young Ladies," were introduced into this country, until the other day, when I met with a tract which threw some light upon the subject, and of which (with other matters relating to it) I send you some account. It should seem that towards the latter end of the 17th century, the education of females was as much neglected as it was cultivated in the reign of our maiden queen; for the pamphlet I allude to is called, "An Essay to revive the ancient Education of Gentlewomen in Religion, Manners, and Tongues." It was printed in the year 1673, and in the dedication to Mary, eldest daughter of the Duke of York, the author says:

"The barbarous custom to breed women low is grown general amongst us, and hath prevailed so far, that it is verily believed that women are not endued with such reason as men, nor capable of improvement by education as they are. Were a competent number of schools erected to educate ladies ingenuously, methinks I see how ashamed men would be of their ignorance, and how industrious the next generation would be to wipe off the reproach."

In the body of the tract, the anonymous author says, "My intention is not to equalize women to men, much less to make them superior. They are the weaker sex, yet capable of impressions of great things, something like to the best of men."

The most curious part of the tract is a "postscript," containing an advertisement, perhaps of the first ladies' school ever established in England, at Tottenham High Cross. This was set on foot by Mrs. Makin, who had been tutoress to the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I. It says:

"Here, by the blessing of God, gentlewomen may be instructed in the principles of religion, and in all manner of sober and virtuous education: more especially in all things ordinarily taught in schools for the other sex; as in

Works of all sorts,
Dancing,
Music,
Singing,
Writing,
Keeping Accounts.

"Half the time is to be spent in these things, and the other half to be employed in gaining the Latin and French tongues, and those that please may learn Greek and Hebrew, the Italian and Spanish; in all which this gentlewoman hath a competent knowledge.

"Gentlewomen of eight or nine years old, that can read well, may be instructed in a year or two (according to their parts) in the Latin and French tongues, by plain and short rules accommodated to the English tongue.

"Those that will bestow a longer time may learn the other languages before mentioned, if they please.

"Repositories also for visibles

shall be prepared, by which, from beholding the things, gentlewomen may learn the names, natures, values, and use of herbs, shrubs, trees, mineral juices, metals, and stones.

" Those that please may learn limning, preserving, pastry and cookery, &c.

" The rate shall be certain 20*l.* per annum; but if a competent improvement be made in the tongues, and the other things before mentioned, as shall be agreed upon them, something more will be expected. But the parents shall judge what shall be deserved by the undertaker."

Though this was perhaps the earliest boarding-school upon a plan something similar to those now existing in such immense numbers, especially in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, yet, in 1671, two years earlier, a project was published for a Protestant nunnery, in many respects like that recommended in the " Quarterly Review," not long ago. The tract in which the proposal was made, bears the following title: " An Academy or College, wherein young Ladies and Gentlewomen may, at a very moderate expense, be duly instructed in the Protestant religion, and in all virtuous qualities that may adorn that sex. Also *be carefully preserved and secured till the day of their marriage*, under the tuition of a lady governess, and grave society of widows and virgins, who have resolved to lead the rest of their lives in a single, retired, and religious way, according to the pattern of some Protestant colleges in Germany."

I may now wind up this article by a few sensible observations made by Dr. Alexander in his " History of Women," printed in 1779, upon the long and often debated question of the equality of the two sexes, and on the reasons for real or supposed inferiority. He says (vol. II. p. 42.):

" We know it is a generally established opinion, that in strength of mind, as well as of body, men are greatly superior to women; an opinion into which we have been led by not duly considering the proper propensities and paths chalked out to each by the author of their nature, and the powers given them to follow these paths and propensities. Men are endowed with boldness and courage, and women are not: the reason is plain—these are beauties in our character, in theirs they would be defects. Our genius often leads us to the great and arduous; theirs to the soft and pleasing: we bend our thoughts to make life convenient; they turn theirs to make it easy and agreeable. Would it be difficult for women to acquire the endowments allotted to us by nature? It would be as much so for us to acquire those peculiarly allotted to them. Are we superior to them in what belongs to the male character? They are no less so to us in what belongs to the female. But whether are male or female endowments most useful in life? This we shall not pretend to determine, and till it be determined, we cannot decide the claim which men or women have to superior excellence."

Thus it will be seen, that even in this history, devoted to the female sex and character, we are

still left in the dark as to the author's opinion. Surely he was bound in gallantry, if not in policy, to decide; but which way he should have settled the point, need not be determined by yours, &c.

PHILOGYNES.

HERTFORD, April 30, 1821.

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## ODE TO MEMORY.

(*By Mr.* C. H. TOWNSHEND*.)

O THOU, pale porteress of the cell,
Where our lost joys and sorrows dwell;
Who know'st to raise, with hand sublime,
The dim veil wove by weary Time,
And, gathering back the dusky folds,
Point, with the wand thy right hand holds,
Each form and scene, distinctly traced
In the clear mirror of the past;
Oh! may my due steps oft be found,
Fond Memory, on thy hallow'd ground!
For tho', a handmaid at thy side,
Pain no less than Pleasure glide,
Yet from her sister's radiant face
She draws such gleams of kindred grace,
That oft th' insidious form we hold,
Unknowing which our arms infold.
But thee, what glowing words can paint?
Drooping now, like dying saint,
Thou kneel'st in some retiring cave,
Where cypress-boughs religious wave,
With eyes, that seek the heav'nly spheres,
Drown'd in sad repentant tears.
Now, the dark-grain'd stole withdrawn,
Thy gentle smiles begin to dawn,
That, chasten'd by a lingering sadness,
Never rise to boisterous gladness.
Now, lost in silent musing fit,
At Music's side thou lov'st to sit,
On her dear voice for long hours dwelling,
Thy inmost soul responsive swelling.
How light soe'er the measures flow,
To thee they still are food for woe,
But woe how far more sweet and holy
Than all the mad delights of folly!
And, when the last faint sound is flying,
Thou listenest to the echoes dying;
Or, tracing back life's lengthening vale,
Thou bendest, pensive, to inhale
The fragrance of some lingering flower,
That bloom'd in fresh youth's breathing bower.

O long-rever'd, with no unmeaning praise
Did early Greece thy name celestial chuse,
When, in the ardour of her deathless lays,
She hail'd thee parent of each tuneful Muse*!

Soul of each passion, life of every thought,
Fount of rich Science, root of Wisdom's tree,
Without thee Heav'n's divinest gifts were nought;
Ev'n Hope were dead, if uninspir'd by thee.

She does but plant anew thy fairest flowers,
And 'tend their blossoms in her own domain;
She can no more than snatch thy sunniest hours,
And bid them glow beneath her brighter reign.

Heav'n's self is but a copy of thy skill,
From that bright picture, whose unfading hue
No mortal artist did to man reveal;
'Tis Faith embodies, but thy pencil drew.

On all the powers of mind thy radiance streams,
Like planets only by reflection bright;
Wit does but hold his prism to thy beams,
And flash abroad the many-colour'd light.

* Mnemosyne was fabled to be the mother of the Muses.

* From a volume of his Poems, just published by Mr. Boys of Ludgate-hill.

Thine too the charms which Fancy's art reveals;
Her sportive hand may vary and combine,
But from thy pallet every tint she steals,
And draws each gem from thy exhaustless mine.

Pledge of th'immortal mind, o'er thee alone
In vain does Sleep his opiate wings expand,
And all the airy forms, believ'd his own,
Troop at the summons of thy beck'ning hand.

Ev'n wildest madness cannot all efface
The objects on thy mirror once imprest,
As ruffled waters yet retain the trace
Of forms, which late adorn'd their tranquil breast.

Say, in what cells innumerous stor'd
Thy endless treasures dost thou hoard?
And, while new objects every sense
Doth hourly to thy trust dispense,
Say, by what neat arranging art,
Preserve them each from each apart?
All that has slept for years unseen,
Unthought of, as it ne'er had been,
How can'st thou, with a touch, restore
To life and lustre as before?

O thou, most felt, least understood
Of all the shadowy tribes of mind,
Who has thy springs mysterious view'd,
Or who thy hidden paths defin'd?

Sweet echo of the soul, how oft,
Repeated from thine airy shell,
On Fancy's ear, distinctly soft,
Some melody, we lov'd, will swell!

How oft, as sleep is stealing near,
Oblivious, o'er the sinking frame,
Some well-known voice we start to hear
Reiterate our absent name!

How often, while the present gives
No kindred touch the thought to wake,
Some long-past scene before us lives,
And buried joys their slumber break!

At rarer times, a sudden gleam,
The startled bosom glances o'er,
The dim perception of a dream,
"Oh, has all this been so before?"

'Tis felt, 'tis gone; we seek to trace,
Or call the feeling back in vain,
As well the lightning might we chace,
Or bid Time's fleet foot turn again.

Is it, that in some other sphere
The soul life's pageant has rehears'd,
Existing, ere embodied here,
Nor all embued in Lethe first?

Or, roving at the hour of sleep,
Prophetic glimpses hath it known,
Long buried in oblivion deep,
Remember'd, when fulfill'd alone?

How oft, his task conn'd o'er in vain,
The school-boy sleeps, oppress'd with care;
But thou art busy in his brain,
He wakes, and, lo, 'tis written there!

Yet rarely what we mus'd on last
In sleep thy changeful powers pursue,
But, plunging deeply in the past,
Bring all its time-whelm'd wrecks to view.

Provision kind of bounteous Heaven,
When woes distract, or cares molest,
Else were the soul to madness driven,
For ever with one theme possest.

And sometimes o'er some deathful scene,
Has horror cast so deep a hue,
That never more thy ray serene
Could pierce the veil of darkness through*.

Dead to thy recent stamp, full oft
Thy early records age retains,
As wax, impressible when soft,
When harden'd, no new image gains.

Enchantress, oft, when Midnight pale
Weaves round the world her deep'ning veil,

* It is a fact, that a woman who had been condemned to death, and was pardoned at the moment when she was about to suffer, forgot every circumstance subsequent to her trial.

VIEW OF UNTERSEEN.

When low winds stir among the trees,
Like the far dash of breaking seas,
And hushing rains descend around,
With soft monotony of sound,
Oft let thy gentle voice renew'd
Steal on my thoughtful solitude;
Oft, when rude blasts the year deform,
Fill the deep pauses of the storm.
Or, when the moon her watch shall keep,
And calmly smile on nature's sleep,
Oh! sooth me with thy whisper'd talk,
Companion of my lonely walk;
Diffusing, mournful, yet resign'd,
Thy softer moonlight o'er the mind.
But never meet my blasted view,
As shuddering Guilt thy picture drew,
With gesture fierce, and madd'ning cry,
Tossing thy baleful torch on high*,
By whose red glaring light reveal'd,
Scowl'd many a crime, in vain conceal'd;
While, with lean finger, dull Despair,
Dark-musing in his sullen lair,
Sat pointing to the silent dead,
And ever mutter'd, "Hope is fled!"
And wilder Anguish pour'd her soul
In lengthen'd sobs without controul,
Clasping her knees, where leans her head,
Its long loose tresses forward spread.

* See some affecting lines in a note to the Pleasures of Memory.

Ah, no! if e'er thy pains I feel,
But probe my heart, its wounds to heal:
Teach me, with careful truth, to glean
The moral of each vanish'd scene.
If billows threat my bark to whelm,
Let cautious Prudence from the helm
Still on thy chart employ her sight,
To guide its dang'rous course aright.
Ethereal spark, that scorn'st controul,
Fix'd essence of th' immortal soul,
Secure each earthly force to brave,
Oh! what art thou beyond the grave?
As here thy powers no end can find,
No period to their growth assign'd,
Say, shall they not expanded be,
When enter'd on eternity?
At one wide sweep o'er all the past
Thy airy vision swift be cast,
And, while thy energies advance,
Review thy knowledge at a glance?
Wilt thou not, endless friend, or foe,
Fulfil our bliss, or seal our woe?
Oh! when the pangs of death prevail,
And give to dust thy dwelling frail,
Dark on my view no terrors bring,
No keen remorse, to point his sting!
Lead humble Faith, and Hope serene,
That on her sister loves to lean;
And, oh! this passing pageant o'er,
When time and change shall be no more,
Whate'er thy deathless office be,
Beam an eternal smile on me!

## PICTURESQUE TOUR IN THE OBERLAND.

PLATE 32.—VIEW OF UNTERSEEN.

HAVING in our last article described the most remarkable objects which present themselves to the view of the traveller on the south shore of the lake of Thun, we shall now conduct him along the north bank from Thun to Unterseen.

At the distance of a league from Thun, the eye rests with delight on the environs of Hilterfingen and Oberhofen, consisting of smiling hills and a fertile plain; the former covered with vineyards, and the latter with gardens and orchards. The castle of Oberhofen, and the estate belonging to it, have frequently changed masters. The family of its ancient possessors, who were styled Lords of Oberhofen and Ried, and founded the convent of Interlaken, becoming extinct, this lordship was conveyed by marriage to the Barons of Eschenbach and Rüsseck, names which remind us of the most glo-

rious period of Helvetic history. The illustrious house of Eschenbach was involved in the proscription of all those gentlemen, who either participated in or approved the murder of the Emperor Albert. That prince had come to Switzerland for the purpose of stifling the rising liberty of the people, and carrying into execution his unjust design of reducing under his particular dominion, as Archduke of Austria, countries which were merely under his imperial protection. His nephew, John of Austria, to whom Albert obstinately and insultingly refused his portion of the patrimony of the house of Habsburg, was prevailed upon to enter into a plot against the life of the emperor, the execution of which was undertaken by the four principal conspirators, Walter von Eschenbach, lord of Oberhofen, Rudolph von Balm, Rudolph von Wart, and Conrad von Tegerfeld. At the passage over the Reuss, near Windisch, the ancient *Vindonissa*, and at a little distance from Habsburg, the cradle of his family, the conspirators persuaded Albert to leave behind part of his retinue, lest the boat in which they were to be ferried across should be overloaded. As soon as he had landed on the opposite bank, Prince John, his nephew, gave him the first wound with his lance, exclaiming, "Receive the reward of thine injustice!" Balm ran his sword through his body, and Eschenbach cleft his head with his sabre. Wart alone did not lay hands on him, and he was the only one that died a violent death. Being delivered up by his kinsman, Diebold de Blamont, to Albert's children, Wart was broken alive upon the wheel, according to some historians, at Winterthur, near his own castle, which was situated on the right bank of the Töss; but according to the majority, on the very spot where the emperor had breathed his last, in the arms of a woman of the lowest class, and where his daughter Agnes afterwards erected the convent of Königsfelden, near Brugg. He endured this cruel punishment with great fortitude, and when fastened to the wheel, never ceased to cry out, "I die innocent, for I have not dipped my hands in Albert's blood: but he was no emperor whom my accomplices put to death; he was a traitor, whose hands were stained with the blood of his master*, who had robbed his nephew of his patrimony, and who deserved to suffer the punishment that is inflicted on me." For three days and nights, the wife of Wart, who was of the noble house of Balm, and who had in vain implored mercy for her husband of the implacable Agnes, remained under the wheel in prayer, and without taking any sustenance. As soon as the unfortunate Wart had expired, she set out on foot for Basle, where, in a few days, she sunk under her sorrows.

Walter von Eschenbach, in the disguise of a shepherd, found an asylum in Würtemberg, and there died, the last of a family long respected and powerful, but which thenceforward was incessantly persecuted, and at length ruined. The castle of Oberhofen, which

* The Emperor Adolph of Nassau, whom Albert slew at the battle of Worms.

was wrested from it together with its other possessions, was transferred to the Counts of Kyburg, by one of whom it was sold in 1398 to the city of Berne. The following year it was sold by the state to Louis von Seftingen, one of its citizens. It was afterwards successively the property of the houses of Scharnachthal and Erlach, till, in 1650, it was bought a second time by the canton; and has since constantly been the residence of a Bernese bailiff.

The villages of Gonten, at the foot of the Blumberg, Sigriswyl, and Ralligen, on the Ralligflue, and Merlingen, at the entrance of the Justisthal, are next discovered. Ralligen, formerly a small town, was buried by the fall of part of the mountain called the Ralligflue: some walls are the only remains of the place yet extant. The period at which this catastrophe happened is unknown. The Stammbach forms a waterfall near Ralligen. On the borders of the lake near all these villages are vineyards, and here and there some chesnut-trees. At Merlingen the boatmen commonly stop to refresh themselves, or in case of an approaching storm. The goat's milk cheese made at this place is highly esteemed; but the inhabitants of Merlingen bear in the adjacent country the character of the most ludicrously blundering and stupid people. All the absurd stories and ridiculous anecdotes which wags have invented, are placed to their account. But though the natives of Merlingen are pre-eminently notorious in this way, and figure in all the tales of rustic silliness, yet there are many other villages in Switzerland, the inhabitants of which are distinguished for awkwardness and blundering habits. These mutual imputations frequently give rise to bloody quarrels; since the villagers who are thus ridiculed in a mass, take up the pleasantries of their neighbours in a very serious manner. The people of the Entlibuch, in the canton of Lucerne, form the only exception that we know of. Here, on the last Monday in Lent, the poet of each village repairs to the neighbouring place, and sings in verses, more or less harmonious, but which frequently display sparks of genuine talent, to the assembled inhabitants, the secret history of all the silly and stupid things done there during the preceding year. The people flock round him; those even who are the subjects of the censures or the ridicule of these bards, are constrained by custom to attend these meetings, from which no disagreeable animosities ever result. This kind of moral magistracy exercised by these rustic minstrels, without any other mission than that of their poetic reputation, is a custom perhaps unparalleled in the history of civilization.

A little beyond Merlingen, the promontory called the *Nase* (Nose or Ness) projects into the lake. These parts are dangerous for vessels when the lake is agitated by storms. Merlingen and Sunglau or Sundlauinen, a village situated to the eastward of the Nase, are then the only points along a great extent of the north shore at which it is possible to land.

The *Nase* is formed by one extremity of the mountain range of

the Wandflue. On the south-east side of this range lies the Beatenberg, in which is the cavern of St. Beat. According to a tradition, the origin of which is lost in the obscurity of ages, this cavern afforded a retreat to St. Beat, who is regarded as the first apostle of Christianity in Switzerland. His real name was Suetonius; and the legend relates that he came hither from England, during the reign of the Emperor Claudius. It adds, that he died in this cavern at the age of eighty, in the year 112 of the Christian era, and that his remains were interred here. The place was afterwards much resorted to by pilgrims, and the 9th of May, the festival of the saint, was annually celebrated by a great concourse of natives and foreigners. At the period of the Reformation, in 1525, the skull of St. Beat was, by command of the senate of Berne, removed from this cavern, and interred at Interlaken; but as the resort of pilgrims was in no respect diminished, and as that government, like most of those which then embraced the doctrines of the Reformation, was much too sincere to conceive the idea of deriving advantage, either of a political or financial nature, from what it deemed a reprehensible error, it determined to wall up the entrance to the cavern; and the execution of this measure, in 1566, put an end to the pilgrimages. The probity which forbade the republic of Berne to profit by a superstitious custom forms a strong contrast with those Machiavelian doctrines, which make it almost the duty of a statesman to cherish the most erroneous popular notions, when he can render them subservient to his ends. Notwithstanding the esteem which such political rectitude necessarily excites, we cannot help viewing in those assemblages of people of all countries, whom a common devotion collected together at the same spot, one of the most effectual means of tempering the barbarity of the middle ages. Its darkness was undoubtedly more than once enlightened by the sparks resulting from the collision of men of such different manners, languages, and opinions. If ancient Greece partly owed its civilization to those religious festivals which long formed the only national bond between barbarous or hostile tribes, the Christian nations derived not less benefit from their pilgrimages, at a time when men otherwise met only to fight and to plunder one another. The sight of a spot consecrated by ancient pilgrimages, especially when it is also remarkable for the beauty and majesty of the surrounding scenery, always possesses a character at once venerable and affecting; and we have reason to doubt whether the journeys of pleasure or curiosity, which have succeeded those of religion and patriotism, produce the good effects which frequently attended the latter.

The tourist who arrives by water at Merlingen, may proceed thence on foot to the cavern of St. Beat, about three miles distant, and rejoin the vessel, which meanwhile doubles the Nase, at Sunglau; or he may land for the purpose on the other side of the promontory, where he has less than a mile to ascend to the cavern, from which issues

the rivulet called the Beatenbach. The prospect from this spot is extremely beautiful.

Returning on board, the vessel proceeds with the traveller not to the extremity of the lake, but to Neuhaus, a hamlet situated at the mouth of the Lohnbach. Opposite to it rises the Abendberg, with Dättlingen at its foot, and at the influx of the Aar into the lake are seen the remains of the castle of Weissenau. From Neuhaus to Unterseen is three miles; such persons as do not choose to walk that distance, can be supplied with small litters upon sending to the village.

The little town of Unterseen, represented in our engraving, stands in the beautiful valley which separates the lake of Thun from that of Brienz. Surrounded by lofty mountains, which shelter it from the north winds, and increase by reflexion the heat of the solar rays, it enjoys a very mild climate, so that the fruit of the forest of trees which covers the valley ripens ten days before that in the plain of Berne, and is sometimes still earlier. It is probable that the lakes of Thun and Brienz anciently formed but one basin; and that the soil of the valley which now separates them, and is about three miles in length, was formed by the alluvial matters deposited by the Lütschinen, which runs into it on the south side through the valley opening to the left of the Abendberg, and by the Lohnbach or Lombach, another stream, which descends between the two rocks on the right of the spectator.

The town of Unterseen, after belonging to the houses of Oberhofen, Wädenschwyl, Kyburg-Burgdorf, and Zollern, was a fief of the house of Austria till after the battle of Sempach, when the Archduke Leopold perished, with the flower of his nobility: the people of Berne took it, in 1386, from Margaret de Brandis, cousin of that prince, to whom it had been given by her kinsman. It was destroyed by fire in 1471, and rebuilt in a circular form by the assistance of the people of Berne, who supplied the inhabitants with all kinds of necessaries. The latter, grateful to their benefactors, accordingly continued faithful to them during the troubles which took place at different periods in the Oberland, and especially on occasion of the reformation in religion in the 16th century. The republic rewarded their attachment by the grant of privileges and the donation of extensive pastures. Few places have so constantly enjoyed peace and happy mediocrity. Even during the war of the French revolution, Unterseen, not lying on any military road of importance, suffered less than almost any other town in Switzerland.

The river, whose course we may follow in the plate till it runs into the lake, is the Aar. Near the town it forms a cascade, and close to the castle, the ancient residence of the Bernese bailiffs, an island, where, in the solitary alleys that wind among groves of fruit-trees, the wanderer enjoys the most magnificent spectacle that can be displayed to the eye of man. Near the place where the Aar is lost in the lake are seen the ruins of the castle of Weissenau, an ancient possession of the lords of Unspun-

nen. The pretty hamlet of Aarmühlen, on the left bank of the river, opposite to the town of Unterseen, and near the kind of cascade formed by a dike thrown up in the middle of the river, is the residence of a native physician, who has there founded an establishment, where persons recommended to take goat's milk whey for the benefit of their health may be accommodated with board and lodging at a moderate price. This regimen has frequently proved most beneficial in desperate phthysical complaints; and the quality of the herbs in the pastures round Unterseen cannot be inferior to that of those near Gaiss, in the canton of Appenzell, whither strangers have for many years resorted in great numbers, to drink whey, in the months of June and July. The town of Unterseen affords the same facilities, and enjoys the advantage of being situated amidst more diversified and more majestic scenery.

The mountain which faces the town, and forms the shore of the lake in all that part which is seen from our point of view, is the Abendberg. Its summit, the Morgenberghorn is concealed by the east side, which juts out at the extremity of the lake, and forms an inclined plane, covered with forests and the richest pasturage. Its top was found by Tralles to be 6990 feet above the level of the sea: the ascent is not difficult from the Saxetenthal, a valley which opens not far from the head of the lake, to the left of the spectator.

Behind the Abendberg, in the centre of the engraving, is seen the Niesen, which is so easily known by its pyramidal figure. The distance of its summit from that of the Abendberg furnished M. Tralles with the side of one of the most important triangles of the trigonometrical series, which served him to determine the elevation of the principal Alps of the Oberland of Berne.

At the foot of the Abendberg, and at the bottom of a small bay, is seen the village of Leissingen or Leissig, near which, to the westward, are situated the baths of the same name.

The rock on the right, at the foot of which flows the river, is part of the Harder, whose white bare crags first strike the eye of the traveller, and seem ready to crush the town of Unterseen. It is the eastern extremity of the chain that borders the lake of Brienz on the north, and which successively receives the denominations of Ringenberggrat, Riedergrat, and Brienzergrat, from the villages of Ringenberg, Ried, and Brienz. On the same side, but at a greater distance, the Beatenberg or Mount St. Beat, which has just been described, is seen boldly advancing into the lake.

The calcareous strata of the Wandflue, to which the Beatenberg belongs, rest upon breccia. Turbinites and tellinites, as well as other petrified substances, abound in the black schists. The calcareous stone in the environs of the Wandflue is found, when broken, to contain a soft bitumen. In the valley of Habcheren, which opens between the Harder and the Wandflue, this petroleum is seen floating in a fluid state on the surface of the rivulets. Mines of coal,

the beds of which extend under Mount St. Beat, and contain cochlites, have recently been wrought.

To the left of the promontory of the *Nase* or Nose, and on the declivity of the Abendberg, is seen the steeple of the church of Aeschi. Seated on one of the most delightful hills on the south shore of the lake of Thun, and at the entrance of the valley of Frutigen, the whole length of which they overlook, its inhabitants embrace in their view this beautiful basin, and enjoy a prospect equally diversified and magnificent. On the shore between Aeschi and the influx of the Aar into the lake, are seen the villages of Krattigen, Leissigen, and Dättlingen, in the vicinity of which have been found ruins and productions of art that bespeak the existence of ancient towns, of which history has preserved no memorial. Other more considerable traces of towns situated on the southern shore of the lake of Thun have been mentioned by Müller, the historian of Switzerland, who is of opinion, that at the time of the invasions of barbarous conquerors, these parts may have afforded an asylum to the oppressed natives. This conjecture is supported by the traditions which represent Spiez as having once been a considerable town, and place in these parts a temple belonging to the twelve parishes of the *lake of the Vandals*. It would also explain the origin of the vast caverns communicating with the tower of Strättlingen, near the present mouth of the Kander.

## VICISSITUDES OF HALF-A-GUINEA.

(Continued from p. 278.)

The result of a night passed in these reflections, was a determination to go the next day and ascertain the fate of his parents: but his search was fruitless; they had long since quitted the neighbourhood in which he left them, and all that he could learn was, that they had been reduced to the greatest distress, but that the old man always refused to avail himself of the refuge which he might have found in a workhouse. Wilson well remembered his father had often declared that he would rather starve than owe his existence to parochial aid; and conceiving that the unfortunate man's life had been sacrificed to his pride, he was returning with a sorrowful heart to his home, when he saw a woman crossing the street, fall down just as a stage-coach was driving up. He hallooed to the coachman to stop, and at the same moment darted forward to rescue the woman from the impending danger; but his humanity had nearly cost him his life, for the coachman could not restrain the horses, and it was almost by miracle that he escaped being rode over.

Finding that the poor woman was insensible, he carried her in his arms to the nearest shop, which happened to be an apothecary's: the master of it immediately hastened to her assistance, but on taking off her tattered bonnet and cloak, he turned to Wilson, observing that he feared all remedies would be in vain, for it appeared to him, that the unfortunate being had actually died from famine.

Had the sentence of his own

death been pronounced, the unfortunate Wilson would have heard it with comparative calmness; for the moment her bonnet was removed he recognised his mother, and he now in the most frantic terms accused himself as her murderer. The fears of the apothecary were, however, unfounded: though want had reduced her to the last stage of debility, yet the spark of life was not quite extinct; she soon began to shew signs of returning animation, and the apothecary, taking the precaution to remove Wilson from her sight, exerted his skill so successfully, that in a few minutes she was restored to her senses, though too weak to be able to move. Just then the shopman came in with a look of importance, to announce to Mr. Camphor, that Lady Ailmuch desired to see him immediately.

"Pshaw!" cried he, in a tone of vexation, "that woman is the plague of my life: it is as much as I can do to prevent her from poisoning herself with medicine. What's the matter now?"

"The footman says that his lady apprehends an attack of her nervous complaint."

"I thought so. Tell him you find that I am not at home: I shan't stir a step till I see what can be done for this poor soul."

The shopman did not venture to remonstrate, but he retired with a look which implied very plainly, that he thought his master threw away his time terribly in attending upon a pauper in preference to a woman of quality. Mr. Camphor then mixed a cordial draught, which he gave Mrs. Wilson, and finding that she was very much recruited, he quitted her for a few moments, to convey the intelligence of her recovery to her son.

The ecstatic joy with which the tidings were received sensibly touched the heart of the worthy apothecary; and the interest he felt for Wilson was not diminished by the frankness with which the unfortunate man acknowledged his crimes. He saw, or thought he saw, the hand of Heaven in the circumstance which had roused his slumbering conscience, nor did he doubt the sincerity of his repentance; but he felt the strong necessity there was to take some means of placing him in a situation to gain his livelihood by honest industry, lest want and idleness combined should again drive him to those courses which he now solemnly vowed to abandon for ever.

I can't be deceived, thought Camphor, as he scrutinized intently the countenance of Wilson; this poor fellow is truly penitent, and I must do something for him: and yet, if his repentance should after all be but a transient awakening of conscience? Hold! suppose I let him see his mother; one may form some opinion of the real state of his mind, from the manner in which he behaves to her. This idea decided him: he signified to Wilson that he thought, with a little management, he might be allowed to discover himself to his parent; and after he had very humanely prepared her to see her son, he sent for Wilson, remaining himself at the same time in the room to witness the interview.

Weak and miserable as the unfortunate mother was, the foolish

pride which had been the destruction of her son's integrity and her own happiness, burst forth at the sight of him. All that he had caused her to suffer was forgotten, when she saw him appear like a gentleman. Camphor, who watched the workings of his countenance, perceived with secret satisfaction the strong feelings of humiliation and regret, which his mother's delight at seeing him so apparently well off, called forth. It was some time before he ventured to inquire for his father: on hearing he was dead, he turned very pale, and remained some minutes without speaking. At last he said earnestly, "Mother, tell me one thing truly: did my father——" he paused, and then, in a scarcely articulate voice, added, "did he curse me before he died?"

"Curse thee, my poor boy? Oh no; he blessed and prayed for thee! His last words were, 'Wife, if ever you should see Jack, tell him, I beg God to forgive me as I forgive him.'"

At these words, Wilson averted his face, which he covered with his hands, but his deep sighs, and the big tears which trickled through his fingers, shewed the effect they had upon him. Camphor, satisfied with the trial he had made of his state of mind, now told him, in a kind voice, to remain together with his mother till his return, as he wanted to have some conversation with him, and was then compelled to go out. Wilson followed him into the shop, to ask what he really thought of his mother's situation; and finding that he was sending the shopman out for change of a pound-note, he offered to give it, and as I was a part of it, I thus came into the possession of the worthy apothecary.

My new master was one of the cleverest men in his profession: nevertheless, at the age of fifty, and with an excellent business, he had very seldom a guinea in his pocket. Benevolence was in fact his master passion, and the only luxury he allowed himself was that of doing good. A medicine which he had discovered of sovereign efficacy in nervous cases, first introduced him to the notice of Lady Ailmuch, whose train of imaginary diseases would have puzzled the skill and tried the patience of the whole College of Physicians. It was to her ladyship's habitation that he now bent his steps, but with much less alacrity than he would have done to that of the poorest peasant, who he had reason to suppose was really the victim of disease.

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## CACHEMIRE GOATS.

We quote, from a French scientific publication, the following particulars relative to the recent introduction into France, of a breed of the Cachemire or Cashimere goats, so celebrated for producing the material of which such beautiful and expensive shawls are made in the East. We much fear, that even the warm climate of the south of France will not be adapted to the increase of the breed; but at all events the experiment was worth trying, and the society by whom

the project was undertaken, deserves our thanks for the zeal which induced them to incur a heavy expense.

"The Cachemire goats are arrived at Marseilles, where they are now disembarking. M. Ternaux, member of the Chamber of Deputies, has communicated to the society for the encouragement of this acquisition, the following details:—Having learned from different travellers that the Schahs of Persia had transported these animals with success from Thibet, their native country, to the eastern provinces of Persia, from Great Bucharia to the Kerman, the idea was conceived of bringing them into France, for the purpose of procuring the means of fabricating shawls, which would secure to French industry a tribute from European luxury. M. Amadeus Jaubert, an Orientalist and distinguished traveller, undertook the execution of this project. The Duke of Richelieu declared himself the protector of it, and the revered name of the founder of Odessa awakened in all the Russian provinces through which M. Jaubert had to pass, a universal goodwill, and procured him whatever assistance he could desire. For a long time, however, M. Ternaux was without any intelligence from M. Jaubert, and he learned his arrival on the shores of the sea of Asoph only through the newspapers. 'Since that period,' says M. Ternaux, 'I have learned by M. Jaubert's letters, that he was compelled to abandon 200 of these animals in the Steppes of the Ural; that, besides, he had brought with him seventeen carriages laden with sick animals; that what caused him most pain was the sufferings experienced by his flock from fatigue and cold of from 18 to 22 degrees; that at length, after having braved hunger, thirst, and the wolves of the desert; having traversed half-civilized nations, and performed a long journey by land, there remained nothing further for him to surmount but the difficulties of the sea; and that he had embarked 568 animals, of which 240 were of the pure breed, 300 of a crossed breed, six sheep of Bucharia, of common wool, eight young kids, seven young females, and seven males. He announces to me, that when these animals shall have arrived in France, it will be necessary to take extreme care of the males; that these animals, which are vigorous, but delicate, have neither the shapes nor the repulsive smell of the European goats; that it is impossible to find animals more docile, more courageous, more easily conducted or supported, than these goats; but that they would suffer from cold, ill treatment, and want of nourishment. In his previous letters, he informed me, that he had succeeded in supporting them with hay and oats, and that every species of pasturage would suit them.'—We learn from Marseilles, that of the 568 embarked, 160 died on the passage; but his loss is compensated in some degree by the birth of several others. The eight males have been reduced to five. A veterinary surgeon has been sent to Marseilles to take care of them. M. Jaubert still remains in the Crimea with the sick goats."

## ORIGIN, &c. OF ENGLISH GAMES AND PASTIMES.

MUSICAL AMUSEMENTS—THE SCALDS AND GLEEMEN—JUGGLERS OR JOCULATORS—MINSTRELS—TAME ANIMALS—NORMAN RHYMERS—CONTEURS, OR JESTOURS—WM. SHEALE AND HIS BALLAD OF "CHEVY CHASE."

THE scalds were the poets and the musicians of the ancient northern nations; they resembled the bards of the Britons, and were held in equal veneration by their countrymen. They were considered as necessary appendages to royalty, and even the inferior chieftains had their poets to record their actions and indulge their vanity.

Upon the establishment of the Saxons in Britain, these poetical musicians were their chief favourites; the courts of the kings, and the residences of the opulent, afforded them a constant asylum; their persons were protected, and admission granted to them without the least restraint. In the Anglo-Saxon language, they were distinguished by two appellations; the one equivalent to the modern term of gleemen or merrimakers, and the other harpers, derived from the harp, an instrument they usually played upon. The gleemen added mimicry and other means of promoting mirth, as well as dancing and tumbling, with sleights of hand, and variety of deceptions, to amuse the spectators: it was therefore necessary for them to associate themselves into companies, by which means they were enabled to diversify their performances, and render many of them more surprising, through the assistance of their confederates: but upon this subject we may have occasion to speak more fully hereafter.

Representations of some of these pastimes are met with occasionally in the early Latin and Saxon manuscripts; and where they do occur, we uniformly find that the illuminators, being totally ignorant of ancient customs, and the habits of foreign nations, have not paid the least regard to propriety in the depicting of either, but substituted those of their own time; and by this means they have, without design on their part, become the communicators of much valuable information.

The sleight of casting up a certain number of sharp instruments into the air, and catching them alternately in their fall, though part of the gleeman's profession, was not entirely confined to this practice. It is said of Olaf Fryggeson, one of the ancient kings of Norway, that he could play with three darts at once, tossing them in the air, and always kept two up while the third was down in his hand. Our Saxon joculator, however, has the advantage of the monarch, by adding the three balls, which of course must have made the trick more difficult to be performed. This it will be observed is going beyond any of the Indian and Chinese jugglers or joculators, who, within the last four or five years, have amused the inhabitants of London.

The celebrated minstrel Taillefer, who came into England with William the Norman, was a warrior as well as a musician; he was present at the battle of Hastings, and appeared at the head of the

Conqueror's army, singing the songs of Charlemagne and of Roland: but previous to the commencement of the action, he advanced on horseback towards the army of the English, and casting his spear three times into the air, he caught it as often by the iron head, and the fourth time he threw it among his enemies, one of whom he wounded in the body; he then drew his sword, which he also tossed into the air as many times as he had done his spear, and caught it with such dexterity, that those who saw him, attributed his manœuvres to the power of enchantment. After he had performed these feats, he galloped among the English soldiers, thereby giving the Normans the signal of battle, and in the action it appears he lost his life.

One part of the gleeman's profession was teaching animals to dance, to tumble, and to put themselves into variety of attitudes at the command of their masters. Many of our readers, no doubt, have been amused by witnessing of late years, and especially since the Continent was opened to travellers, the performances of hares and rabbits upon a tabor, firing a pistol, and other tricks. We have an old account in English of a hare being taught to do as much or more. Abraham Fleming, who wrote early in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, relates the following in his tract "Upon English Dogs:"—"A hare was seen in England, to the astonishment of the beholders, in the year of our Lord 1564, not only dancing in measure, but playing with his former feet upon a taberet, and observing a just number of strokes, as a practitioner in that art, besides nipping and pinching a dog with his teeth and claws, and cruelly thumping him with the force of his feet."

The bards and the scalds most assuredly used the harp to accompany their songs, and to modulate their voices; the Saxon gleemen and joculators followed their example, and are frequently called harpers for that reason: but at the same time it is equally certain, that they were well acquainted with several other instruments of music, as the violin, or something very similar to it, pipes or flutes of various kinds, horns and trumpets, to which may be added the tabor or drum. The harp indeed was the most popular, and frequently exercised by persons who did not follow the profession of gleemen. We learn from unquestionable authority, that as early as the seventh century, it was customary at convivial meetings to hand a harp from one person to another, and every one who partook of the festivity played upon it in his turn, singing a song to the music for merriment sake: but probably this was not the practice when the professional harper was present, whose province it was to amuse the company.

Soon after the Conquest, these musicians lost the ancient Saxon appellation of gleemen, and were called ministraul, in English minstrels, a term well known in Normandy some time before. As the minstrel's art consisted of several branches, the professors were distinguished by different denominations, as rimours, chanterres, conteours, jugleours, or jongleurs, jestours, lecours, and troubadours,

or trouvers; in modern language, rhymers, singers, story-tellers, jugglers, relaters of heroic actions, buffoons, and poets; but all were included under the general name of minstrel.

The Norman rhymers appear to have been the genuine descendants of the ancient Scandinavian scalds; they were well known in the northern parts of France long before the appearance of the provincial poets, known by the name of troubadours. The troubadours brought with them into the north a new species of language, called the Roman language, which, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, was commonly used in the southern provinces of France, and there esteemed as the most perfect of any in Europe. It evidently originated from the Latin, and was the parent of the French tongue; and in this language their songs and their poems were composed. These poets were much admired and courted, being, as Dr. Henry says, the delight of the brave, and the favourite of the fair, because they celebrated the achievements of the one, and the beauties of the other. Even princes became troubadours, and wrote poems in the provincial dialect; among others, a monarch of our own country certainly composed verses of this kind: the reader will, I doubt not, readily recollect the common story of Richard I. who being closely confined in a castle belonging to the Duke of Austria, was discovered by his favourite minstrel Blondel, a celebrated troubadour, through the means of a poem composed by the poet in conjunction with his royal master.

The conteurs and the jestours, who are also called dissours and seggers, or sayers in English, were literally tale-tellers, who recited either their own compositions or those of others, consisting of popular tales and romances, for the entertainment of public companies on occasions of joy and festivity.

The jestours, or as the word is often written in the old English dialect, gesters, were the relaters of the gestes, that is, the actions of famous persons, whether fabulous or real; and these stories were of two kinds, the one to excite pity, and the other to move laughter, as we learn from Chaucer:

> And jestours that tellen tales,
> Bothe of wepyng and of game.

The tales of game, as the poet expresses himself, were short jocular stories, in which the reciters paid little respect to the claims of propriety, or even of common decency. The tales of game, however, were much more popular than those of weeping, and probably for the very reason that ought to have operated the most powerfully for their suppression.

It was a very common and a very favourite amusement so late as the 16th century, to hear the recital of verses and moral speeches, learned for that purpose by a set of men who obtained their livelihood thereby, and who without ceremony intruded themselves, not only into taverns and other places of public resort, but also into the houses of the nobility. Of this class, and one of the latest, was William Sheale, who has been ascertained in the British Bibliographer, to be the author of the celebrated ballad of "Chevy Chase."

A full account of him may be found in vol. iv. p. 97, with a curious poem, describing the nature of the employment of the minstrel at that date.

## THE JEW'S ANSWER.

*A Translation of Day* I. *Novel* iii. *of* Boccacio.

Fam'd Saladin of Babylon,
Whose valour was so great,
From lowly subject to become
A mighty potentate;

And won so many victories,
And made the Pagans yield,
And the brave Christians conquer'd too,
In many a foughten field;

Had spent at last his treasures vast
In wars and pleasures free,
And knew not where to look for more
In his wide empery.

At length he thought him of a Jew,
In Alexandria dwelling,
By daily fraud and usury
His soul to Satan selling.

Yet well he knew this cunning Jew,
Who goods would freely sell him,
Would not give up his heaps of gold,
Yet loth was to compel him.

The Soldan's wants brook'd no delay,
Supplies he must obtain,
And wit provided him a way
The Jew's great wealth to gain.

He sent for him in friendly guise,
Seated him when he came,
And thus address'd Melchisedeck,
For so the Jew had name.

"Most worthy man, I oft have heard
That you are wise indeed,
And in the things that touch God's word
All others you exceed.

"Therefore I sent for thee to know,
Which faith you hold most true,
The Christian or the Saracen,
Or yours, who are a Jew."

The Jew was wise, with wary eyes,
And quickly understood
The Soldan's purpose to entrap,
And punish if he could.

He therefore held it safest was
To neither to incline,
To praise not one above the rest,
And cheat the close design.

He set his ready wits to work
An answer so to frame,
Which might prevent the ill intent,
And quit him void of blame.

"Great sir," he said, "the question sage
Doth merit well reply,
And might the learned heads engage
Of wiser men than I.

"But since you bid me answer now,
To make my notions clear,
You must consent that I relate
This tale as you shall hear.

"If I not err, long since there liv'd
A man of wealth most fair,
Who among other jewels own'd
A precious ring and rare.

"Its price and beauty made him wish
This ring should aye descend
Among his own posterity,
Whene'er his life should end.

"He therefore left it in his will,
When he was under ground,
That son alone should be his heir
With whom the ring was found.

"That he who should the ring obtain
Should make the same bequest,
That to the last it might remain
By his own house possest.

" In short, from hand to hand the ring
For many centuries past,
Until it came into the gift
Of a good sire at last;

" To whom three goodly sons were sent,
Who equally deserv'd,
All fair alike, obedient,
And ne'er from virtue swerv'd.

" He lov'd them therefore equally,
And wish'd them all to share;
Yet each besought to have the ring,
And be the father's heir.

" He knew not which he should prefer,
To whom the ring should fall;
At length he thought him of a way
To satisfy them all.

" He to a lapidary went,
Who made him other two,
So like the first indeed, 'twere hard
To say which was the true.

" Death now approach'd, and secretly
To each a ring he gave,
That each might think himself the heir
When he was in his grave.

" When he was gone, all made a claim;
Whence great contentions spring,
And each son to confirm the same
Produced his sev'ral ring.

" 'Twas found alike the rings all were,
None could the true one say,
And which of them is rightful heir
Is question'd to this day.

" This is the answer you require
To question rare and new—
Which of three faiths our heavenly Sire
Has given, be the true?

" Each one believes his own is right,
And each his proof can bring;
But no one knows unto this day
Which is the one true ring."

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## THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. LXVI.

'Tis not a set of features or complexion,
The tincture of a skin, that I admire:
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in the eye, and palls upon the sense.

ADDISON's *Cato.*

IT is a maxim which the poet has established, and which, by the universal recollection of the lines, seems to have been confirmed by universal consent, that

" Beauty needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when least adorn'd, adorn'd the most."

And yet there is a certain altar at which it is perceived that beauty makes her constant as well as most lavish offerings; where the votaries are so little guided by any fixed principles or settled regulations of devotion, that, on the contrary, a spirit of continual change and the ever-varying impulses of fantastic taste may be considered as the powerful, though invisible agents of divinity; for such, I fear, the extent of her dominion compels me to denominate her to whom I allude. Who is there whose walk in life is so circumscribed as not to have perceived that *Fashion* is the tutelary power whose temple I am about to describe, and whose votaries I am about, not to enumerate, for that attempt would carry me through all the wide-spread regions of art and science, but to particularize as confined to the enchanting dominion of beauty?

The more we consider the power of fashion, the more we may

find cause for astonishment at the servile homage, which, by the power of ridicule, and almost by that power alone, it renders reason itself subservient to the whims of folly. The rule of *opinion*, under certain circumstances, and with a view to certain promises or hopes at least, may be regarded with rational expectation, and be justified on past experience; but fashion, as the term is generally understood, by being directed to what are, in fact, but frivolous objects, and containing nothing that is solid or lasting, has no claim to any other regard but such as is suggested by fantasy, whim, or the caprice of the moment. Whoever views its course, must perceive that what it adopts to-day may be prohibited to-morrow; that she is stationary in no one point, and has no other power by which she governs her votaries, but that which proceeds from the idle fears of being thought ridiculous in those circles where her influence is allowed to predominate.

In the point of view, however, in which I am disposed to consider it, I must give it an ally, if not a high priestess, whose influence is not merely of a powerful, but an irresistible character; and that is *beauty*, to which we are indebted for many of the more pleasing illusions of life, and which fashion is so frequently employed in contriving, decorating, and enlarging.

These observations naturally lead me to that influence of fashion which, as it affects my own sex, the particular object of my consideration, is, in a great measure, confined to dress, which has been said to occupy a very large portion of their existence. It may certainly, and when the toilette is under the guidance of vanity, probably will, be carried to excess; but when its cares and attentions are directed by a sole desire to please, and particularly those whom it is our duty and reasonable interest to please, it may be considered as among the first of the minor female virtues. In this case, an attention to personal decoration is perfectly commendable. Who will deny that it increases the value of female charms, as it is the natural finish of beauty, and will sometimes even in some degree supply the place of it. At all events, if a beautiful woman is a jewel, and she may be considered as the finest in creation, the setting of it will be that of dress, according to principles of a just taste, harmonizing with the graces, figure, and native features of the beauty which it adorns.

But in pointing out what dress ought to be, and which it ever will be, when directed by a rational, I am disposed to add, a moral desire to please, I cannot pass by what too frequently occurs where fashion suggests the desire to vie with others, and to rival, if not excel, the predominating *belles* of the *ton*, in the luxury, splendour, and novelty of personal attractions. Hence it is, then, that fashion so often becomes the enemy of native and genuine beauty, when females, by a misapplied superfluity of art, overwhelm the enchanting attractions of nature.

No one will deny that the greater share of beauty a woman possesses, the less occasion she has for ornament, and the more sim-

ple and less overcharged her dress should be. This incontestible truth should have the effect of persuading women, that the perfection of dress consists in simplicity, taste, elegance, and grace, and not in the singularity or novelty of costumes, whatever they may be. But fashion interferes too often with genuine taste, and vanity, her too constant handmaid, assists in adopting what the leaders of the *ton* think it proper to do, not in making choice of what a genuine and pure taste recommends to be done. But so I fear it is.

The ridiculous circumstance which I am about to mention may be in the recollection of some of my readers; but be that as it may, I will answer for its truth, and that it forms an article of some notoriety in the annals of fashion. Some lady of high rank and commanding influence in the first walk of fashionable life, with a sufficient degree of beauty to attract admiration, whatever might be the perfection of her face and the general appearance of her figure, was wofully deficient in the *en bon point* which is so essential to that perfection of which the female form is susceptible, and to which the sculptor and the painter look with such peculiar delight. To attain this object of her vanity she applied to art, and certain suitable shapes formed from the cork-tree were adapted to the deficiencies of her figure; and thus aided, she rivalled the Venus de Medicis in all the apparent firmness of muscle and roundness of form which distinguish that pre-eminent statue.—In this deception, as it may appear, though the contrivance was soon pretty generally known, I cannot discover any particular impropriety; but fashion stepped in, seized it as her own, introduced it for universal adoption, made it a subject, from its subsequent and improper application, of general and merited ridicule, which verse and prose and caricature held forth to general joke, and, while the novelty lasted, to continual laughter. For the fact was, that these protuberances, calculated only to assist the lean and scraggy shapes, being patronised by fashion, were equally applied by those to whom nature had already been too bountiful in that kind of substance, the want of which they were intended to supply: so that such monstrous figures appeared in the fashionable world as never had appeared before, and, for the sake of the female form, it is to be hoped will never be seen again.

Dress is to beauty what harmony is to melody; it ought to set it off to advantage, to enhance its lustre, but never to cover or disguise it. Luxury in dress is like superabundance in accompaniments, which so far from giving greater effect to the voice of the singer, only serves to drown it. The toilette, like the accompaniment, as it has been already observed, ought to harmonize with the person who is to receive embellishment from it; and should vary according to the figure, the features, and the physiognomy, not forgetting even the colour of the complexion and the hair. It ought also to be modified according to age, condition, and character.

But, after all, what is fashion if taken in the signification which

must be given to it according to the style and modes of tonish life? It is a kind of dress which is perfectly suited to females of a certain rank and fortune, and adopted by too many others whether suited to them or not. It is, for example, a head-dress which is perfectly becoming to the Duchess of B——, and which, on that account, is worn by Mrs. C——, though as unfavourable as possible to the display of her features. It is a robe which sets off to the utmost the fine form of Lady Mary; and therefore is assumed by Miss Betsy F—, though it disguises her own. How often have I seen an arm bare whose skeleton appearance demanded a long sleeve! but fashion forbade the necessary and, I may add, prudent covering.

I myself was acquainted with a lady, nay am still, though circumstances have placed us at such a distance as to render our communication in a great measure impracticable, who, with the most attractive person, agreeable manners, and adequate fortune, never had, from the age of seventeen to that of twenty-one, any offer of marriage that she could with prudence or propriety accept; and this appears to have arisen from the constant habit of disfiguring herself according to every change and turn of fashionable life: at length, however, having dressed herself in a character of perfect simplicity, according to her own genuine taste, at a fancy ball she appeared in such a state of unaffected beauty, that she was very soon after led to the altar by a man of fortune and understanding, who had known her for two years previous to that natural and casual appearance, which gave her personal charms the fortunate display of her genuine attractions, whose simplicity placed her in that happy state which she so well deserves; and I rather please myself with the hope that she will see this paper, whose truth she will most willingly confirm; while she receives my sincere wishes for the continuance of a life that has long since bid adieu to the follies of fashion. She will acknowledge me under the title of the

F—— T——.

## MUSICAL REVIEW.

*Fourth fantasia on the favourite Air, "And has she then failed in her truth," by Henry Bishop, for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Moccata*, by F. Ries. Op. 92. No. I. Pr. 4s.—(Goulding and Co. Soho-square.)

A LARGHETTO in F minor precedes the principal movement (in F major), founded upon the above interesting air of Mr. Bishop. In a composition, the nature of which exempts it from any observance of regularity in plan or treatment, and leaves the imagination to revel in all the luxuriance of random conceptions, the critic can hardly be expected to detail methodically every step and skip of his author. If we attempted such a course in the present instance, our readers would not thank us for the trouble we took. The task would not be an easy one; for Mr. R. whose Muse

at all times partakes of the fervour of poetical inspiration, has in this fantasia allowed his fancy the most unlimited scope of action. Thought crowds upon thought, like the wayward imagery of a dream; at times, we glide on with the author in smooth paths, then again we are abruptly transported into novel and imposing regions. Yet with all the variety observable in this composition, the spirit of the theme upon which it is founded, lurks more or less in all its constituent parts, and the talent of Mr. R. has known how to hide the artifice and skill which have been exerted in this production. The piece is truly classic, and worthy of the name of its author.

*A Series of Caledonian Airs, arranged as Duets for two Performers on the Piano-forte, inscribed to Mr. J. B. Nasmyth,* by J. F. Burrowes. Nos. I. and II.—Pr. 3s. 6d. each.—(Goulding and Co. Soho-square.)

Mr. Burrowes' Caledonian airs, with variations, for *one* performer on the piano-forte, have at different times been brought under the consideration of our readers. Their success—so justly merited—has probably induced the author to commence a similar series, arranged as duets for two performers on the piano-forte. Of this series, we have two numbers before us: the first containing "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," and "Auld Lang Syne," with five variations; and the second number, "John Anderson my Jo," with two variations, and "Duncan Gray," with five variations. Mr. B. possesses a peculiar talent and facility in this species of writing; his pen is indefatigable, and its fertility inexhaustible; indeed, it gains in vigour as it proceeds, *crescit eundo.* To us the previous quantum of Scotch tune and variation would have been sufficient; but as quality, not quantity, forms the subject of the critic's consideration, we must do Mr. B. the justice to observe, that the two numbers of these duets are written with his usual ability and good taste. Many of the variations are of a superior degree of interest, and some partake of considerable originality in point of conception. The execution of either of the parts, especially of the second, will be found free from any deterring difficulties.

*Mozart's Overture to "Il Don Giovanni," arranged for two Performers on the Piano-forte, and respectfully inscribed to Miss Burrowes and Miss M. A. Dowland,* by D. Bruguier. Pr. 3s. 6d. —(Falkner, Old Bond-street.)

It is at least a dozen times that this overture has passed muster before us in one shape or another, and we have heard it so often, that the omission of a bar, or the neglect of any essential part of its inner harmony, would probably not pass unperceived. This familiarity with the work enables us to form a pretty correct opinion of Mr. Bruguier's arrangement before us, and we are happy to have it in our power to introduce his labour with a very favourable testimonial of its merits. This gentleman has obviously taken great pains to extract from the score the essence of Mozart's intentions, and to assign to four hands all that could conveniently be committed to their execution. At the conclusion, how-

ever, something more might have been done. In the original, the overture, on account of its immediate connection with the introduction, "Notte e giorno faticar," is left without that independent winding-up which, as a piece by itself, it necessarily requires. Mr. B. has supplied in some degree that desideratum; but the supplement is very brief, and too little in the spirit of grandeur which breathes in the work itself. Something in the way in which this overture is wound up in its performance at the Philharmonic Concerts would have pleased us better. *That* termination is truly magnificent; Mozart himself could not have imagined a more striking and superb coda, the author of which, we believe, is Mr. Clementi.

As many of our readers may not be aware of the extraordinary fact of this master-piece having been the fruit of *one* night's lucubration, we beg leave to refer them to a Biographical Memoir of Mozart in Nos. 61, 62, and 63 of the First Series of the *Repository of Arts*, and more particularly to No. 62, p. 70, where the peculiar circumstances under which this overture was composed, are related at some length.

*Favourite Airs selected from the most celebrated Operas composed by Rossini, arranged as Duets for two Performers on the Piano-forte, and dedicated to Mrs. Cooke*, by D. Bruguier. Pr. 4s.—(Falkner, Old Bond-street.)

The airs contained in this book are established favourites: they are, "Di piacer mi balza il cuor," "Ah come mai quell' anima," and "Di tanti palpiti," of course. The sprightliness, youthful freshness, delicacy of diction, and elegance of sentiment, peculiar to Rossini's style, are abundantly observable in the above selections; and Mr. B. has done every thing on his part to preserve these and other characteristic features of his author, and to render his extracts from the score analogous to the capabilities of the piano-forte, and convenient in point of execution. In a score of Rossini's, a task of this kind is comparatively easy: his harmonies are not often complicated; the parts, however fraught with multitudes of notes, generally proceed in a very simple and straight-forward manner. We observe but rarely an elaborate interlacement of voices, or deep contrapuntal artifice. The melodies are full of grace, without being at all times of a novel stamp, in point of thought at least. In the metrical arrangement, however, there is frequently a great and obvious degree of originality; and it is this peculiarity perhaps, as much as any other feature, that exerts a fascinating power over the auditors of Rossini's operas.

*Overture to the Opera of L'Agnese, composed by Paer, arranged for the Piano-forte* by M. C. Mortellari. Pr. 2s.—(Falkner, Old Bond-street.)

This overture, however little it may correspond with the import of the sombre and heart-rending drama to which it forms the introduction, exhibits itself to great advantage on the piano-forte; a recommendation to which the able adaptation on the part of Mr. Mortellari has not a little contributed. The texture of the score, too, is such as to afford facilities for a

piano-forte extract, which the scores of Mozart or Haydn do not hold out. Their contents are almost too full and abundant to be brought under the grasp of ten fingers.

"*The Hussars*," *the celebrated new Collection of Quadrilles as performed at Almacks' and the Nobilities' Concerts, composed, selected, and dedicated to Lord Stewart*, by M. C. Mortellari. Pr. 3s. —(Falkner, Old Bond-street.)

What with loans from Rossini, Mozart, &c. and thoughts of his own, Mr. M. has succeeded in producing what would appear to us a very good collection of quadrilles. Of their merits as dances, we are little qualified to give an opinion, although the figures in French and English are subjoined; but their interest, in a musical point of view, has been sufficient to afford us half an hour's relaxation and entertainment.

# FASHIONS.

## LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 34.—MORNING DRESS.

A CAMBRIC muslin round dress: the skirt is of an easy fulness, and a good deal gored; it is trimmed at the bottom with flounces of the same material, corded at the edges, and disposed in a bias direction; this trimming is very deep: the body fastens behind, and is tight to the shape; the waist is a little shorter than last month. A falling collar, which partially exposes the throat, is pointed, and slightly embroidered at the edge: long sleeve, moderately wide, and falling very far over the hand; it is terminated by a very novel and pretty cuff, formed of two falls of trimming slightly embroidered at the edge. The epaulette, for which we must refer to our print, is of a very novel form; it is formed entirely of work. Morning *cornette* composed of Urling's lace. Black kid shoes.

PLATE 35.—FULL DRESS.

A white satin round dress, finished at the bottom of the skirt with a trimming of oak-leaves formed of the same material, and headed by a wreath of intermingled pale pink and deep rose-coloured china-asters; above which are small bouquets of wild blossoms, placed at regular distances. *Corsage*, plain back, terminated by a short full jacket *à la corset*, laced in front, and a little pointed at the bottom of the waist: the bust, which is cut square, and of a very decorous height, is trimmed with a full quilling of spotted *tulle*, set on double and very deep behind, but single and much narrower in front: short full sleeve, with an epaulette composed of lozenge puffs inserted in plain bands, and finished at the bottom by a cording of white satin. The hair is dressed very low behind, and in thick curls on the temples; it is ornamented with a wreath of wild blossoms, to correspond with those in the trimming of the dress. Necklace and earrings, pearls. White kid gloves, and white corded silk

slippers. — We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint of No. 12, Edwards-street, Portman-square, inventress of the *corset à la Grecque*, for both dresses.

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## GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The out-door dress of our fair fashionables is now of that light description that suits the time of year. Open robes, composed of cambric or jaconot muslin, made in the pelisse style, and generally embroidered all round in a deep rich pattern, or else trimmed with muslin *bouillonné*, are much worn for walking in the earlier part of the morning; sometimes with the addition of a light silk scarf, but as frequently without. Large bonnets, composed of cambric, and sometimes of clear muslin, made with easings, in the style which the French call *capotes*, are very much in favour with these robes.

Silk pelisses are still fashionable, but not so much so as those made in clear muslin, and lined with coloured sarsnet; they are either embroidered all round in a very broad pattern, or else trimmed with lace. Transparent bonnets begin to be very general: we observe in a good many instances, that they are ornamented with flowers to correspond with the lining of the pelisse. We should also observe, that silk spencers, with bonnets to correspond, are adopted by many *élégantes*; so that upon the whole, there is a good deal of variety in promenade dress, though little actual novelty.

Pelisses composed of British net, lined with coloured sarsnet, and trimmed with white lace, are much in favour in carriage dress; as are also white satin spencers trimmed with blond and white *gros de Naples*, or *du cape* spencers ornamented with embroidery in *chenille*, or with wreaths of leaves composed of satin of different colours. We noticed the other day a very pretty spencer trimmed in this style: it was made with a falling pelerine, which turned back a good deal in front; a wreath of blades of grass, formed in green *chenille*, went round the pelerine and the cuffs, and a narrow cording of green satin edged the bottom of the fronts, and the small jacket affixed to the back.

Bonnets, wholly and partly transparent, are still more in favour in carriage than in walking dress. When the bonnet is only partly transparent, the crown is always of *gros de Naples*, or some other silk mixed with satin: the brim is of gauze, net, or blond; it is either spotted with satin, or else ornamented with very narrow rouleaus of that material; the edge is in general finished with blond, and the crown always adorned with flowers.

We see nothing but muslin for dishabille; it is also much more worn than silk for dinner dress. We have observed in the latter a good many dresses of clear muslin trimmed with flounces, embroidered at the edges in colours: some are worked in a running pattern of leaves in various shades of green; others in a small wreath of natural flowers surrounded with foliage: these trimmings have a very pretty and tasteful effect.

MORNING DRESS.

[illegible] 1821.

EVENING DRESS.

The materials of full dress continue to be of the same rich and varied description as last month; but, with the exception of the elegant dress given in our print, we have not observed any thing novel either in the make or trimming of gowns.

The colours that were fashionable last month are still in favour, as are also evening primrose and very pale fawn colour.

## FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, May 19.

*My dear* SOPHIA,

NOTWITHSTANDING the uncommon fineness of the weather, promenade dress is not quite so light as usual at this time of year. Silk is still much worn; but we see now very few pelisses. Gowns are made high, but there is not much novelty in them, either in form or trimming, for the promenade. Many of those in silk have only one row of chain trimming round the bottom of the skirt; it always corresponds both in colour and material with the gown. Muslin dresses are made in a much more showy style: those of *perkale* have three or four bands of clear muslin let in full round the bottom of the skirt; a row of rich embroidery, about a nail in breadth, is placed between each band; and the body, if made high, is frequently decorated with bias bands of emboidery in front of the bust.

Notwithstanding that the weather is at present very warm, cachemire and silk shawls are in great requisition; in fact, we see hardly any thing else in the promenades: they are worn even over pelisses. Ruffs are fashionable, but not quite so general as they were some time ago: they are now quite open in front of the throat; the greatest number are composed of lace or rich work, but a good many *belles* adopt those made of British net: they are always worn broad and very full.

Bonnets are of a very moderate size, those composed of Leghorn excepted, which are worn very large; but at present Leghorn *chapeaux* are not much in favour, except for morning promenade, and even then they are less general than those made of transparent materials. *Capotes*, which are so appropriate to morning costume, are now very little worn; the few that are seen in the promenades are composed of white or unbleached cambric: they are in general worn without any ornament, but sometimes, though rarely, a small bouquet of roses is placed on one side.

Transparent bonnets are composed of gauze, tulle, *gaze de laine*, and all the various kinds of metallic gauze. When the bonnet is composed of this latter material, the brim is always plain: it is finished round the edge by a narrow bias band of gauze or *tulle* laid on double; above this band two small rouleaus of satin are generally placed at a little distance from each other: the crown is sometimes ornamented with gauze *en fichu*, or else with satin, arranged in the same manner, and edged with blond: a good many *chapeaux*, however, have the crowns plain.

Flowers are still as much worn as ever; the bouquets are small, and are composed in general of different flowers, except where the hat is ornamented with roses, and in that case there are no other flowers mingled in the bouquet.

Coloured muslins are a good deal worn in dishabille; blue, lilac, and above all rose-colour, are considered fashionable. Those that are spotted or sprigged, are more in favour than striped muslins. The most novel form for dishabille is an open robe, which comes nearly, but not quite, up to the throat: it wraps a good deal to one side, and is made with a small falling pelerine, pointed in the middle of the back and at the ends: the back is full; the waist of a moderate length, and the sleeve wider than they have been recently worn. A simple but pretty trimming goes all round the robe: it is a band of the same material, rather more than a nail in breadth, fluted in a bias direction, and edged at each side with a very narrow *ruche* of the same muslin.

Dinner gowns, unless for grand parties, are very plainly made. Silk is a great deal worn, but we see very few in muslin. One of the most novel, and I think the prettiest, is composed of clear muslin: the body is made *à la vierge*, that is to say, it displays very little of the bust; the front is decorated with a stomacher, composed of narrow rouleaus of azure blue satin; it is in the form of a demi lozenge, and the point does not go beyond the waist: the back is plain; a fall of lace goes round the bust, and is formed into shells, which stand up, by very small rosettes of blue satin. The sleeve is short and full; it is terminated by a similar trimming. The bottom of the skirt is ornamented with a very broad *bouillonné*, composed of clear muslin, intersected with rouleaus of blue satin, and finished at each edge with a fall of lace, to correspond with the bust, but much broader. This style of trimming is novel, and I think it also extremely pretty.

*Cornettes* composed of satin with a mixture of blond, and a full border of blond, begin to be a good deal worn in half dress; they are made nearly flat to the head, and have very small ears: the blond is let-in in puffs on the crown of the head; these puffs are long and narrow; they are sometimes trimmed round with narrow blond laid on very full. A sprig of roses, lilies, jessamine, or hyacinths, is placed at one side, and a full bow of ribbon fastens the *cornette* under the chin. When these caps are worn by ladies of a certain age, the satin in the *cornette* corresponds in colour with the robe; but for more youthful *belles* it is always white.

There is little alteration in full dress since I wrote last; the materials and the form continue the same, except that the busts of dresses are made a little lower than they then were, and are sloped down, not very decorously, in front of the bosom; but a bouquet, which is placed in the centre of the girdle, effectually answers the purpose of concealing that part of the neck which the robe leaves exposed. The principal change is in trimmings: flowers, though still worn, are more sparingly used, and

are no longer mixed with silver ornaments. The most fashionable among the latter are lilies; they are made something smaller than the natural flower, and the foliage is also of silver: they are used to fasten up drapery flounces; sometimes a single lily is employed for this purpose, but more frequently two or three.

A good many dresses are trimmed at the bottom with gauze rouleaus, which are formed into puffs by small steel clasps, placed at regular distances: there are two or three rows of this kind of trimming. Small steel ornaments, in the shape of a star, are also frequently employed to form draperies of satin, tulle, or blond.

Steel ornaments are now very much used for the hair in full dress. There are some very beautiful tiaras formed of cut steel, surmounted by very small flowers in coloured gems, or else by a wreath of leaves in emeralds. Some tiaras are composed of flowers in coloured gems, with steel stars between: there are even necklaces and earrings composed of cut steel; and certainly it is only inferior in brilliancy to the diamond.

Flowers are also a good deal worn in the hair; they are sometimes mixed with pearls, but never with diamonds: a tiara of pearls is placed low on the forehead, and a sprig of roses among the bows of the hind hair, or else half a wreath of roses, goes round the top of the crown of the head. The other flowers of the season are also used to ornament the hair, but there are not any so fashionable as roses.—The colours most in favour are, rose colour, emerald green, azure, and straw colour; but in *chapeaux*, white is considered more fashionable than any other colour.

Adieu, my dear friend! Believe me truly your EUDOCIA.

# FINE ARTS.

## EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE Exhibitions so crowd upon us this month, that we are precluded from giving to each that detailed notice, which, under other circumstances, we should be so happy to bestow. We shall still make an effort to distinguish the more prominent works; and if we fail to select the principal, we put in a claim to have our omission attributed to accident, arising out of the necessity of our condensation, rather than to any intentional neglect of intelligent and skilful individuals, or indifference to their respective merits as developed in their numerous productions. At the head of our list, in its proper place, stands the Royal Academy, the fifty-third Exhibition of which it becomes our duty to notice. This Exhibition is necessarily the most important; it is the test of the talents of our artists, and the example at once of their station and mead of encouragement. Each revolving year brings together under one dome the artist and his patron; the claim of the former is put forth, and the taste of the latter

can be appreciated. The popular nature of this Exhibition is well calculated to diffuse among the public a general feeling for the arts; while its constitution is necessarily calculated to stimulate artists to a competition in the exercise of their powers, and to lay before them at one view the general merits of their profession, the collective strength of their skill, and the separate parts of which it is composed. An able critic has said, that there is more real knowledge, more solid instruction to be derived from the study of one fine work of art, than can be supplied by all the powers of precept, or the laboured refinements of criticism. The spectator has not here, as in some private collections, a "tantalizing glimpse *en passant*." The same critic has said, that to study a picture with advantage, we must see it at our ease; there must be leisure for observation, and tranquillity for thought. The spectator, by judiciously selecting his time, can have this leisure and tranquillity at the Royal Academy: he can therefore enjoy all the advantages which such an Exhibition is so peculiarly calculated to convey.

We are aware that it is the common practice to characterize each successive Exhibition as "the best," and that in pronouncing a favourable opinion of the present, with comparative reference to the past, we are liable to incur the imputation of this stale and commonplace panegyric: still, however, arrayed in our armour of steel, but bearing the spear of Ithuriel, formed to heal as it strikes, we shall not refrain from expressing the very high gratification which we experienced at the present Exhibition, and the opinion we are disposed to entertain of its being the best which has honoured the progressive efforts of the Royal Academy. It certainly contains the greatest variety of subjects, so much so, as to render portraiture, even with the noble efforts of the President, Sir Thomas Lawrence, but secondary in the general attraction of the Exhibition. The places assigned to the portraits, and the public characters represented by many of them, will perhaps justify us in commencing with that class of the collection, without our, for a moment, being considered as compromising the undoubted station which belongs to the higher department of art. We shall therefore commence with the works of the distinguished President, and particularly his

*Portrait of the Marquis of Londonderry*, and *Portrait of the late B. West, Esq. President of the Royal Academy.*—Sir T. Lawrence, P. R. A.

The President has many other fine portraits in this Exhibition; for instance, those of her late Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte, which appears to have been executed before the marriage of that beloved and lamented princess; of Lady Louisa Lambton, Sir Humphrey Davy, and one or two others. Mr. West's portrait is one of the finest we recollect to have seen in modern times: the head is inimitable; it is, if we may use the expression, real nature and life. There is also a good deal of grandeur in the colouring of the picture, more so we think than of taste in the peculiar clothing of the figure. A

loose cloak, resembling a morning-gown, has, almost under any arrangement, an undignified effect; and here, the manner in which it is fastened in the centre, dividing the figure, cuts it as it were into two parts: the general effect, however, is good, and the painting so inimitable, that the portrait cannot fail to excite (whatever may be the critical objections to the drapery) universal admiration.

The portrait of the Marquis of Londonderry, although a more showy, is yet a less finished production. It would be vain to limit our admiration of the incomparable colouring of the robes; the richness, the exquisite taste which pervade the texture of the dress in every part; the satin is actually palpable; the folds broad, graceful, flowing, and grand: so far our admiration is unqualified. The likeness of the noble marquis is also capital; the colour is full of life: but, however the bloom of nature may have fared, the freshness and glow of the artist's pencil seems subject to no decay; his pencil has no age, ever green and ever young, it partakes not of the common lot of mortality; and youthful indeed must be that glow of nature (as appears the fact in the portraits of the Princess Charlotte and Lady Louisa Lambton), the clearness and delicacy of which can outshine the pellucid touches of the President's pencil. On seeing the Hygeian bloom with which Sir Thomas can shed eternal youth upon his admirable portraits, we are inclined to exclaim with the poet:

"But, oh! what Muse can equal warmth impart?
The painter's skill transcends the poet's art."

The President is not, we think, very successful in the attitude of the marquis: that of the original is remarkable for ease and dignity; that in the portrait is somewhat ungraceful; it wants calmness and repose — in fact, dignity. The smaller portraits we have already said are admirable.

The following also appeared to us excellent; the likenesses are particularly successful: Mr. Raeburn's *Portrait of the Marquis of Bute*, Mr. Shee's *Mrs. Watson Taylor*, Mr. Phillips's *Sir W. Grant*, *Mr. Abercombie*, and others; Mr. Jackson's *Earl Grey* and others; Mr. Owen's *Earl of Pembroke*, Mr. Drummond's *Captain Parry, R. N.* Mr. Oliver, Mr. Joseph, and several artists, academicians as well as others, have also capital portraits in this Exhibition, which we regret our limits disable us from particularizing in detail.

We shall take the other works in the order in which our eye fell upon them at the Exhibition, and not according to any order or separate classification according to their respective merits, which would involve us in too prolix a detail.

*May-Day in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.*—C. R. Leslie.

The characters in the May games consisted of Robin Hood, Maid Marian, Friar Tuck, &c. with a hobby-horse, fool, and dragon. Among the figures in the foreground of the picture, the antiquated beau in the centre, and the old lady on the right hand, are intended as illustrations of some of the fopperies of that age; the latter is followed by two serving men and a domestic fool. Such are the manners which Mr. Leslie has

worked into rather an interesting picture, and his mode of handling the subject is very entertaining. His story is well conceived, and his execution skilful. The landscape is very good, and the scenery quite natural. The delicate expression and withdrawing of the lady's hand from the old beau is exquisite; and the expression of the real cavalier, who is sitting at a distance on the ground, is admirable. The idea of placing the lady's glove in his hat at once determines, by a very ingenious thought, that he is the favoured man. The rest of the picture teems with the sprightly gaiety and festivity of the season.

*The Murder of Archbishop Sharp on Magus Moor*, 1679.—W. Allan.

"And John Balfour (Burley) said, Thou hast been a murderer of many a poor soul in the kirk of Scotland, and a betrayer of the church, and an open enemy and persecutor of Jesus Christ and his members, whose blood thou hast shed like water on the earth; and therefore thou shalt die."

Mr. Allan, who is an eminent artist at Edinburgh, has selected the foregoing paragraph from Russell's Narrative of the Murder of Archbishop Sharp, for the subject of his picture; and his skill in the execution justifies the character we had previously heard of his station as an artist. There is a good deal of Wilkie's original manner in this picture, which has many striking parts: but why is not Balfour invested with his due share of prominency? Where is the description of the fanatic as we find it in the tale of "Old Mortality?" Where are the features, austere even to ferocity, with a cast of eye which, without being actually oblique, approached nearly to a squint? Where is the strong square muscular frame which announced the man? We cannot trace this prominent and peculiar character so palpably as we think we ought, where the ferocious expression of the fanatic's features ought to be decided and predominating. The same model for a head (a strikingly national one we admit) is borne by all the figures in the piece. We cannot determine who is the figure on horseback with the mysterious air. There is, however, an awful tone and effect in this little historic picture, which entitles it to great praise. Little incidents are also happily introduced in unity with the event, such as the fellow reading the archbishop's papers. We repeat, that the picture is a creditable specimen of this artist's powers.

*Sabrina.*—H. Howard, R.A.

"That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream;"

and

"————the nymphs that nightly dance Upon her streams with wily glance."

The artist has from Milton's *Comus* painted an exquisitely poetical picture. It is as beautiful a composition as we ever remember, and full of that gliding grace and delicate feeling so remarkable in Mr. Howard's works. The scene is altogether exquisite; the serenity and calmness inspire delight. The figures are formed in the artist's happiest mould; the waving and intertwining of the arms, the undulating forms which they assume, present a combination of graceful lines, in every respect beautiful. The *Cottage Scene* (No. 53.) is exceedingly pretty; but when this artist applies his powers to the display of the homely scenery of

peasants and cottages, he accommodates his elegant genius to the demand of the passing day.

*Bed-time.*—H. Thomson, R. A.

Mr. Thomson has his usual pretty sentiment; but he who has done so much, feels not the necessity of always devoting his energies with the same fervour to his work.

*Scene in Borrow Dale, Cumberland —Dartmouth, Devon.*—W. Collins, R. A.

We rejoice to see this artist resuming once more his legitimate sphere, in which the beauty of his style is adapted to the felicitous power of his execution. The first picture is beautiful; perhaps a little more air in the distance would be an improvement: the last is a charming picture.

*View on the Banks of the Greta, Keswick.* — Sir G. Beaumont, Bart. H.

This picture is full of technical talent and skill, with fine colouring and appropriate effect. The honorary member is happy in his choice of subject.

*The heroic Conduct of Cromwell at Marston Moor, where, after being wounded in the right arm, he called up a Reserve, and placing himself at the head of it, aided by Lord Manchester, Lambert, &c. obtained a victory for the Parliament.*—A. Cooper, R. A.

In this picture Mr. Cooper shews how, according to Rokeby,

"Brave Cromwell turn'd the doubtful tide."

The uniform impetuosity which distinguishes the heat of battle, must give rather a monotonous air to the works of an artist, whose martial pencil glows fiercely on such subjects. He always infuses spirited action into his figures, and his horses are in the full vigour of muscular activity; their anatomy is entirely natural. Mr. Cooper's style of painting is also good.

*Nature blowing Bubbles for her Children.*—W. Hilton, R. A.

"Blow sportive bladders in the beamy sun,
And call them worlds! and bid the greatest show
More radiant colours in their worlds below:
Then, as they break, the slaves of care reprove,
And tell them, such are all the toys they love."——CRABBE'S *Library*.

This is a very striking picture for colouring, drawing (in some parts), and general effect. The figure of Nature is fine; but the execution as a whole appears deficient in delicacy.

*Guess my Name—Newsmongers.*—D. Wilkie, R. A.

These small pictures, which bear the name of a very distinguished artist, are exposed, in the place assigned them in the Exhibition, to the risk of being overlooked in the great mass of more glaring objects, which from all sides arrest the eye. When, however, they are seen, they amply repay the spectator for the trouble of his search for them. In his mode of distributing his lights, Mr. Wilkie displays pre-eminent skill; he carries his powers in this respect to an extreme, which would be most dangerous for an imitator: but there is one merit in which he greatly exceeds the Dutch painters, who have studied domestic life with particular minuteness; and that is, the felicitous expression which invariably characterizes his figures: if they be humble, their lowliness is not gross, nor the play of their humour distorted into caricature; nature predominates, without the

perverse intermixture of affectation. These pictures are beautiful; each figure has an expression of inviting interest, and contributes to promote the general effect.

*The careless Messenger detected.*—W. Mulready, R. A.

There is a good deal of fine execution in this picture. It is particularly like sunlight, and the painting and drawing cannot be too much praised. Unlike Mr. Wilkie, however, his story is not, as it ought to be in a picture, strikingly obvious: we can guess at it by seeing the sleeping child; but even then we are not certain, that the mother's anger is for the boy's suffering the child to sleep, or for his neglecting to deliver some message.

*Dover from the Sea: a squally Day, Wind against the Tide.*—A. W. Callcott, R. A.

This picture is perhaps the best of the elegant works of this accomplished artist, the truth and refinement of whose pencil surpass that of any other painter in the English school, in the department of art to which he devotes his energies. Nothing but the work of Nature herself can exceed the fine representation of sky and water which this picture displays. The composition of the objects is equally beautiful; the fine contrast between the bustle and repose they represent, greatly heightens the effect of the scene. The stillness of the frigate, the bustle of the smaller vessels, form lines of most agreeable diversity. Nothing in the whole scene is finer than the shower which is falling upon the town. Mr. Callcott has the magic of Midas in his pencil: whatever he touches, becomes gold by the talismanic contact.

*Cleopatra's Arrival in Cilicia.*—W. Etty.

The artist's story, which he has taken from Plutarch, is this: Cleopatra sailed along the river Cydnus in a magnificent galley; the stern was covered with gold, the sails were of purple, and the oars of silver; these in their motion kept time to the music of flutes and pipes and harps. The queen, in the dress and character of Venus, lay under a canopy embroidered with gold, while boys, like painted Cupids, stood fanning her on each side the sofa. Her maids, habited like the Nereids and the Graces, assisted in the steerage and conduct of the vessel. The fragrance of incense, vast quantities of which were burnt on the deck, was diffused along the shores, which were covered with people. This state of exquisite and voluptuous luxury, of which, according to Shakspeare, "the winds were lovesick," Mr. Etty has thought not too daring for the power and scope of his pencil. Others have followed in the track of Titian and Rubens and Paul Veronese, and no limits are set to human pride, ambition, or power. The luxury of this subject enabling the artist to indulge the full warmth of his imagination for glowing colours, it is not surprising that he should have "outstepped the modesty of nature." The fault of this picture in its composition is one of too frequent recurrence in subjects which abound with grouping: there is a want of unity; the parts break off and distract, rather than harmonize and

combine. The colouring presents indeed a gorgeous display, and the little landscape is not deficient in beauty. Why are not the upper and lower divisions of the picture made in some degree to correspond? The weighty colours in the air render that part of the picture unquiet. The violent interposition of the colours also darken and break up the effect. There is much to admire in this picture; but there is also much to avoid. To the taste of the spectators we leave the decision of which predominates.

*Revenge.*—J. Martin.

" Revenge impatient rose;
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
And with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,"
&c. &c. &c.

We have not room for the remainder of the quotation, which our poetical readers are aware is from COLLINS's ode, *The Passions.*

This picture is, we regret to say, inferior to the works by the same artist which we have had of late to notice in terms of warm commendation. This picture is wild and extravagant. Mr. Martin's figure of *Pity* is not the poet's; for

" Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice apply'd "

The figure in the picture is any thing but " soul-subduing." We shall not dwell upon this work, farther than to say, that we admire the fine light over the city, and the battle in the distance: there, and there alone, in this picture, does the artist rise into something of the grandeur of which his genius is susceptible.

*Landscape: Noon.*—J. Constable, A.

This is a better picture than that last year exhibited by this artist, although it is not so fortunate as to have got an equally good place. This we repeat is a clever picture, though the artist might vary his treatment of subjects of this kind a little, with advantage. His dark clouds impart too much of their sombre hue to his trees. His small pictures possess much beauty and stillness.

*Rat-catchers.*—E. Landseer.

An exact imitation of animal expression: nothing can be more complete than the cage.

*The drunken Smith.*—W. Kidd.

The expression, though vulgar, is perhaps appropriate. The picture is cleverly painted.

*Disappointed Love.*—F. Danby.

A deep, gloomy, and pathetic influence pervades the pictures of this artist, who is, we presume, the same who painted the *Upas Tree* in a former Exhibition at the British Institution. There are, however, defects in the executive part of his work, which might be obviated by more attention.

*Satan borne back to his Chariot, after being wounded by the Archangel Michael.*—Mrs. Ansley.

The description of the subject selected by the fair artist will be found in the sixth book of Milton's *Paradise Lost:* the extract is too long for insertion. Whatever may be our opinion of the merit of this lady as an artist, (and it is by no means inconsiderable) there will, we trust, be but one opinion upon her intrepidity, in boldly advancing to an historical subject of this description. Our male artists had better take care lest new Angelica Kaufman's should arise, and successfully dispute with them the palm of academic honours. The

thing has been, and may occur again, and our best wishes must always be with the ladies. They sometimes study philosophy, and more generally painting, an art for which they are better adapted by nature and education (we wish the latter gave them a fuller scope), than for exploring the abstruse studies of speculative science. Mrs. Ansley has vigour and expression in her picture; the colouring is also forcible. Let the ladies traverse new paths of art; our best wishes shall always attend them.

*Romeo and Juliet.*—H. P. Briggs.

From the first scene with Abram and Sampson. This picture is remarkable for freedom and firmness of execution. Sampson's biting his thumb is exceedingly successful. The other figures, though they do not possess an equal, yet have a tolerable share of interest. In this artist's picture of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* in this Exhibition, his Anne Page is not pretty enough.

*Scene in the Musical Arrangement of the Lock and Key, with Portraits of Mrs. Orger, Miss Cubitt, Mr. Munden, and Mr. Knight.*—G. Clint.

As the merit of this picture must very much depend upon the likenesses, and upon that merit every spectator must form his own judgment, we leave the decision to the public. We think it the best of Mr. Clint's efforts, as Munden is unquestionably the best likeness; that face of comic gravity can never be mistaken. This picture is a very creditable specimen of the artist's powers.

*An Author reading his Play in the Green-Room to the Performers of Drury-lane Theatre.* — M. W. Sharpe.

Here again is a picture which must rest for its chief merit on the similitude of the portraits. It has nothing else particularly attractive. Some of the heads are better painted than others. There is rather a coarseness pervading the execution.

*The Discovery of the Regalia of Scotland in the Castle of Edinburgh, in January* 1818.—A. Geddes.

This is also a picture which derives whatever merit it possesses from individual portraiture. We cannot speak of the likenesses; they are official characters in Scotland, and we think we can recognise the pyramidal head of Sir Walter Scott, in the rear of the centre group. So much of a picture of this kind is sacrificed for the preservation of the heads, that it is very rarely it excites interest beyond the circle of the parties who are introduced into the work.

*Landscape.*—J. Linnell.

This is a quaint-looking picture; an old-fashioned, rather than a natural sky. There is here and there a considerable degree of merit, but not so uniform as to pervade the whole.

*The Nativity. St. Luke* ii. 7.—R. T. Bone.

The colour and effect good, but the draperies rather hard. Study and application can improve this style, and obviate its defects.

*View at Thorpe, near Norwich.*—J. Stark.

A bright and firmly painted landscape, quite imaginary in its style of colouring.

*Landscape and Cattle.*—G. Vincent.

The landscape is pretty and well

coloured, but the ragged form of the trees is a defect.

*Poor Relations.*—F. P. Stephanoff.

This picture almost leads us to become figurative. The marble expression of the adamantine lady, the indifferent resolution expressed in the old gentleman's features, the natural curiosity of the boy, and simplicity and sweetness of the girl, together with the little group in mourning, convey a pathos and sentiment, which finely contrast the unaffected innocence of the one with the cold formality of the other. On the whole this is a very clever picture.

*The Vintage.*—F. Stothard, R. A.

This is a fine and luxurious poetical composition. The colouring, like the subject, is rich and imaginative. The artist in his poetical designs is always glowing and exuberant.

*The Burial of Edward V. and his Brother Richard of Shrewsbury, Duke of York, who were murdered in the Tower of London by order of King Richard III.*—J. Northcote, R. A.

There is a good deal of grandeur in this composition; the artificial light is good and well distributed.

*The sacred Tree of the Hindoos, which contains an ancient Temple and Idol of Mahadcoa, near the Hurduwar, on the River Ganges.*—T. Daniel, R. A.

Mr. Daniel's Oriental scenery is rich, and his selection interesting, and well adapted to convey a knowledge of the arts and customs of Eastern nations. They are almost always well painted.

*Portrait of Rover, a favourite Spaniel, the property of the Earl of Powis.*—J. Ward, R. A.

A capital picture by this meritorious artist. The drawing fine, colouring equally good, and taste in the landscape peculiarly striking.

But we must draw our observations upon the paintings to a close. Our limits, unlike the subject, or the merits of our crowded school of artists, are exhausted, although we are sensible of the number we have been compelled reluctantly to omit.

Sir Wm. Beechey's *Bird's Nest* is very pretty. Mr. Fuseli has several pictures in this Exhibition in his usual style. They are from classic legends, replete with the romantic enthusiasm which distinguishes the genius of the eloquent keeper. To criticize such works, one must enter into the spirit which produced them; and that would rather lead to a metaphysical inquiry, than to a developement of the legitimate properties of art. Those who admire Mr. Fuseli's works (all we believe admire the man) will find abundant scope for their admiration in his pictures in this Exhibition. Mr. Adams has a good view in Switzerland. Mr. Leahy's *Fortuneteller* is very pretty; his *Portrait of Sir M. Tierney, Bart.* excellent. W. and W. C. Ross have also good portraits. Messrs. Chalon are, as usual, successful.

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THE ENAMELS.

The enamels are exquisite. Mr. Bone has, as usual, a number among the best. But we dare not indulge our desire of even giving a summary of the merits of these works. We are therefore compelled, for

want of room, to content ourselves with a bare invitation to the public to see the enamels, rather than to read their description.

The same pressing cause applies to the architectural drawings and miniatures, which are in general beautiful, and denote a progressive improvement in these elegant departments of art: to be admired, they must be seen; minute excellencies are not well conveyed by verbal descriptions; they must, we repeat, be seen, to be felt.

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THE SCULPTURE.

Upon the sculpture we must, at whatever inconvenience to ourselves, say a passing word. There are no great works now in such a state of forwardness as to call forth the great energies of this branch of art. The busts are excellent and abundant. Chantrey's *Marquis of Londonderry* is a noble example of his powers as a sculptor. Westmacott's *Hindoo Girl* has a soft and very natural expression. Rossi's group is well executed. Bailey's busts are good. Heffernan's *Musidôra* is a good poetical figure, delicately expressed. Scoular, Lass, Gahagan, Kendrick, Behnes, Hinchliff, and other equally clever artists, are in the field, honourably contending for that public patronage, to which they are not all the less entitled, because Fortune does not equally bestow it upon them.

We take leave of this annual Exhibition of our artists with only one feeling of regret, which is, that we are, from the diversified contents of our work, precluded from giving an adequate summary of the merits of all. They have, however, established their own fame:

"Genius, like Egypt's monarchs, timely wise,
Constructs his own memorial ere he dies;
Leaves his best image in his works enshrin'd,
And makes a mausoleum of mankind."

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## WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION.

THE Society of Painters heretofore in Oil and Water Colours have at length reverted to the original plan of its formation in 1804, and wisely and discriminatingly confined its annual Exhibition (the *sixteenth)* to the works executed by the Members of the Society, and in WATER COLOURS only. The society availed itself of the removal of the place of Exhibition from Spring Gardens to the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, to make this alteration in its practise, rather than in its plan; and the members have expressed a hope that their determination will meet with general approbation. We trust it will, for it certainly ought; and our opinion has ever been, that the society has lost much, and their particular department of art still more, by the deviation which was so long permitted from the original purpose of its institution.

Painting in water colours has been justly considered as a new art, and, to use the words of the present society, to be, " in its present application, the invention of British artists;" a consideration which, it is fairly enough observed, ought to have some influence upon the estimation and encouragement

of the British public. Of Paul Sandby, Mr. Prince Hoare observes in his "Arts of Design," that he was the inventor in England of that style of water-coloured drawing in landscape which has since been carried to so singular a degree of beauty and expression of nature; and the writer feelingly adds, that Sandby's only reward was the enjoyment of the patriotic satisfaction of seeing others advance far beyond himself in the path which he had discovered and laid open. Who that recollects Sandby's and Hearne's drawings, neat as they were, and has seen Turner's, and others by living artists—who has seen the one and the other without being struck with the great proficiency of our present painters in water colours, and the great capabilities of which this department of art is susceptible? If it do not enjoy its fair portion of popular estimation, it is because the professors by whom it was exercised, failed in taking those pains which they might have taken, to bring the strength of their art before the public eye. Mr. Walter Fawkes's fine collection of drawings did more to stamp the character of this art upon general attention, than was effected by any other effort within our recollection. Instead of feeble and tinted drawings, the spectator had, through the liberality of the proprietor, the gratification of seeing works which, for delicacy of tint, and purity and clearness of aerial tone, were not inferior to oil paintings. But it has been said, that though equal in beauty and power, the water colours are evanescent; and therefore the superior durability of oil-painting gives it a decided preference. Now it is not our object to place these departments of art at issue upon their comparative durability, although it is impossible to overlook the fact, that both are alike liable to accident, and that the instances are numerous in which each has triumphed over the ravages of time; all we desire is, that water colours should have a fair chance of being truly estimated, and to protect those who practise that branch of art from the discouragement which must attend the prevalence of any notion, that interested or dogmatical opinions can circumscribe its power, or assign comparative limits to its duration. Our attachment to the fine arts is not limited to any particular branch; it is founded upon a deep value of their general public utility, and extends with coequal ardour to every department, through the medium of which they influence the public interests and feelings. It is this attachment which prompts us to invite the public attention to the Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, now that the members seem to have adopted a plan, which is calculated to give a proper direction and consistency to their labours.

The exclusion of oil pictures has necessarily limited this year the number of works in this Exhibition. Enough, however, remain to furnish a fair example of the proficiency which has been attained in water-colour painting in this country. The Exhibition contains nearly two hundred drawings, of course of various merit, but some of them entitled to the warmest ap-

probation. Among the latter are many by Prout, G. F. Robson, Cristall, Fielding, Pugin, Varley, Wild, and others of the society, into whose particular merits we are precluded, by the pressure of matter this month, from entering in detail. The subjects are of all kinds, historical, allegorical, poetical, ornamental, landscape, and common life.

*Twilight.*—G. F. Robson.

"The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn."

There is a good deal of delicacy in this drawing; the aerial effect is uncommonly good, and his Welch scenery is beautiful. There are some of the prettiest drawings we have seen by this artist in the present Exhibition. An air of nature and warmth pervades some of them in the most pleasing manner.

*A Man of War ashore.*—S. Prout.

Much of interest and grandeur is produced in this drawing; it is a very superior effort, and developes considerable powers. The overwhelming force of the storm, the appalling bustle of the scene, and careful attention to finishing, without being obtrusive, are remarkable in this little effort. Of the same order of merit, though produced in a different style, is the French scenery by the same artist in this Exhibition: his *Montevilliers, Normandy, Place de la Pucelle, Rouen*, and others of a similar kind, are full of life and interest.

*View of Paris, taken from the Quai de Louvre.*—A. Pugin.

This artist has been very successful in his drawings this year. The View at Paris, the Gallery of his Majesty's Palace at Brighton, and some architectural sketches, are finished with great neatness, and most faithfully delineate the elegant and interesting objects which they were intended to represent. These drawings cannot fail to produce a popular sale.

*Scene on the St. Gothard Route, Switzerland.*—Copley Fielding.

This drawing has a good deal of merit; there is a fine romantic effect, and some well defined perspective.

*Fruit and Flowers.*—Miss Byrne.

Miss Byrne displays a good deal of taste in this department of drawing, so peculiarly adapted to the delicacy of a lady's perceptions.

*The Altar of St. Sebastian in the Cathedral of Amiens.*—C. Wild.

Mr. Wild has several very beautiful drawings from French cathedrals in this Exhibition. They are, if we are correctly informed, part of a series of French cathedral drawings, taken with minute accuracy, and which are now in course of publication. They are the best of the kind which we have seen for some time, and are highly creditable to the artist.

*Scene from the Bride of Abydos.*—J. Varley.

This is taken from the 28th canto of Lord Byron's *Bride of Abydos*, beginning with the fine lines:

"Within the place of thousand tombs
That shine beneath, while dark above
The sad but living cypress glooms,
And withers not, though branch and leaf
Are stamp'd with an eternal grief,
Like early unrequited love,
One spot exists, which ever blooms,
Even in that deadly grove."

This solemn and sacred spot, so sanctified by the poet's genius, is

that to which Mr. Varley hoped to give a palpable resemblance. It would be in vain to deny him the praise of considerable merit in the execution of the work, for this society deemed him entitled to their premium for his picture: that it has a good deal of poetical delicacy must be admitted, but there is a hardness of execution in parts of it, which detract a little from the general effect. It is, however, on the whole a creditable effort, and we are glad it has met with general approbation.

We repeat our regret that the pressure of notices of the fine arts compels us to exclude this month further details respecting the Exhibition in Water Colours. We cannot, however, conclude without naming the following contributors, as justifying, by their works in this Exhibition, the character they had previously obtained:—Messrs. Cristall, Barrett, Stephanoff, Turner, and Smith. If we do not name others, it is because we have not room to enumerate their respective merits, of all of which we entertain we trust a sufficient recollection.

## MR. GLOVER'S EXHIBITION.

Mr. Glover has lately collected and arranged for Exhibition in Old Bond-street, a number of his Paintings in Oil and Water Colours. They fill two rooms, and afford incontestible evidence of the ability of this eminent artist. Some of his landscapes in water colours are truly beautiful. His cattle pictures have been always remarkable for the fidelity of their execution; and the scenery, in which he introduces stagnant pools and small lakes of water, has a natural effect, which cannot be too highly praised. Perhaps, if there be any fault in the works of this artist, it arises from a too great particularity upon minute objects, which takes them out of their subordinate place in the subject, and gives somewhat of an artificial air to the work. So it is with the herbage in some of his fore-grounds, which, although drawn and coloured with Linnean precision, is yet rendered too prominent, as if the landscape were made for the herbage, rather than the herbage for the landscape. In all Mr. Glover's works there is great neatness of execution, and an excellent air of nature. Some of his Continental scenery abounds with examples of this fidelity. The mountain scenery is rich and full of grandeur; there is a classic taste in his Roman views, and a warmth and glow of colour in his Italian skies, which cannot fail to be pleasing, because it is appropriate with the subject, and well adapted to preserve the illusion, which it is the aim of a painter to create. Mr. Glover's Exhibition consists of nearly one hundred of his own pictures, several of which have already been approved by the public in previous Exhibitions, of a more general nature, at the Royal Academy and Spring Gardens. There is a paragraph in Mr. Glover's Catalogue which we cannot omit. He states he has long since held an opinion, that nothing would tend more to the improvement of modern art, as well as its encou-

ragement, than by exhibiting, in all public Exhibitions, a few of the finest specimens of pictures of established fame. In furtherance of this opinion, Mr. Glover has put up in this Exhibition the best Claude and Wilson he could procure, as a safe standard for himself to work up to, and as a criterion for the public to judge by. Had there been such opportunities at all times, Mr. Glover feels assured, that Wilson would not have died for want; and numbers of others have lived in distress, whose works now sell at immense prices. Should Mr. Glover pass the ordeal without suffering greatly by the comparison, he hopes other artists more worthy will join him another year. His Exhibition, he adds, will be open to all who will each bring with him a fine specimen of the old masters to hang with his own. However laudable Mr. Glover's plan may be considered, and it is but on a smaller scale than what the British Institution has for some years been doing, namely, encouraging and improving the growth of the arts, by a frequent recurrence to what are deemed throughout the world the standard works, we fear that many will not be found to avail themselves of Mr. Glover's offer. Those who would be likely to embrace the artist's liberal offer are not, we fear, overloaded with the productions of Claude and Wilson, and others, whose praises can be no longer heard by those to whom they ought to have been primarily useful. The perverseness and inutility of mere posthumous praise has been the theme of every plaintive Muse since Apollo first strung his lyre.

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## MR. HOFFLAND'S PICTURES.

Mr. Hoffland has just opened, in New Bond-street, a Gallery for the Exhibition of his Pictures. The collection is at present small; but it contains a very creditable specimen of this artist's powers and industry; and would have been enlarged, were it not that many of his pictures were at the seats of personages of rank in the country, from which they could not be conveniently removed. The Exhibition contains the View of Jerusalem, which was in the British Institution, the Views at White Knights, the Duke of Marlborough's seat, several Sketches of Welch Scenery, some very tasteful Composition Pieces, a number of Landscapes remarkable for local beauties, some Sea Views, and a fine View of Richmond from Twickenham Park, which was intended for the Royal Academy Exhibition, but which he withdrew in consequence of some objections "to its large size" (8 feet by 7). There are many parts of this picture which are pleasing, and there is a good deal of taste displayed in the back-ground; the figures in the fore-ground are perhaps the least attractive parts of the picture: it is, however, very creditable to Mr. Hoffland's powers. Some of the smaller pictures are very well calculated to give a fair idea of the artist's taste, which, though not uniform (varying almost necessarily with the nature of his subject),

is yet often elegant, and always pleasing. We have not room to make particular selections to illustrate our remarks, but the judicious observer cannot fail to be instructed and entertained at this Exhibition, which we sincerely hope will prove advantageous to this meritorious artist, who has, with great zeal and industry, applied himself with effort to the most difficult departments of his profession.

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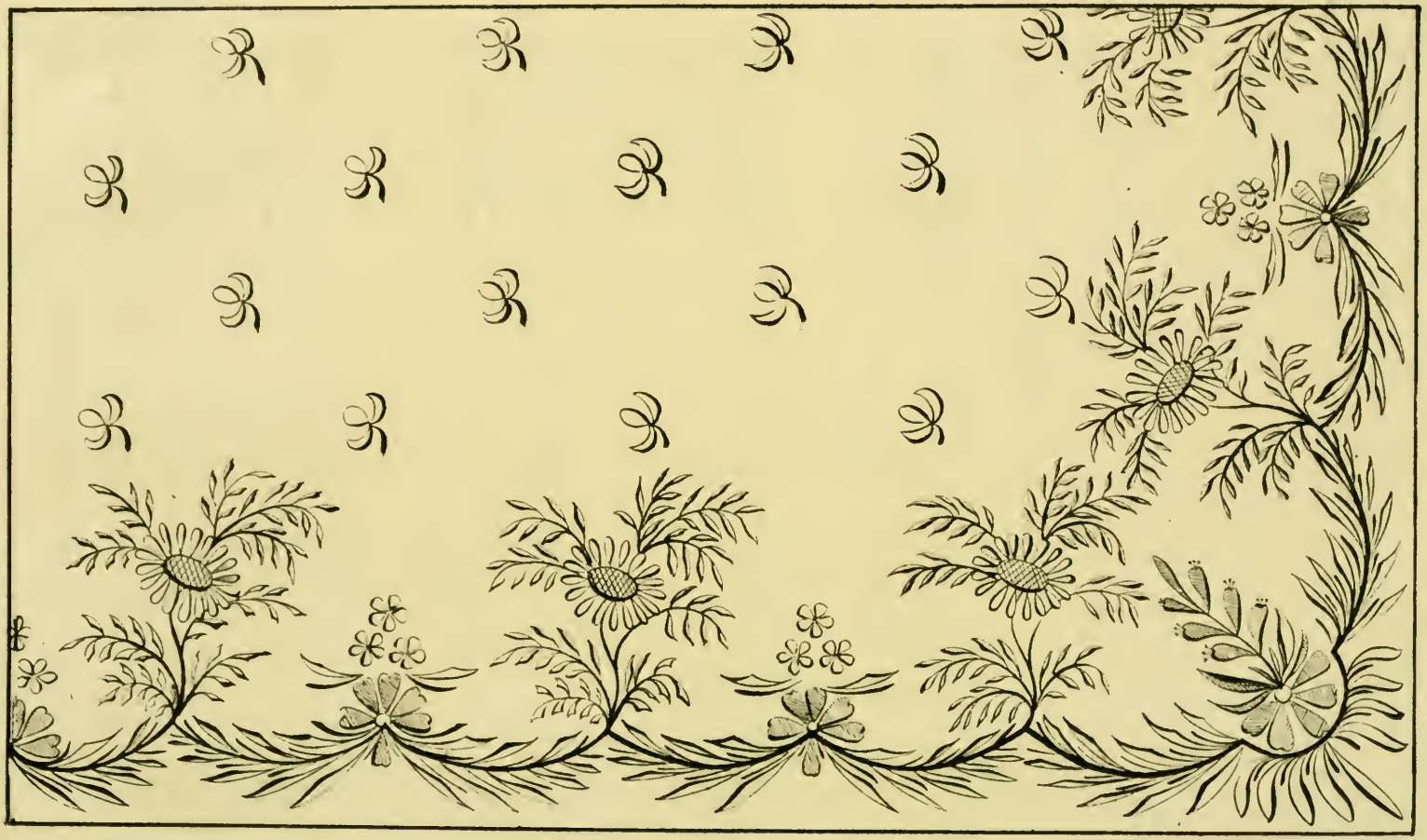
## EGYPTIAN TOMB.

Not the least interesting of the public Exhibitions now open in the metropolis, is the model at the Egyptian Hall of the magnificent tomb discovered and explored by the enterprising traveller, Belzoni, in his arduous researches, in the year 1817, among the Gournon rocks, at the foot of the Libyan chain of mountains, near the site of the ancient city of Thebes, the ruins of which, few as they remain, still attest that mighty grandeur which the primitive poets of antiquity assign to the annals of the city with "the hundred gates." We lament that we cannot devote space enough to give Mr. Belzoni's simple and perspicuous description of his extraordinary and eminently successful labours in exploring with the Arabs this great monument of Egyptian antiquity. He found the opening 18 feet below the surface of the ground. The entrance consisted of a corridor, terminated by a staircase 23 feet long, at the foot of which was another gallery 37 feet 3 inches long, where the progress of Belzoni was suddenly arrested by a large pit, 30 feet deep, and 14 feet by 12 feet 3 inches wide; on the other side was a small aperture, 2 feet wide, and 2 feet 6 inches high. A rope fastened to a piece of wood, that was laid across the passage against the projections which formed a kind of door-way, appeared to have been used formerly for descending into the pit, and from the small aperture on the other side hung another, which reached to the bottom, no doubt for the purpose of ascending. The wood and rope fastened to it crumbled to dust on being touched. Mr. Belzoni, after considerable difficulty, introduced two beams, and crossed the pit, and after exploring the little aperture opposite, found it to be an entrance into magnificent halls and corridors beyond. The ancient Egyptians had closely shut it up, plastered the wall over, and painted it like the sides of the pit, so that but for the aperture it would have been impossible to suppose that there was any way of further proceeding. This led at once to the full discovery of the whole of the magnificent sepulchre. Numerous galleries and halls constitute this mausoleum, all of which are painted in the most vivid colours, fresh as when they were laid on, emblematic of Egyptian mythology. In one chamber was found the carcase of a bull embalmed; and also, scattered in various places, were found wooden figures of mummies, covered with asphaltum, to preserve them. In some of the chambers were statues

of fine earth baked, and coloured blue, and strongly varnished. In others, were wooden figures standing erect 4 feet high, with circular hollows inside, as if intended to contain rolls of papyri. A magnificent sarcophagus, of oriental alabaster, was found in the centre of one of the halls: the cover had been removed and broken, and the body, which once occupied this superb coffin, had been carried away. It was therefore, from these circumstances, quite clear that Mr. Belzoni's party was not the first which had disturbed this mysterious mansion of the dead, though he thinks it had not been disturbed since the time of the invasion of the Persians.

As some explanation of the hieroglyphics and mytholigical emblems painted upon the walls of the tomb was necessary, Mr. Belzoni has set the learned to work, and gives us the result of their speculations. In front of the door, as you enter the tomb, is the finest painted group of the whole sepulchre, consisting of four figures, representing the reception of some distinguished personage by Osiris, the great divinity of the Egyptians. Osiris is seated on his throne of state, supported by pillars on feet; he holds a hook and flail. King Psammis, with his name on his belt, is presented to him by the Egyptian Apollo, Arueris, who has the head of a hawk. Behind Osiris is a female figure, probably the goddess Buto, with a cage and bird over her head. The dress of Osiris is almost entirely white, which Plutarch says "was the usual colour of his attire, though sometimes it was black." The whole tablet is surmounted by the winged globe, accompanied by the inscription, which is scarcely ever wanting when this tutelary genius is introduced, whose name seems to be indicated by the bent bar with a hand. The other characters appear to mean, *the sacred Father of the protecting powers, living unalterable, reigning and ministering.*

But the most remarkable feature of the whole embellishments of the catacomb, consists of a procession of captives, upon a compartment of the wall. Before a hawk-headed divinity are four red men with white kirtles; then four white men with thick black beards, and with a simple white fillet round their black hair, wearing striped and fringed kirtles; before these are four negroes with hair of different colours, wearing large circular ear-rings, and white petticoats, supported by a belt over the shoulder; and after these march four white men in different attire, and tattooed, &c. The black-bearded men Mr. Belzoni considers to be Jews, the red men Egyptians, and tattooed Persians. The tomb Mr. Belzoni considers to be that of Necho, the father of Psammis, who had, according to Herodotus, wars with the Jews, Babylonians, and Ethiopians. We cannot enter into the elaborate description of the paintings in this tomb: as works of art, they must be considered with reference to the age of remote antiquity in which they were executed. There appears to have been at the time no notion of either drawing or the use of perspective; the figures are, in point of form, little better than those which children chalk on the wall. In the



MUSLIN PATTERN.

early ages, the study of anatomy was discouraged by superstition; and it is not surprising that these figures should contain no traces of the admirable mechanism and action of the human frame, but they do not even resemble its contour. The colours, like those of the Chinese, are vivid and strong; but they have as little pretension to harmony in their combination, as the form of the figures has to anatomy. The Exhibition contains a few fragments of Egyptian antiquities, some medals, &c. &c. The most curious object is an uncovered mummy, in complete preservation.

## THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

As we were going to press, the British Institution was re-opened with a fine collection of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch schools. We have not time in our present Number to advert to the contents of this Exhibition, which is rich in the pictures of Rubens, Titian, Claude, Vandyke, Rembrandt, Cuyp, Jan Steen, Potter, Del Piombo, Du Jardin, Teniers, Georgione, Guido, Da Vinci, Mola, De Witt, Velasquez, Ostade, Dominichino, Ruysdael, Vandevelde, Murillo, Sacchi, Dolce, N. Poussin, Tintoretto, Guercino, Both, Albano, Wouvermans, Snyders, Metza, Correggio, Durer, and a number of other very distinguished artists. To the present collection, his Majesty has been a most gracious and munificent contributor. Details in our next.

## INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

The Terpodion, a musical instrument of an entirely novel description, has just arrived in London. At so late a period of the month, we can only afford time and space for this brief notice; but in our next, it will probably be in our power to speak at greater length of its nature and merits. The instrument has excited a high degree of interest on the Continent; and the inventor, Mr. Buschmann, has obtained the most flattering testimonials of approbation from many celebrated musical characters in Germany. We have heard it ourselves with delight and astonishment. It combines the sweetness of the flute and clarionet with the energy of the horn and bassoon, and yields a full and rich harmony, resembling an orchestra of wind instruments; and this surprising effect is produced by the most simple combination of a range of *wooden* staves! It will be submitted to the public in a few days.

In a few weeks will be published, by Mr. Slater, a Portrait of Sir Walter Scott.

A poem is in the press, under the title of *Woman in India*, by the Rev. J. Lawson, Missionary at Calcutta.

At the last annual general meeting of the governors of the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, it appeared that upwards of 2210 patients, afflicted with deafness and other diseases of the ear, had been cured or relieved.

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